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THE
AMULET

LONDON

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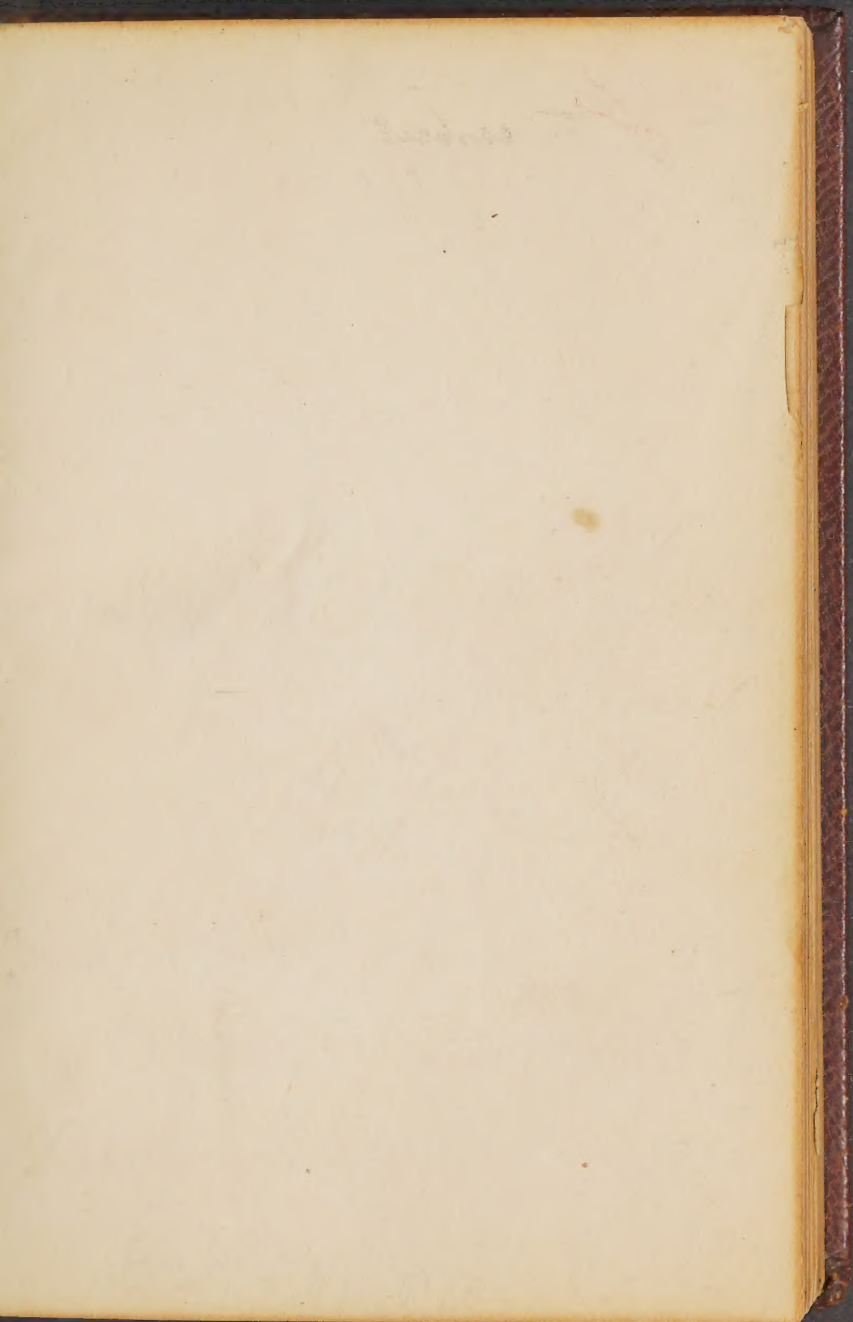


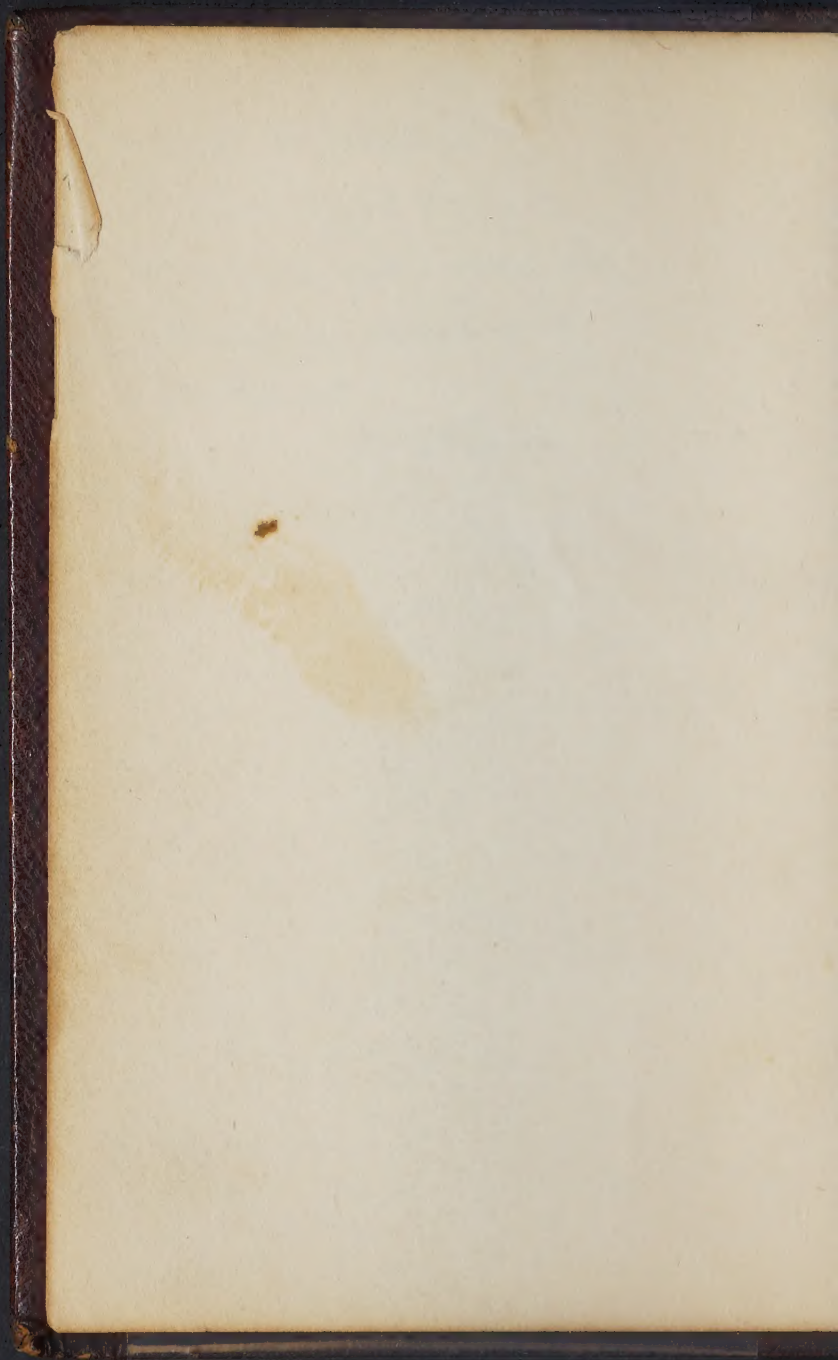
W. H. Thompson

Beautifully illustrated

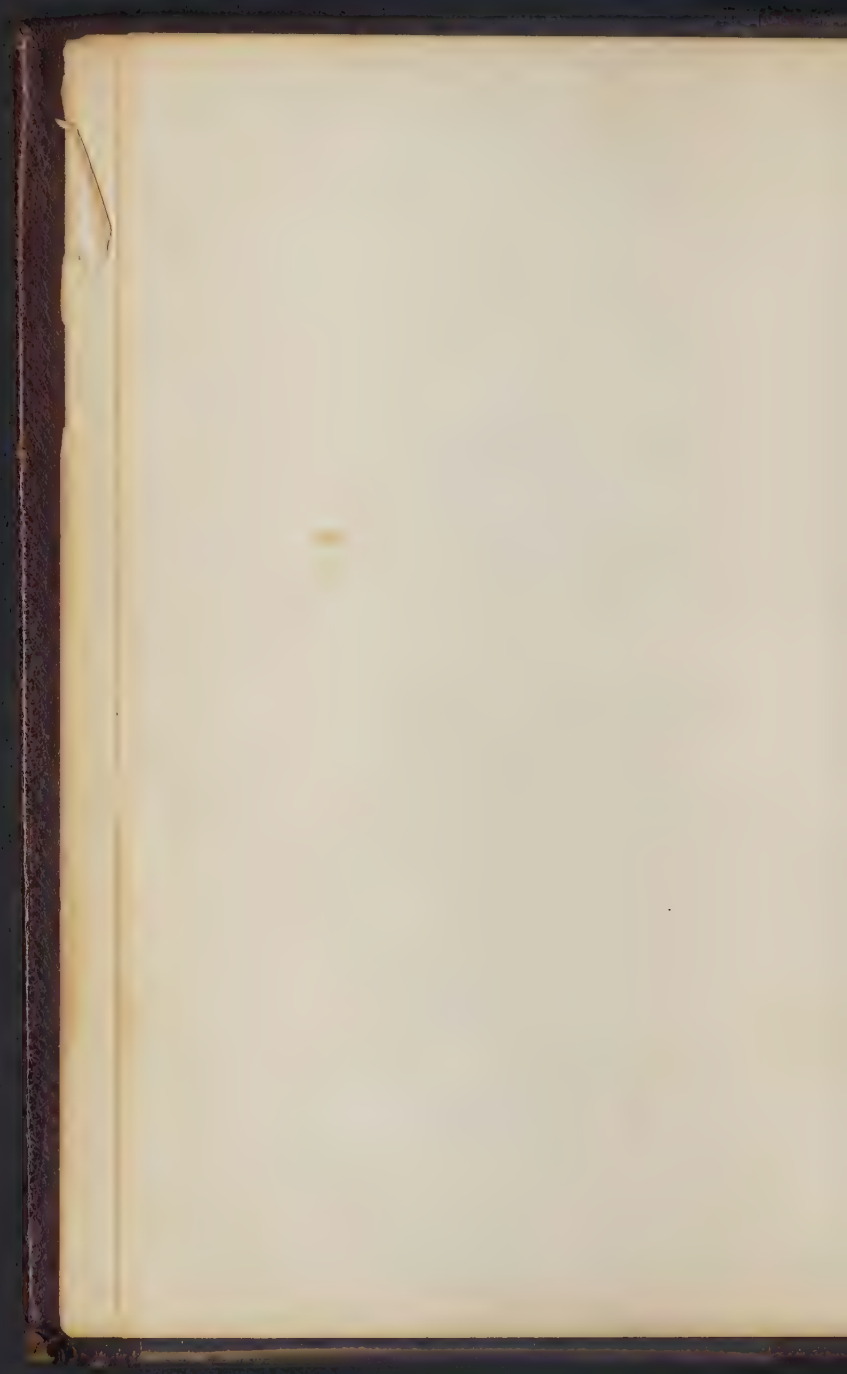
One of the earliest
English gift books or
annuals after which the
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patterned.

Saml Brain





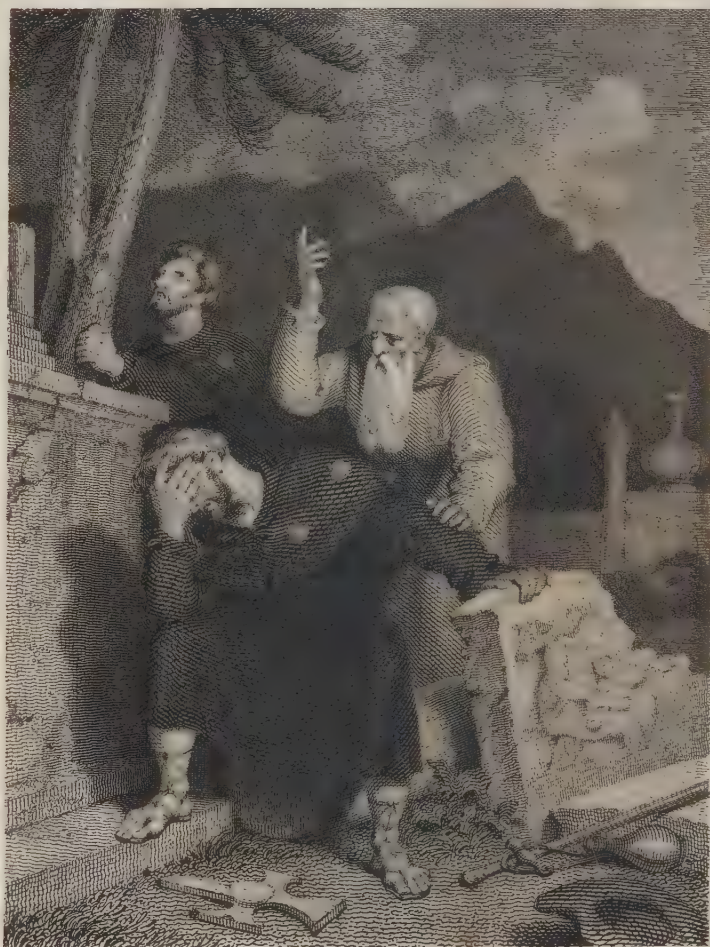




THE AMULET.

W. BAYNES, JUN.,
PRINTER,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.





Drawn by W. Verelst.

Engraved by C. Wells.

BLACHAYAS.

THE PILGRIM TO THE HOLY LAND.

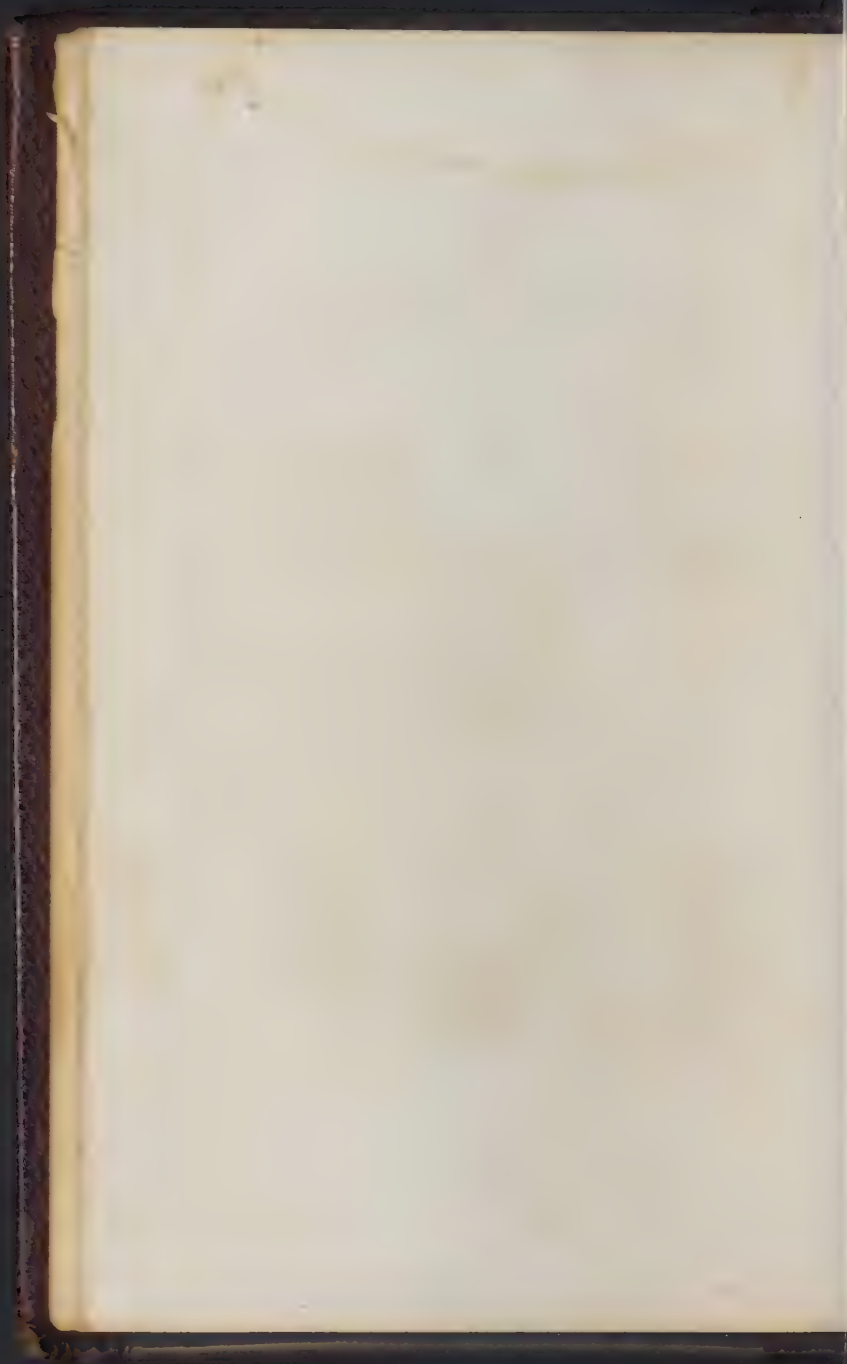
By the Author of the "Pilgrim to the Holy Land," and "The Pilgrim to the Holy Land."

London: J. G. & J. G. 1840.

(T. D. S.)
A M U L E T
OR
CHRISTIAN AND LITERARY
REMEMBRANCER.



London:
W. BAYNES AND SON, AND WIGHTMAN AND CRAMP,
MDCCCXXVII.



PREFACE.

THE especial object of "THE AMULET" is to blend religious instruction with literary amusement;* so that every article it contains shall bear, either directly or indirectly, some moral lesson which may impress itself strongly

* The nature and object of "The Amulet" have been happily defined by the Editor of the Literary Gazette, in the following paragraph: "Its tone certainly is, upon the whole, serious, but it is far from being dull. It is religious, but it is not intolerant; indeed, it takes no side in polemical questions. It is moral and instructive; but we are inclined to think, that the beauty of some of its parts, and the agreeable variety of the whole collection, will render its precepts more useful than if they had been put into sterner forms."—*Lit. Gaz.* Nov. 12, 1825.

on the mind by means of the pleasing language and interesting form in which it is conveyed; for it is not sufficient that our amusements should be merely harmless, when they may, with so much effect, be made to forward the grand end and aim of our being.

The extensive public patronage enjoyed by the first volume, and the almost unqualified praise it received in nearly all the Metropolitan and Provincial Magazines and Journals, convince the Editor that his plan was judicious, and that his endeavours were, at least in some degree, successful.

These gratifying circumstances have naturally stimulated the Editor and the Publishers to still greater exertions; and they believe there will be found in the volume for the present year, a manifest improvement in every respect. It will be perceived that the greater

proportion of its literary contents has been contributed by the most admired authors in the country;* and that the embellishments, both as regards the work of the artist and that of the engraver, are of the very highest order.

The Editor, therefore, proud of the support he has received from so many distinguished individuals, confidently submits the Work to the public, satisfied that he has done all in his power to render it worthy of that success which he feels justified in anticipating.

* It may be necessary to state, that the Poems by the late Mrs. Henry Tighe, the amiable and highly-gifted author of "Psyche," were presented to the Editor by one of her nearest relatives; and that the Essay by Miss Edgeworth was the gift of a literary friend. With these exceptions, each article was received from its Author, expressly for publication in this Work.

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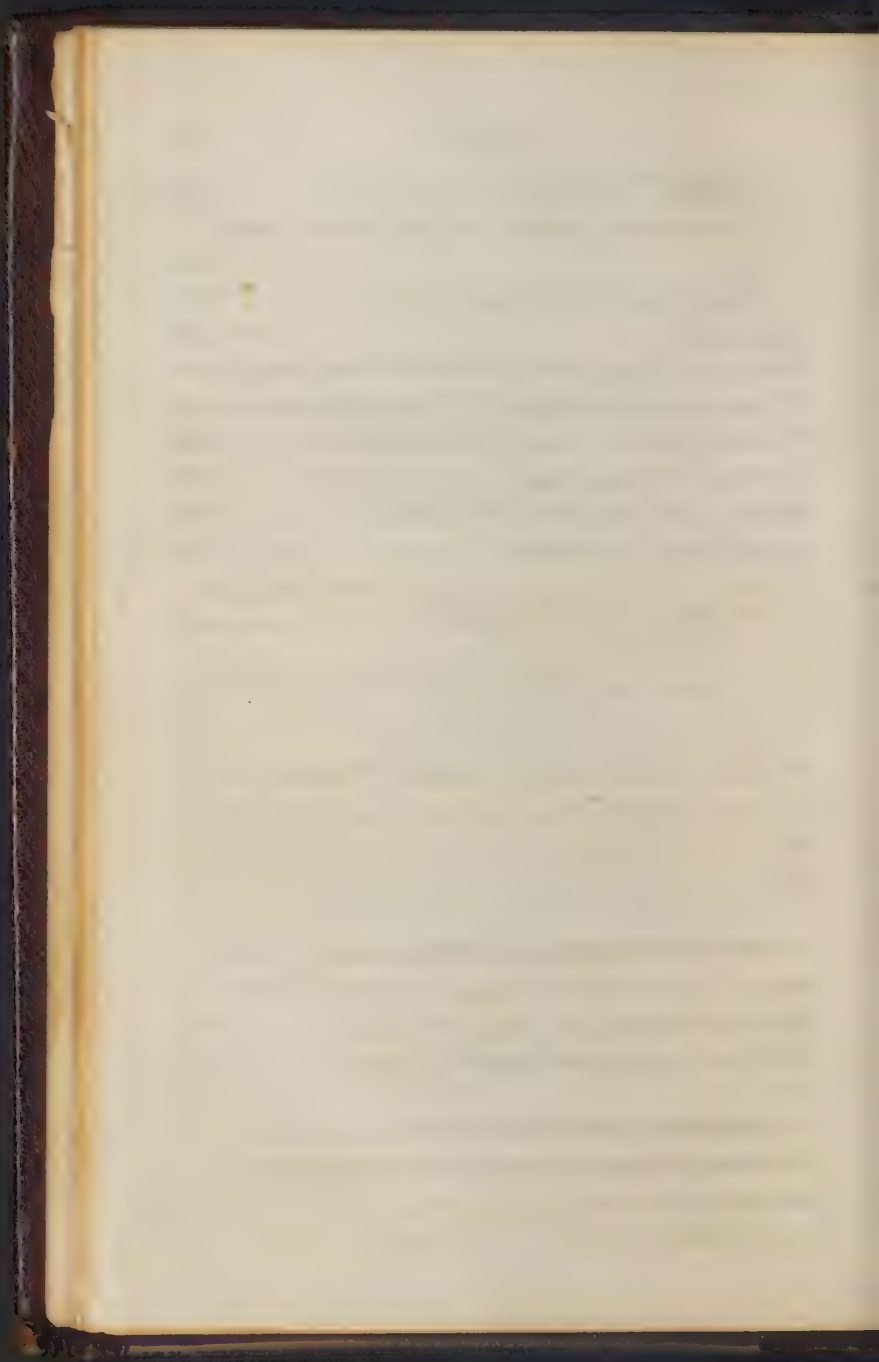
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BLACHAVAS :

THE PILGRIM TO THE HOLY LAND.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

“ Blachavas, with his protopalikar, left his beloved mountains at the age of seventy-six, to visit the Holy City on foot, and actually died at Jerusalem.”

Sheridan's "Songs of Greece," p. xxvii.

FAREWELL to the land of my fathers ! Farewell
To each snow-crested peak and each deep-shaded dell ;
Where the torrent leaps wild, and loud murmurs the bee,
And the mountains still shelter the brave and the free.

Farewell to my comrades, my palikars brave !
Farewell, trusty musket, and patriot glaive !
Too feeble my grasp, too unsteady my aim,
To my son I abandon the sword of my fame.

Farewell the wild caves of thy desolate shore,
Where the cliffs but re-echo the Triton's dread roar ;
But there the free bark the proud Pasha defies,
And the Mainote exults o'er his Mussulman prize.

But whither repairs he, the hoary klepht ?*
And wherefore the land of his sires has he left ?
And why for these weeds and this staff, laid aside
His kilt, and capote, and the sword of his pride ?

At the tomb of his Saviour, all holy his vow,
Ere paschal-tide, must the pilgrim bow ;
He must light his torch at the self-kindled flame,
And bathe in the Jordan his veteran frame.

The white walls of Akka rise fair from the sea,
And fertile and lovely thy plains, Galilee !
But the Crescent gleams baleful, where once the Cross
shone,
And "the Butcher"† succeeds to the Knights of St. John.

Sepphouri's proud towers are still prostrate, her mount
All lonely and sad, and deserted her fount ;‡
But the rich monks of Nassra § are joyous and sleek,
And the Latins exult o'er the orthodox Greek.

* Literally, robber ; a title borne with pride by the guerillas of Greece.

† Djeddar, late Pasha of Acre, whose name, as explained by himself to Dr. E. D. Clarke, signifies the Butcher.

‡ Sepphoris, once the metropolis of Galilee, appears to owe its present neglected state partly to the proximity of Nazareth, which has risen on its ruins. Abandoned by the Latins, the modern village is inhabited chiefly by a few Greeks.

§ Nazareth.

Full often the pilgrim turns, weeping, to gaze
On some column or tower of King Constantine's days,
Where the lonely palm waves o'er the mouldering stone,
The altar subverted, the Cross overthrown.

But forgotten his woes, and o'erpaid his fatigue,
The rugged ascent and the wearisome league,
When Solyma's towers stand revealed to his sight,
And, bathed in the sunshine, seem glorious with light.

Blachavas has mixed with the holy crowd ;
At each consecrate spot, has devoutly bowed ;
Has kissed the cold marble with fervour sincere,
And at Calvary's shrine shed the penitent tear.

On Easter's glad morn, with the foremost he came,
To kindle his torch at the heavenly flame ;
And he marched at the head of the Christian band
Who have taken their way for Jordan's strand.

Oh ! fearful the route that those pilgrims have traced,
The dizzy ascent, and the mountainous waste :
Dark lowers o'er the valley the crag's naked pile,
And the wild Arab lurks in the savage defile.

No fear knew Blachavas, yet thought the old klepht
Of the sword he once wielded, the land he had left ;
Of each deep-shaded glen, and each snow-crested height,
The haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his might.

The desert is passed, but nor balsam nor palm
Enlivens the valley* or yields its rich balm ;
And dreary the plain where, thro' willowy brake,
The Jordan still seeks the bituminous lake.

But Oh ! with what rapture the pilgrims rush in,
To lose in its waters the stain of their sin !
With fond superstition the garment they lave,
Their last sad apparel when dressed for the grave.

Blachavas has bathed, and, the rite to complete,
Those waters have hallowed his winding-sheet.
His step is yet firm, and his heart is still strong,
But that garment of death shall not lie by him long.

How welcome, once more, from green Olivet's height,
Thy towers, O Jerusalem, glowing with light !
Yet kingdoms and seas have those pilgrims to roam ;
But there's rest for Blachavas, and dark is his home.

And where would he choose that his dust should repose
But here, where his Saviour once died and arose ?
Yet dear is the land which no more he must see ;
And his last recollections are, Hellas ! of thee.

* The valley of Jericho, " the city of palms,"—once famous
for its balsam-trees.

ALLAN LORIMER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF
SCOTTISH LIFE," &c.

It was on one of those bright, still spring days, when heaven and earth are conjoined in peace that seems too beautiful ever to be broken, and when the hearts of the children of toil and poverty are not only reconciled to their lot, but feel it, in perfect contentment, to be the happiest that Heaven could have bestowed, that Allan Lorimer, a mere boy doing man's work, was levelling, with spade and pickaxe, a rocky mound that, to an agriculturist's eye, somewhat disfigured the small field in which it rose, as it prevented the plough from turning over a fair furrow from hawthorn hedge to church-yard wall, its encircling boundaries. The mid-day hour of rest had come upon him, heedless of its approach, till, resting on his mattock, he saw standing beside him, with her milk-can and basket of oatmeal cakes, his little sister Anna, whose figure at the same stated hour let fall its shadow on the knoll where he had for weeks been working, as duly as the hand on the dial-stone in their own garden. The loving creature sat down before his feet, under the

shadow of the only birk that yet was spared ; and after grace was said, and all the while unconsciously playing with the uprooted wildflowers, she sang, without bidding, first one and then another of her brother's favourite ballads. Just as she began to sing, so did a lark that had been walking without fear close beside them on the old lea, and at the close of her tunes, Anna knew that she must have been singing for no short time, as the lark had finished his journey to and fro the heavens, and dropt in silence just as she herself was silent. Her brother did not thank her, as usual, for her sweet songs, nor ask any of his usual questions about the domestic proceedings ; but his eyes remained fixed on the church, that stood with its spire a little loftier than the few pine-trees, and when she playfully leant upon his shoulder, and warbled snatches of a merry kind, he still sat buried in his own thoughts, and to all her sportive interrogatories returned no answer. At last, rising up, and lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, " Gracious Father ! if it be thy will, accept me as a Servant of thy Holy Word."

It was in no transient fit of enthusiasm that the prayer was uttered ; for the hopes it breathed had been long gathering at his heart, and for a year past had given a shade of solemnity to his naturally cheerful character. Much by himself at work in his father's fields, he had meditated on holy things with a profounder feeling since his only brother died ; and often, as he looked towards the nook in the church-yard where that dear companion lay, it seemed to him that he too might become a student,

and, following in the footsteps that had too early been led into the grave, be called to the ministry, and to his friends of the hamlet preach the promises of the Saviour, even in the church of his own native parish. And now, during this one serene hour, those wishes and hopes had gained a wonderful strength within him, till they amounted to a sacred trust. Perhaps his innocent sister's hymns—little as he had seemed to heed them—had touched some secret springs in his heart—the voice of the lark in heaven—the cooing of the doves in the belfry—the shadow of the grove over the house of God—the many quiet heaps above the buried—and especially the stone at his brother's head, on which the verse of inscription had been chiselled by his own hand, and was as distinct in his memory as when he read it in the Bible. The change that had long been imperceptibly going on, was now complete; and from that hour he considered himself dedicated to the service of his Maker.

When he communicated his resolution to his parents, it may be said that their hearts sang together for joy. Their William had been taken away a few weeks after his admission into holy orders; nor had that fatal decline suffered him to open his lips in public prayer; and now that time had let other feelings mix with sorrow, they had a pride in looking, every sabbath-day, on the words that followed his name on the tombstone—"Preacher of the Gospel." It seemed now that Heaven had inspired the soul of their remaining son. No doubts, no misgivings were theirs; although no treasures had they in store,

for the savings of many years had gone to the education of him who had been taken away, yet there had been, and ever would be, a blessing on the few fields of Holm-Brae, that lay so sweetly sheltered to the sunny south; and the father, while he lifted up his hands to heaven, felt as if strength were added to till the earth, and that his youth was restored.

Allan continued to work in the fields as before, alone or with his father,—only shorter hours. By sun-rise he was at his books, and at evening the village schoolmaster, no mean scholar, read along with him, taking up the subjects where his deceased brother had left them, and using the volumes he had bequeathed. How slow the progress of the idle or indifferent! But Allan, though with far other feelings, studied as intensely even as the convict, who knowing the day he is to die, for the first time begins to learn the very alphabet, that he may be able to read the Bible before taken from his cell. Nature had given him strong and fine talents, that had indeed been hereditary in his humble race. And then, when he sat in the room that had been his brother's, all his faculties were expanded—all his feelings became more elevated and pure. He often heard his voice—he sometimes saw his face, pale but with a smile—and when at night he returned thanks to God for the progress of the day, he could have thought in the dusk that he was kneeling at his brother's side, as he used to do when a little boy. Thus before the corn was stacked, and the ingle shone at merry harvest-home, Allan Lorimer was fit to go to college, without shaming his preceptors, either the

dead or the living,—and to college he went, with a blessing from those to whose grey hairs he was to bring the halo that is indeed divine—the light of honour which a dutiful son sheds round the temples of those who gave him being!

The son of poor parents, from a remote part of the country, and altogether unknown, without introduction to one living soul, with manners and appearance which, although not wanting in natural graces, were yet plain even to rusticity, and a disposition somewhat retiring, not in pride but independence,—for a little while Allan Lorimer attracted not the attention either of his teachers or fellow-students. But as the session advanced, his name began to emerge from the crowd; and before the Christmas holidays he was distinguished not only as an assiduous but successful scholar. Some few lingering remembrances of his brother's academical fame still survived, and now and then elder students, for his sake, made voluntary tenders of their friendship. The Spring found him no longer a solitary being, studying in the uncompanied passion of knowledge within his dim cell, but elate in hope and ambition that daily brought their own reward. New worlds opened before his imagination and his intellect. Things formerly dark and obscure, grew clear and bright; feeling kept pace with thought; and as he became acquainted with the spirits of the dead, his heart glowed with finer, deeper sympathies with the living. He felt now that he had gained a firm footing, and that his course was rapidly progressive. He walked the college-

courts now erect ; not a shade of fear or despondency clouded his intellectual countenance ; and he looked with a bold eye on the great city's throng, confident that he would one day achieve the honourable, the holy object of his soul's desire. The Winter, with all its long, dear devoted nights, many of them utterly sleepless, so haunted had they been with the voices of bard, orator, and philosopher of old, nor less with "those strains that once did sweet in Sion glide"—the Winter was over and gone, and with all his human affections strong as death, Allan Lorimer returned to the humble house of his parents.

It was on the cotter's Saturday-night that he returned ; and he had lingered for awhile in the little dell with its broomy braes so close to the house that the waterfall was heard within, in order to relieve his heart of its exceeding joy, and also that he might cross the threshold at the well-known hour of prayer. His father had just opened the Bible ; there his mother sat sedate ; and Anna's sweet face was in the shade of her devout simplicity. Before he could speak, the eyes of the family were turned toward him ; and it was more than an hour before they attempted to sing the psalm. The voices of the parents first faltered, then were mute ; but no nightingale on earth, no lark in heaven, ever poured out such melody, as that child rejoicing by her brother's side in her evening hymns.

And did Allan Lorimer continue to love his father's house, those that dwelt therein, and all their lowly ways, and all their meek virtues ? Had he communion with the thoughts dearest to them, and that filled up the measure

of their contented existence? Could he turn from those glorious books that unfolded to him a new being, with all their assemblages consecrated in the light of antiquity, to the humble creatures sitting silent, or with few words, by the ingle-side, wearied with toil, and ready at night-fall for their dreamless sleep? Yes, the roof of heaven, with all its stars, was not to him more beautiful than the roof of the hut in which he was born. Not all the fields of Elysium contained a spot so blessed as the fields where, for his dying brother, he had so often wept; where, with his father, he had walked in the calm of so many sabbath-evenings, and worked through so many week-days, heedless alike of sun or storm. And what was the little he knew, or might ever know, when set beside that knowledge in which his father, and his mother, and his sister walked before God? Therefore did Allan Lorimer again put on the dress of a tiller of the ground: his right-hand had not forgot its cunning: and when the meadows by the burn-side were heavy with Midsummer, the wide swathe fell beneath his sweeping scythe; while his father, not yet old, but somewhat declined, took the lighter task with Anna, who was growing to womanhood visibly before their eyes. The neighbours saw the youth working like a hired servant beneath a kind master's eye, and not a tongue in the parish was silent in his praise. Every body prophesied good of such a son; and many prayed that the good old minister might be spared till Allan Lorimer, one of themselves, and born and bred like themselves, might be his successor. Thus winter after winter, summer after

summer went on; and Allan Lorimer was now a man, with all the intelligence and knowledge becoming manhood. There was no need now for him to work on the farm; even his father might do so or not at will, for every thing in town and country had prospered, and there was complete competence at Holm-Brae. It stood in a very garden, so bright was the cultivation of its enclosures; the old house, like its possessors, renewed its youth; the heritor was now an elder; in another year his son was to be called to the ministry; and the whole parish was proud of him from hall to hut.

One evening, Allan Lorimer was walking by himself near the old Castle, that was still inhabited by the family to whose ancestors it had for many generations belonged, when he met several persons hurrying along in great distraction. From them he learned that the young heir had climbed up to a dangerous height on the cliffs, and that it was found impossible to afford him any assistance. On arriving at the foot of the rocks, Allan saw father, mother, and sister, all gazing in despair on the youth who, paralyzed with fear, was clinging to one of the ledges, on the very brink of destruction. In his boyhood, Allan Lorimer had been of an adventurous and daring character; and often, in search of wall-flowers, or the starling's nest, had he passed along the face of that precipice by paths where even the goat would have hesitated to clamber. In a few minutes he was by the side of him placed in such jeopardy; and then, seeming to whisper words of encouragement, descended the rock, and be-

seeched all who were standing there to be calm, for that life would be saved. With that promptitude and decision before which the most dreadful danger often seems to change into a mere dream, Allan's scheme for the youth's preservation was carried into effect. He soon re-ascended, and fastening a rope round the body of him who had lost all power of motion, he lowered him down from that dizzy platform, and soon heard, not a shout, but a deep prayer of thanksgiving for deliverance—a confused prayer of words, sighs, and even groans, so agonizing was the blessedness that tore the hearts of them who had lost all hope, and now poured their kisses on one almost miraculously snatched from death.

Had Allan Lorimer been rude in manners, in person, and in mind—the most ignorant and uncultivated peasant in the parish, yet had he, after that hour, been a pleasant sight in the eyes that then were too horrified even to weep, and welcome to the Castle all the days of his life. But Allan, although humbly born, was indeed one of the especial favourites of Nature. Happy to have been the instrument employed by Providence to save the life of a fellow-creature, yet he felt and knew that there was no merit in what he had done; and without the slightest emotion of self-applause, he listened to the fervent gratitude of the youth's parents, and the praises of the crowd. But these parents had vowed, before they rose from their knees, to honour and love their son's deliverer, and to hold him thenceforth in a friendship that was to endure for ever. To them, his calm, sedate, and thoughtful eyes had an

expression that seemed no less than angelical ; his few solemn words turned their souls away from him, not in forgetfulness, towards the throne of the Most High and Merciful ; and, unknown to each other, they at the same moment thought “ what a friend may this man, so fearless in his faith, become to our beloved son, whose life, before our very eyes, he has been chosen to save ! ”

So Allan Lorimer, after a few weeks, became an inmate of the Castle. To him was committed the charge of the high-born heir's education, and before the first sabbath, he was beloved even as a brother and a son. Over all that dwelling, and over the habits and manners of its possessors, there reigned that air of elegance, delicacy, and refinement, which perhaps is found only in its perfection among those who have been born in more exalted life. But with that quickness of perception and feeling with which, along with all nobler qualities, he had been gifted by the prodigal hand of Nature, he soon, almost instinctively, acquired that which he sought not to imitate ; while he lost nothing of that modest demeanour so becoming below the cottage roof—nothing of that respectfulness in presence of high birth, which dignifies the independence of humble, and bestows on him whom it characterizes the charm of a touching propriety. His new friends, who knew but little of the ways in which poor men walk, could not but regard with wonder manners by such slight shades distinguishable from their own ; while each successive day brought to light more and more of that worth that makes the man, and that, thanks be to

Heaven, full frequently grows up to strength and beauty in the hamlets that sprinkle Scotia's long-withdrawing vales, or cluster round the spire of the village church.

The young heir of that house was endowed with the virtues of his ancestors ; but his spirit had too long run riot in the unchecked wildness of youth, and had been in danger of yielding even to the seductions of vice. But now he felt himself constantly in presence of a superior nature. It was impossible very grievously to disobey the mild command of that voice and eye ; and then the remembrance of the hideous hour when he seemed falling down into death, came across him with fresh impulses of gratitude and affection. By degrees he flung aside all caprice, all waywardness, all selfish will ; grew enamoured of the liberal studies, without which high rank is a dishonour, and learned from the pure and pious life of the peasant's son, what are the essential and prime qualities of the gentleman.

Far and wide as the eye could reach from the battlements of the old Castle, lay the hereditary possessions of the family ; but hitherto the youth had seen with little or no emotion—perhaps scarcely noticed them—the smoke-wreaths rising up from the woods or vales from a hundred cottages. Now, in company with his friend, he walked all over the domain, and, day after day, visited some tenant's house. Every thing he saw was wisely explained to him, without exaggeration or concealment, in the very light of truth. The joys and the sorrows of poor men, their happiness and their hardships, were laid before the

eyes of him whose privilege it was to relieve or protect them; and as his heart expanded with a wide and thoughtful humanity, he upbraided himself for his utter ignorance of his fellow-creatures, and in no single vow, but in the calmness of habitual resolve, meditated gracious and beneficent plans for their comfort and welfare. In proportion as he loved was he beloved: the smiling maidens dropt their curtesies with a sweeter blush as they met him on the braes; and the old men bowed their grey, uncovered heads with more affectionate reverence when the noble boy passed through among them along the church-yard into the house of God.

The gratitude of the poor, the feeble, the afflicted, was given to those from whose hands flowed the streams of charity and beneficence. Their prayers, their blessings, were for that ancient house: but the son of the peasant, their own Allan Lorimer, of whose famed learning all in the parish were proud—the Christian, whose holy life, young as he was, they held up as an example to their children,—neither was his name forgotten in their mid-day meditations in the fields, nor in their morning and evening prayers by the newly awakened or expiring hearth. “Ay, the Lorimers of Holm-Brae always walked before God, ever since the white head of him, who died in the cause of the covenant, lay on the greensward before his own door, drenched in a martyr’s blood. It seems that in these our peaceful days, the spirit of that saint has descended upon him; and the day may not be far distant, when we shall see him lifting up his hands in prayer

within our own church, and when our hills and vallies, yea, the very lilies of the field, shall rejoice in the first Sabbath of his ministry !”

There was no change in or about Holm-Brae, except that gentle and, to themselves, imperceptible change, which steals over a household released from the pressure of poverty, and left at liberty to give outward expression to all their humble affections. A neater book-case now held the old man's small library ; the linnets sung in a handsomer cage ; curtains of a somewhat costlier material shaded the parlour window ; the entrance had its trelliced porch ; there was now a regular avenue (formerly a mere cart-road) from the lane to the house, with a pretty white gate ; the garden was enlarged on its southern exposure, by the breadth of a flower-border ; the bee-hives stood beneath a little straw-roofed shed ; and another, of larger dimensions, was filled with anemones, auriculas, and ranunculuses, old Allan Lorimer being a famous florist, and now at leisure to attend to ornamental gardening, for which he had the native Scottish genius. He saw his son removed into another condition of life, indeed ; but he felt that the removal had strengthened all the ties that continued to bind his heart to his humble birth-place. Every Saturday-night he was with his parents, talking of former years ; and every Sabbath he walked home with them from the kirk. Not one of his old friends was forgotten ; and he sat among familiar faces in all the cottages around, with perfect sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of their simple inmates, and deeply interested as

ever in all the on-goings of lowly life. To his capacious mind the rural virtues appeared now in more affecting beauty: in the light of knowledge, the poor man's lot, with all its trials, was seen to be a lot of peace; and as he sat beneath the shadow of the sycamore, the dreams of imagination blended with the holiest feelings of the heart. In that pensive twilight, filial piety was indeed to him its own exceeding great reward; for he knew that the household was beloved of heaven!

Allan Lorimer was now in holy orders, and about to be appointed successor to the old minister of his native parish, when his pupil, who had for some months been unwell, was pronounced far gone in a consumption. The anxiety of his parents was suddenly changed into despair; and, as for his mother, she seemed to be hurrying to the grave along with her son. The youth, whose fine face now wore an unearthly beauty—so sunk and yet so bright—and whose tall figure, in health so graceful, was almost ghostlike in decline, never slept, night or day; but on the very confines of death seemed inspired with a more restless animation. The brightest visions arose before his fancy, and he would speak with an eloquence overpowering to the hearts that tenderly loved him, of all his airy schemes and plans for that life which others saw to be so near its close. The very air he breathed made him more than happy—wildly elate—and carried him, as on the wings of hope, into the glorious future, without seeming to tread the earth. Oh! sad, sad was the lustre of those eyes to his father's soul; for he knew that, ere long, it

would be extinguished in the dust. All saw that he was dying, except the joyous victim himself; and who could bear to break the gracious delusion of nature, and speak of the grave to one whose whole being overflowed with life? Allan Lorimer availed himself of their hours of prayer to bring the truth slowly, calmly, and solemnly before him; and the same buoyant spirit that had made life so beautiful to his eyes, enabled him, after the disclosure, to look forward unappalled to death. The comforts of religion, administered by one who had to him been father, brother, and friend, almost entirely subdued the frail and ineffectual longings for life that beings of the dust retain as long as their dwelling is on the dust. While Allan Lorimer was in the room with him, his countenance always had a smile: an hour's absence was like a cloud before the sun; and a promise had been made—a holy promise—that at the last he would be kneeling at the bedside. O, blind as the worm are we, alike in our hope and our despair!

The father of the dying boy was loth that he should be buried in a foreign land; yet, sometimes in a dream, and even when awake, he believed that the air of Italy might restore him, and that there, beneath that genial climate, he might be kept alive for years. Allan Lorimer grasped at the same weak hope; and as the sufferer was to any event resigned, a blind farewell was taken—Oh! shall it be an everlasting farewell!—and they two sailed away together, on a voyage, as it might almost seem, to another world!

All was still and silent about the Castle. The lady

never lifted up her head, and no longer thought on her son as among the living. Her husband, in tending her sick-bed, sometimes forgot him upon the seas. And are there not strange, dim, and incomprehensible hopes that sometimes arise suddenly in the inmost regions of our being, unallied to reason that disowns them all, but that will not be put down, no, not by all the death-pang agonies the soul can suffer, departing and again returning, as if they loved the wretched,—even like beautiful white sea-birds hovering in the gloom of the tempest, and unwilling to flee utterly away, even to a place of rest?

At Holm-Brae all was peace, disturbed but by a thoughtful sorrow. The lord of the Castle often came and sat down beside the old people, looking for comfort in their faces, and finding it in the habitual calmness that characterizes the whole manner of the pious poor. Frequently something like hope breathed up through the hush, and after joining with the humble household in prayer for the dying—perhaps the dead—he knew not how it was, but in spite of all the predictions of the most skilled, and his own forebodings, he felt a sort of instinctive assurance that his son would return. “Not a fire is put out at night in a single dwelling in all the parish,” would the old man say, “till the inmates have knelt in prayer to God for your son!” And when he thought of this, and looked abroad from his high window over the night-scene, he felt the influence of all those ascending prayers, and remembered that mercy, to the eyes of us mortal creatures, is the holiest attribute of Him who inhabiteth Eternity.

The first letter that arrived from abroad, was in the hand-writing of their son ; and for awhile both parents were without power to open it. It held out no hopes of his recovery, but breathed, throughout, a perfect spirit of resignation and gratitude. Day after day it was read over and over again, many hundred times, that some expression, some one single word of comfort, besides the calm character of the whole, might be detected and devoured. In a few weeks it was followed by another equally tranquil ; and the father thought, but durst not utter the thought, from fear that the very sound of the words would destroy it, that since death had delayed so long to strike, he might yet change his purpose and lay down the fatal dart. A third letter came from his son, written it seemed with a firmer finger, and along with it, one from Allan Lorimer, cautiously offering hope along with consolation. The doleful gloominess of the earth and sky was on a sudden lightened ; and when father and mother knelt down that night, they felt what thankless creatures they had been all their lives before, so blessed were their spirits in the very sickness of gratitude to the great God.

Meanwhile the worn and weary voyager had found rest in a sunny and sheltered Italian vale ; and such was the restorative delight of the cloudless climate, that, although in all humility he was prepared to die, the hope rose with the love of life, and tears began again to flow at the thought of departing into darkness from so beautiful a world. Few, who had left their native land as he left it, had, he well knew, ever returned. Two or three months' sight of that

heavenly sky, and their eyes closed for ever! Allan Lorimer, in all his hours of languor, lassitude, and sickness, was still beside his couch! He understood every motion of his eyes and hands, and could interpret even the sighs unconsciously made in disturbed sleep. The sick-chamber was a place of silence, but the hush was the hush of intense wakefulness, alive to the slightest stir, and ready in a moment to give the cup, or smooth the pillow. And when the voice of that watcher was heard, it was in itself a medicine, so cheering in its present meanings, so pleasant and so pensive with the music of remembered years! Far away as they were from the Castle, the youth, on his awakening from his day-sleeps, often for awhile thought himself in his own study at home; for there was Allan Lorimer with a book in his hand, and none else beside, and all peace and silence as in their lofty cell below the battlements. But the twitter of the martins was not heard, nor the thunder of the waterfall down among the wooded rocks.

Like flowers growing under the shadow of some old ruin, but not altogether unvisited by the sunshine, and therefore beautiful in their melancholy lustre as those expanded in the full light of day, were the feelings and fancies that rose within the heart of him who lived, it might be said, within the gloom of the burial-place, yet even in those mournful precincts, felt the warmth of restoring Hope. His whole character was softened, subdued, and at the same time, (so perfect was a Christian's resignation,) sublimed. The querulous and restless impatience

of disease, constantly soothed by the sympathy of a brother, subsided finally into utter calm ; penitence had succeeded remorse for all the sins his youth had known, and none are sinless ; and so unappalling now was the thought of death, that there were seasons when he felt that to die would be great gain. But wasted as his frame was, and faint, feeble, and irregular too often the beatings of his heart, Oh ! how that heart yearned within him when the images of his father and his mother and his sister passed before him during the night-watches !—when he saw the lighted cottage-windows burning like stars up and down the darkness ; and heard, afar off as it was and beyond the roar of seas, the frequent psalm rising from glen and hill-side, the sacred melodies of his native land !

Often has a sailor, in shattered bark and through raging surf, in safety reached the shore, and often has a gallant ship, with all her bravery on and scarce a breath of wind, gone down at sea. Out of almost hopeless jeopardy, Allan Lorimer saw that his brother had been brought by God's own hand : the prayers that so many hearts had been pouring out were heard ; and the green earth closed on the yawning grave without its victim. The feet that seemed to be awaiting the swathes of the shroud, once more trod lightly among the flowers ; that faint, sad smile, brightened into a happy expression, in which itself was lost ; and his voice was like a musical instrument skilfully re-tuned. A day in one village, a week in another ; a month in some fair town, and a winter in the Eternal City ; and he who had come to Italy—almost to die—

prepared to leave it with a new life. He felt that for him a miracle had been wrought; nor did he fear to use that word in his prayers. Must we wait until we see the dead arise before we say, "A miracle, a miracle!" Faith sees them wrought within the confines of the clay, and looks from the Bible with a cleared eye over the daily revelation connecting Time with Eternity.

There was the voice of singing heard throughout the whole parish, and the waving of boughs was seen over bands of children, and flower-garlands brightened every humble porch, the day on which it was known that Allan Lorimer was to bring home the young heir of the Castle from the far-off country, that had seemed to the imagination of those simple people the very region of death. Not a single person was left at work in the fields; the key was turned in every cottage-door; even the very bed-ridden were brought out to knolls by the road-side; and when a signal was given that the Returned were coming up the Brae, the old sexton began ringing the small kirk-bell, and a shout went circling along the hills all the way to the Castle. Within its walls, there was a solemn silence, broken only by the sobbing of a joy almost too severe. Again and again the parents embraced one another in secret, and sank down together on their knees; but the meeting came in its agony, and passed over; and then there was perfect blessedness even on this side of the grave!

Allan Lorimer continued to reside in the Castle. Indeed, his presence seemed essential to the very life that,

under Providence, he had saved ; and his own parents, happy in his prosperity, were well content with his daily visits of duty and affection. At the Castle he was indeed beloved as a son : but could it be with a brother's eyes that he looked on that fair Vision who kept gliding for ever before him, calling herself his sister, in her tearful gratitude ; surrounding him at all times with the unconscious fascination of her joy-brightened beauty, and at night-fall touching his inmost spirit with her low, fervent murmurs, breathed at the holy hour of prayer !

Yes ! brother and sister they indeed were, and to them sufficient were such pleasant names. Although she had grown up, during his long absence, from the simplicity of childhood into maiden pride, and was now the loveliest being his eyes had ever beheld, lovelier far than the divinest of the pale-cheeked and dark-eyed daughters of Italy, yet Allan Lorimer looked untroubled on her countenance, and untroubled listened to her voice. A dear and a solemn duty had been fulfilled by him in tending so devotedly that sick bed. Sitting there for so many days and so many nights, and often expecting to hear the latest sigh, he came to regard the family with feelings so profound in their sadness, so hallowed by their continual communion with the world of spirits, that even that love which innocence and beauty inspire, could not now invade his heart towards her whom he had so long comprehended in his most sacred sorrow. He had brought back to her embrace a brother for whom she had often wept as for the dead ; and the reward he desired was not that heart so

tender and so affectionate, not the beautiful bosom beneath which it beat ; but that calm, deep, and unending affection, that brings no blushes to the cheek, no sigh to the breast, no tear to the eye, but in freedom and confidence bestows its day-light smiles on its object, and unconsciously shows itself in many a little token of gratitude and respect. Besides, Allan Lorimer was a man humbly born, and he looked on to a humble life, as the happiest of lots. Had love, as a passion, sought to take possession of his mind, his reason would have resisted the impulse. For believe it not that we have no power over love ! Let us know well ourselves and our condition—their natural powers, duties, and destinies ; and with that aid from above which is never withheld from them who beseech it in humility and truth, we may walk our way through the world, delighting in all that is beautiful, without being disturbed or enslaved, and blest with the due measure of all life's holiest affections.

It is the Sabbath-day, and the little kirk can never hold that congregation assembled in the church-yard, and covering even the tombstones and the circle of the old mossy wall. Lo ! a tent is pitched facing the Braes, and from it the preacher will address his flock. Walking between the aged pastor, whose earthly services, in the eye of his great Task-master, are now near their close, and his own father, Allan Lorimer, in the sacred garb, is seen to approach. It is the first Sabbath of his assistant ministry, and his soul overflows with a holy joy. His friends of the Castle bow reverently to him as he passes by ; he sees

his own mother and his sister Alice, and almost thinks he hears them sob; on Alice leans, with downcast eyes streaming with tears, one to whom he is betrothed, the orphan grandchild of the aged pastor who ere long must drop the body; and now he stands in his place in all the beauty of pious youth, with hands uplifted to implore a blessing! There is the church-tower,—there the shadow of the sycamores,—there the sound of the doves cooing in the belfry,—there his brother's grave! A lark at that moment rises, as if let loose from among the silent congregation, and carries up its hymns to heaven. For a moment that hour flashes back on his memory, when beneath the birch-tree on the knoll, he felt himself called upon by a voice within his own soul; and, ere he opens his lips in public prayer, he ventures to breathe to himself in a whisper, the words he then uttered before his wondering sister—"Gracious Father! if it be thy will, accept me as a Servant of thy Holy Word."

Aug. 1826.

THE DROUGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

“And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord: I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the corn and the wine and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel.”—HOSEA ii. 21, 22.

WHAT strange, what fearful thing hath come to pass?
The ground is iron, and the skies are brass:
Man, on the withering harvest, casts his eye,
“Give me your fruits in season, or I die;”
The timely fruits implore their parent—Earth,
“Where is thy strength to bring us forth to birth?”
The Earth, all prostrate, to the Clouds complains—
“Send to my heart your fertilizing rains;”
The Clouds invoke the Heavens—“Collect, dispense
Through us your healing, quickening influence;”
The Heavens to HIM that rules them raise their moan—
“Command thy blessing, and it shall be done.”

—The Lord is in his temple :—hushed and still,
The suppliant Universe awaits his will.

He speaks :—and to the clouds the Heavens dispense
With lightning speed, their genial influence :
The gathering, breaking clouds pour down the rains :
Earth drinks the bliss thro' all her eager veins.
From teeming furrows start the fruits to birth,
And shake their riches on the lap of Earth :
Man sees the harvests grow beneath his eye,
Turns, and looks up with rapture to the sky ;
All that have breath and being then rejoice,
All Nature's voices blend in one great voice ;
“ Glory to God, who thus *Himself* makes known ! ”
—When shall all tongues confess HIM GOD ALONE ?
Lord, as the rain comes down from heaven—the rain
That waters Earth, and turns not thence again,
But makes the tree to bud, the corn to spring,
And feeds and gladdens every living thing ;
So come thy Gospel o'er a world destroyed,
In boundless blessings, and return not void :
So let it come, in universal showers,
To fill Earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
—With flowers of promise, fill the wild within
Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin :
Where thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound ;
And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
Flourish, where only trees of death have been :

Let Truth look down from heaven, Hope soar above;
Justice and Mercy kiss, Faith work by Love;
Heralds the year of jubilee proclaim;
Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name;
Nations new-born, their fathers' idols spurn;
The ransomed of the Lord with songs return;
Through realms, with darkness, thralldom, guilt, o'erspread,
In light, joy, freedom, be the spirit shed.
Speak thou the word :—to Satan's power say, "*Cease!*"
But to a world of pardoned sinners—"Peace!"

Thus, in thy grace, O God, *Thyself* make known,
Then shall all tongues confess THEE GOD ALONE!

Sheffield, Aug. 1826.





Designed by H. B. Hall

Engraved by W. J. Lister

THE COFFIN GIRL.

By the Author of 'The Fishnet Dress' and 'The Fishnet Dress'.

London: W. J. Lister.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

A CHILD beside a hamlet's fount at play,
Her fair face laughing at the sunny day ;
The cheerful girl her labour leaves awhile,
To gaze on Heaven's and Earth's unsullied smile ;
Her happy dog looks on her dimpled cheeks,
And of his joy in his own language speaks ;
A gush of waters, tremulously bright,
Kindling the air to gladness with their light ;
And a soft gloom beyond, of summer-trees,
Darkening the turf, and, shadowed o'er by these,
A low, dim, woodland cottage :—this was all !

What had the scene for memory to recall
With a fond look of love ? What secret spell
With the heart's pictures bade its image dwell ?
What but the spirit of the joyous child,
That freshly forth o'er stream and verdure smiled,
Casting upon the common things of earth
A brightness, born and gone with infant mirth !

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave ;—
Pray !—Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell :
Sailor, on the darkening sea ;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won,
 Breathest now at set of sun ;
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
 Weeping on his burial-plain ;
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
 Kindred by one holy tie !
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !

SONNET.

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

"Who shall avenge the slave?" I stood and cried :
 "The earth, the earth!" the echoing sea replied :
 I turned me to the ocean, but each wave
 Declined to be the avenger of the slave.
 "Who shall avenge the slave?" my species cry—
 "The winds, the floods, the lightnings of the sky :"
 I turn'd to these,—from them one echo ran—
 "The right avenger of the slave, is man!"—
 Man was my fellow ; in his sight I stood,
 Wept, and besought him by the voice of blood :
 Sternly he looked, as proud on earth he trod,
 Then said, "The avenger of the slave is God!"—
 I looked in prayer towards heaven—awhile 'twas still,
 And then methought God's voice replied—"I WILL!"

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
THE ARMENIAN CHRISTIANS
AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

Late Chaplain to the British Embassy at Constantinople.

ARMENIA, a country in Asia, lying to the North of Persia and Mesopotamia, and to the South of the Euxine and Caspian Seas, is celebrated from the earliest antiquity. The face of the region is very mountainous, and all the great rivers take their rise there: the Tigris and the Euphrates running South, and falling into the Persian Gulf, and the Phasis, Cyrus, and Araxes, running North, and falling into the Euxine and Caspian Seas, indicate that their sources must be in the highest land in the immense space which they traverse. Hence it was that this region was first uncovered by the waters of the Deluge, and the Ark, we are told, rested on Mount Ararat, the

highest mountain of Armenia.* In the histories of Greece and Rome, Armenia was the scene of many events. The Ten Thousand Greeks passed through it in their retreat from Persia; and Tigranes, king of Armenia, was the great ally of Mithridates, the powerful enemy of the Romans. It afterwards formed part of the Parthian monarchy, established by the Arsacidæ, on the decline of the Roman empire, and was finally subdued by the Turks, under Selim I., in the year 1515, and has ever since continued annexed, as a province, to the Turkish dominions.

On the subjugation of Armenia by the Turks, the country became greatly depopulated. Numbers emigrated to different parts of the world, where, like the Jews, they continue at this day dispersed, and retain, like them, the characteristics which distinguish their original country; and they acquired a propensity for wandering about, and a commercial enterprise, which still mark them in the East, and which once distinguished them in the Western world. Cha Abbas, the celebrated Persian monarch, cotemporary with our Elizabeth, availed himself of the inroad of the Turks, and invited the fugitive Armenians

* The Armenians believe that the Ark was miraculously preserved from decay, and still exists on the top of their mountain. Many attempts, they say, have been made to ascend to where it is; but the persons, when near the top, always found themselves, by some supernatural means, again conveyed to the bottom.

to settle in his dominions, where he gave them every protection and encouragement. Twenty thousand Armenian families were located in the province of Guilam alone, where they carried the culture of silk to the high state of perfection which it has attained there. In Julfa, a suburb of Ispahan, an exclusive colony was formed, which consisted of thirty thousand persons. This colony became the great centre of Asiatic commerce. They were distinguished by a frugality, industry, and economy, and above all by a spirit of enterprise and a personal courage and activity in commercial speculations, very different from the luxurious indolence of an Asiatic people. It was the practice of the Armenian merchants to accompany themselves all their commodities into foreign countries. A treaty was concluded with the czar of Muscovy, by which the Armenian merchants had free passage through his dominions, and the extent to which they availed themselves of it, is almost incredible in those rude times and barbarous regions. They proceeded with their bales of silk and other commodities across the Caspian Sea, or through Tartary to Astrachan, at the mouth of the Volga, and from thence ascended the river to Moscow. St. Petersburg was not at this time built, and the Muscovites had no port on the Baltic. The Armenians, therefore, proceeded to Archangel, on the White Sea, and embarking there with their merchandize, sailed round the North Cape of Lapland, and so visited the western countries of Europe. Having disposed of their Asiatic produce, they returned by the Mediterranean, and brought back that of

Europe in exchange. In this way the cloths of England and Holland, the glass of Venice, and all the then celebrated manufactures of European industry, were first circulated through the East by this enterprising people, who, setting out from the centre of Asia, and the mildest climate on earth, penetrated the ice of the Arctic Circle to accomplish their extraordinary journey.

Though the industry of Europeans has now changed the current of this commerce, and Asiatics no longer bring us theirs and take back our produce; still the Armenians are the great merchants, through whose agency commerce is circulated through the interior of the East. About 40,000 reside in India, where they carry on the greater part of the inland trade. I also found many merchants of that nation in Transylvania, Hungary, Poland, and Russia, where they are distinguished by their national qualities—industry, frugality, activity, and their natural and inseparable result, great opulence.

But by far the most numerous and important colony of this people, is that which was brought to Constantinople by the Turks, after they had subdued their country. I was curious to ascertain with accuracy their present numbers, and I obtained an authentic return from the districts in which they reside. There are at present in Constantinople and the adjoining villages on the Bosphorus, 200,000 Armenian Christians. Of these, about 4000 individuals have conformed to Roman Catholic forms of worship, and acknowledge the supremacy of the See of Rome; the remainder adhere to the doctrines and discipline

of their primitive Asiatic churches, and acknowledge no spiritual head but their own patriarch. The religious state of this people is, therefore, that of their nation: I can speak of it from a residence and observation of some years among them; and what I have not seen, I can detail from authentic information.

The Armenians were first converted to Christianity by St. Gregory of Nazianzus, a town in Cappadocia, who, in the reign of the Greek Emperor Theodosius, was elected Patriarch of Constantinople. He, however, preferred the duties of a missionary to heathen nations yet unconverted, and with this view he returned to his own country, and proceeded eastward to the mountains of Armenia, where he first preached the Gospel. The tradition of the Armenians on this important event, is as follows. The country at that time was governed by Tiridates, a cruel tyrant, who immediately had the missionary seized and thrown into a dungeon, deep, dank, and filled with serpents. Here he was left and forgotten, and nothing further was then heard of him and his doctrines. Thirty years after this event, Castrovitugh, sister of Tiridates, was disturbed by nocturnal visions; an angel, she asserted, appeared to her, and constantly urged her to intercede for Gregory. She therefore applied to her brother, who assured her, intercession was useless, as the missionary was long since dead; and allowed her to satisfy herself by examining his dungeon. She did so, and to her astonishment and joy, found the missionary, not only alive, but in perfect health. She now urged this

miracle as a proof of his divine mission ; 'but Tiridates, like Pharaoh, still hardened his heart, and kept him confined, till God converted him by a terrible visitation. He was one day hunting a wild boar on the side of Mount Ararat, when suddenly he was changed into a similar animal, and all his attendants into hounds in pursuit of him. The people, struck with this awful judgment, immediately rushed to the dungeon, and liberated Gregory ; who prayed that the king and his attendants might be restored to their proper shapes. His prayers were heard, and the first use they made of their human forms, was to be baptized, and acknowledge the doctrines of Christianity, which were then embraced by all the nation. Gregory afterwards lived to a great age, founding churches in the country, which are still held in high veneration. At his death, he was canonized as the patron saint of the nation, under the name of "Surp loo Savorich," or the "Holy Illuminator;" and still further to evince their respect and reverence, they commenced their era from the time of his death, which happened, according to their account, in the year 551 after Christ ; our present year therefore, 1826, is, according to the Armenian calendar, 1275.

The principal church founded by St. Gregory, was that of "Eetchmeasin," where, according to their ecclesiastical history, another extraordinary miracle was wrought. The church stands upon a rock, under which was a deep cavern. In the times of Paganism, this cavern was filled with impure demons, who were consulted on all future events, and gave answers like the Greek and Roman Oracles.

This foul delusion was destroyed, they say, by Christ himself, who, at the intercession of St. Gregory, descended with his cross in his hand, and striking the rock with it, rent asunder the abode, and put to flight the demon inhabitants.* The rock from thence was called "Etchmeasin," or the "Stroke;" and the church founded on it, was made the seat of their Patriarch, the spiritual head of their church. The Mahomedans themselves hold it in such respect, that they have allowed it a privilege which no other place of worship is permitted to enjoy in their dominions. The Turks abhor the sound of a bell; their own congregations are called to worship by a human voice, and those of other sects by a wooden mallet struck against a board; to the church of Etchmeasin alone they permit a ring of bells, and for that reason they call it at this day, "Changlé Chilsé," or the "Church of Bells."

From the time of St. Gregory, Christianity made a rapid and extensive progress in the East. At the period of the Turkish invasion, the capital of Armenia was "Anee," celebrated for containing within it three hundred Christian churches. The inroad of the Mahometans, however, with

* The early fathers of the church mention the silence imposed upon Pagan oracles as one of the first effects of the promulgation of Christianity, according to the prophecy of the Apostle, "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail;" 1 Cor. xiii. 8. Eusebius goes so far as to enumerate some of them. It was asserted that Memnon's statue ceased to emit sounds at the same time and for the same cause.

the Koran in one hand, and the exterminating sword in the other, has now swept away those monuments of the Gospel, and, like Ephesus and the churches in the other parts of Asia, and from the same cause, they have left only their name and place behind them.

The churches of the Armenians are plain edifices outside, but the interior is exceedingly gaudy. In common with the Greeks, they abhor images as idolatrous, and they never admit a statue inside their church. They do not, however, annex the same idea to pictures, and the walls of their churches are literally covered up to the roof with portraits of our Saviour, the Virgin, and different saints, to all of which they pay a profound veneration, by genuflection, touching their hands first to the ground before them, and then to their foreheads, and kissing some part of the figure with an awful respect. The service is chaunted, and the music much more tolerable than that of the Greeks.

The Armenian church is governed by four Patriarchs, whose jurisdiction is acknowledged by the people in whatever distant country they may reside; namely, the Patriarch of "Etchmeasin," near Erivan, in Persia, and of "Sis," "Canshahar," and "Achtamar," in Armenia. There are, besides, two others, which, though of equal or greater consequence, are merely titular, and properly form no part of the discipline of the Armenian Church; these are the Patriarchs of "Constantinople" and "Jerusalem." It is the policy of the Turks to avail themselves of the religious prejudices of the people they subdue, and their

apparent toleration is little more than sordid avarice, or selfish policy; they therefore appointed two new Patriarchs within their own immediate controul, and to which they nominate creatures of their own choice. On every new appointment, they receive an enormous sum of money, and the Patriarch then becomes the instrument of enforcing the firmans, and collecting the Haratch, or Capitation Tax, for which he is made responsible; the poor Patriarchs of Constantinople, therefore, whether Greek or Armenian, are not held in much respect by their people, as they are constantly changed for the money every new appointment brings, and they are known to be the mere tools of Turkish masters.

When an Armenian feels, as he thinks, a call to the ministry, he simply goes to the priest of his district, accompanied by his father and mother, and announces that he wishes to devote himself to God. He is then presented with a cope by the priest, and at the expiration of some period of probation, he is ordained and presented by the bishop with the sacerdotal vestments.

Priests are ordained as in the Western Church, by the "imposition of hands;" but it is necessary that the four *primitive Patriarchs* should concur in this ordination, either personally or by a representative: if the Patriarch of Constantinople assist, he does it as proxy for another. The priesthood is divided into two classes—secular and regular. The first are not only allowed to marry, but it is enjoined to them as a necessary qualification for holy orders; but if a priest's wife die, and he take another, he

becomes suspended and degraded from his sacerdotal functions. The regular clergy, or monks, are not allowed to take wives; and as all the dignitaries of their church, the Patriarchs and Bishops, must be taken from this order, it follows of course, that no Patriarch or Bishop can be a married man. The whole clerical establishment is now supported by voluntary contributions made at festivals and other times in their churches, and certain fees on occasional duties. The convents, however, have still some portions of land annexed to them, which goes to the sustenance and support of the monks who cultivate them. There are three orders of monks: that of "Surp Savorich," or "St. Gregory," "Surp Parsiach," or "St. Basil," and "Surp Dominicos," or "St. Dominick." This latter is a more recent order, and has been adopted from the Latin Church. These Cænobites inhabit four convents situated in different parts of Asia: "Surp Carabet," or "St. John," on the frontiers of Persia; "Varatch," or the "Holy Cross," near Vau, in Armenia; "Aspasasin," or the "Holy Virgin," near Diarbekir, in Mesopotamia; and "Surp Bogas," or "St. Paul," at Angora, in Asia-Minor. Besides these, there are many religious persons who separate themselves from the world, and devote their lives to solitude and prayer; among these, the "Gigniahores" are the most remarkable. They search out the highest and most inaccessible rocks, and, climbing to the summit, never again descend. They are supplied by provisions which the pious bring below, and which the Anchoret draws up by

means of a cord. It is evident that these are a remnant of the order of Simon Stylites.

Besides the usual orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, there is one peculiar to the Armenian church, that of the *Vertabiets*, or Doctors. They are considered as the most learned of the nation, and allowed extraordinary privileges. They are permitted to preach their sermons *sitting*,—an indulgence not extended to their bishops. Their opinions are the standards of orthodoxy, and they were the great opponents of the missionaries from Rome, who in all their writings greatly abuse them for their heresies. When the different heresies which sprung up in the early ages of the church were condemned by the synods, they generally retired to some remote part, where, to this day, they are professed, though now forgotten or disregarded by the rest of Christendom.

Like all the Orientals, the Armenians attribute great importance to fasting. Among people so comparatively moderate and simple in their diet, restraints imposed on their appetites cannot be felt in the same degree as by nations who are less temperate; but they are actually so severe, and so rigidly observed, as to evince an extraordinary sincerity and self-denial. Their first great period of fasting corresponds with ours—the forty days preceding Easter Sunday. Many commence the fast by abstaining three or four days from all kinds of food, and then, during its continuance, they eat nothing till three o'clock in the day, in imitation of Cornelius, who fasted till that hour.

When they do eat, they are not allowed the food that is permitted by other churches. They must not eat fish with blood, which is permitted in the Latin Church; nor fish with shells, which is permitted in the Greek. They are restricted to bread and oil; and because olive oil is too nourishing and too great a luxury, they use that which is expressed from a grain called *sousam*, of a taste and odour exceedingly revolting. In this way they observe certain periods before Christmas and other festivals, besides every Wednesday and Friday; so that the whole year is a succession of Lents, with short intervals, during which they maintain, not a nominal, but a rigid, uncompromising abstinence. Many of the boatmen on the Bosphorus, and the hummals or porters, are Armenians. I have often pitied those unfortunate men, whom I have seen labouring whole days without remission, on scanty diet, scarcely sufficient to support a human body when not making any exertion. Among the food from which they abstain altogether, is the flesh of a hare, which no call of appetite or scarcity of food will induce some of them to touch. They do not allege for it any prejudice founded on the Levitical Law, which induces some worthy people among ourselves to abstain from swine's flesh; but they assign physical causes. They assert that a hare has certain bodily habits that too nearly resemble the human; and, moreover, that it is of a melancholy temperament, to which they themselves have too great a disposition, and which the flesh of this animal would have a tendency to increase.

As the Armenians are thus severe in their discipline, so they are rigid in their doctrines. They hold the tenet of Infant Baptism, but insist on the necessity of total immersion of the body. The priest, therefore, takes the child by the hands and feet, and plunges him three times in the water; and so necessary to the spiritual effect do they hold the washing of the *whole* body, that if any part remain unwetted, they raise the water in their hand, and so purify the unwashed limb. The ceremony of chrism, or anointing the infant with oil, takes place after baptism. The forehead, eyes, ears, stomach, palms of the hands, and soles of the feet, are touched with consecrated oil, and then the bread of the Eucharist is touched to the lips.

The Eucharist, or, as they call it, "*Surp usium*," is administered to adults on Sundays and festivals, in a manner different from all other Christian churches. They use unleavened bread, or wafer, which they steep in the wine, from whence the priest takes it with his fingers, and distributes it indiscriminately to the communicants. There is generally, beside the priest, a boy who assists; to him he presents his fingers, after he has given the elements, and he devoutly licks off whatever has adhered to them. The Armenians, to a certain extent, believe in the doctrine of Transubstantiation on this occasion, and take literally the expression of "this is my body." They further imagine that these elements, converted into the Real Presence, remain for twenty-four hours in the stomach undigested, during which time they never spit, nor suffer a dog, or any other impure thing, to touch their mouths.

In their marriages they are very precise ; not only enforcing the canon of consanguinity which our church enjoins, but many others which our church does not. A second marriage is allowed to the laity, but a third brings with it a scandal that no Armenian will venture to incur. They are in all things anxious to maintain the fitness and propriety of things : widows are enjoined to unite themselves to widowers only, and spinsters to bachelors. As the nation is really Asiatic, their notions of female propriety are all founded in Oriental feelings. Their women are kept in a state of severe seclusion ; and the parties to be married never see each other, perhaps, till they meet at the marriage ceremony. There are certain experienced females, whose exclusive profession it is to make matches, and who are so numerous as to form, like all bodies of people of the same pursuits in the East, a kind of corporation. To every family, one of those has access ; and when it is deemed prudent or desirable by her friends that a female should marry, this person is commissioned to look out for a suitable match, and never fails to find one. I was invited to the wedding of a young lady of one of the first Armenian families in Pera, whose match was made in this way, and who, I was assured, had never seen the man she was going to marry. We went about eight o'clock in the evening, and found the house lighted up, and full of the lady's friends, among whom were the priest and his wife, very plain, simple-looking persons. We passed through several ante-rooms, in which were groups of people, and were finally ushered into an inside

chamber, round which was a divan, or long sofa, against the wall. On the divan was a number of Armenian ladies, sitting cross-legged, two or three deep, and close together; and at the far corner sat a still, motionless form, like a bust in a niche, covered over with a rich veil, glittering with gold, which hung down on all sides, so as entirely to conceal the figure beneath it. This bust was the bride. Across the middle of the room was a line of men standing two or three deep, gazing in silence on the bride. Out of complaisance to our Frank customs, chairs were brought for our accommodation, and placed inside the line of men: on these we now sat down, and continued for a long time to gaze in silence also. The bride now, for the first time, permitted her veil to be raised; but it was immediately again let fall. The short glimpse, however, showed us a slight figure and a pale face, with an expression exceedingly joyless and pensive. She formed a strong contrast to the ladies on the divan, who, though silent, or speaking in whispers, were in high spirits. They were all distinguished by glittering coronets of gold and diamonds, placed on the crown of the head, from whence their hair hung down in the most beautiful and extraordinary profusion, sweeping the divan on which they were sitting. Their faces in general were lovely, their manners very modest, but very affable, and no one was veiled or reserved but the bride. Refreshments were handed to us by two of the young ladies, who stepped from the divan for that purpose. They consisted of little glasses of Red Rosoglio, followed by spoonsfuls

of a sweet, white, consistent syrup, like flower and honey, and washed down by goblets of water, not very clear. The refreshment was accompanied by music; a group of musicians sat in a corner of the room, and played and sung appropriate songs. An open space was now cleared opposite the bride, and two embroidered mats were laid on it. On these were placed two enormous silver candlesticks, containing wax tapers of a proportionate size; and between them a third enormous candle, without a candlestick, and singularly decorated. It was bound on the top of a white pole, and ornamented with festoons of ribands and gold tinsel. As it could not stand by itself, it was bound to the back of a chair, and placed directly before the bride. This candle was called the "nuptial taper:" it represented the maiden state of the girl, and was to burn till that state expired and she became a wife: it is then extinguished and preserved in her family; while the snuff of the wick is taken by the priest, who affirms that it is endued with many virtues. I did not expect to see the torch of Hymen thus lighted at a Christian wedding.

The priest was now called forward to perform another important ceremony. A low table was placed near the nuptial taper; this was covered with a white cloth, or napkin, and the priest sat down at one end, attended by another Armenian, who was not a priest, to say responses. He took out of his bosom a small crucifix, and waving it several times in the air over the table, he uttered a benediction: he then began a prayer, and concluded with a

psalm, accompanied by his assistant, in a very dissonant and nasal tone. When the psalm was over, we were curious to see what was under the cloth. It was lifted slowly up, and a large rich shawl appeared on the table, which was immediately taken and ceremoniously wrapped round the bride. This was considered one of the most important parts of the ceremony, and called—"Blessing the nuptial shawl."

We now took our leave, and were invited to come again on the morrow, when the bride was to be conveyed to the bridegroom, who was all this time at Galata, a distant part of the town, and never suffered to approach the house.

The next day, about three o'clock, the lady was led down in the same dress she wore the day before, and, in addition to her ample veil, the consecrated shawl was wrapped round her in such a way, as absolutely to envelope her. An aruba, or Turkish coach, drawn by buffaloes, was waiting at the door: this consisted of a long platform of boards laid upon four wheels, and surmounted with a gaudy canopy of wood, carved and gilt. Into this the bride was lifted, wrapped up like a child in swaddling clothes going to be christened. Her female friends, including the priest's wife, to the number of ten or twelve, sat round her so as effectually to conceal her person. The nuptial candle was borne on the shoulder of a boy, who walked before; and in this way the procession slowly moved to Galata, to the house of her husband, when, for the first time, he was permitted to see her face. The

final marriage ceremony did not take place till three days after, at which no strangers were admitted.

Notwithstanding their very unpromising mode of courtship, marriage is generally a happy, or, at least, a tranquil state among the Armenians, and instances of conjugal infidelity are utterly unknown. As a religious people, they consider it a most solemn engagement; and the disposition of the females, as well from nature as education, is so gentle, docile, and domestic, that her inclinations never stray beyond her house, her husband, and her children.

When a family is numerous, it frequently happens that the young men do not separate, as with us; but when they marry, they all bring their wives home to their fathers' house, and the several families live together in a state of patriarchal community. I was invited, with some Frank friends, to dine with a family of this description, who lived in one of the beautiful villages of the Bosphorus. They sent a caique to convey us, and we arrived about two o'clock. We were introduced to the reception-room, covered with a mat, and furnished with a divan round it, in the usual style of oriental houses. Here we were received by the family. First, an aged man, with a long white beard, aquiline nose, and strong marked features, approached us, and made his salaam by bending forward, and with his right-hand touching, first his breast and then his forehead: next in succession came his three sons, who were men advanced in life; then his aged wife; and last, his three daughters-in-law, two of whom were young, and very

lovely women. Of these, the mother alone was allowed to sit on a corner of the divan: the young women stood below the step at the bottom of the room, waiting in silent respect for orders. Presently, sweetmeats, and an ardent aromatic spirit, distilled from grapes, called *raki*, were brought by the ladies, which we were invited to partake of as whets to our appetite, and then dinner was announced in another apartment. We found a small table, covered with a cloth, and plates, on each of which was a wooden spoon, crossed with a knife, sharp pointed, and not very clean, like those found at French tables. On each plate also were two napkins—one large, for the lap and hands; the other small, of fine muslin, with a coloured fringed border, shot with gold, to wipe the mouth. The men alone seated themselves; the women stood respectfully round to wait on them. There was one lady of our party who took her seat next her husband; the Armenian women stared at each other with surprise, as if they considered her forwardness a great scandal. Small gilt tumblers, containing a dark red wine from the Archipelago, were laid before each plate, and the dinner was served. The first dish was a soup made with meal, which in taste and consistence resembled Scotch stirabout. When this was removed, a dish of small fried plaice was laid down,—a great rarity, which is seldom found among the abundant fish of the Bosphorus: these we eat with no other sauce than a salad of cresses, parsley, and lemon-juice. This was succeeded by sheep's trotters, stewed to rags, with crumbs of bread and highly-peppered sauce.

Next was laid down a fowl, cut into pieces, and simply broiled on a brander like a spatch-cock; after which came a very large dish of pastry, consisting of strata of cheese interposed between lamina of pancakes fried in oil, and piled up to a considerable height. This ended the first course, when we had some pause: our glasses were replenished with wine, and we drank healths, the old man praying fervently that it might do us good. The second course commenced with a large red gurnet broiled, the belly of which was stuffed with onions, sweet currants, and small kidney-beans: this was succeeded by a pudding of brown macaroni, sweetened with honey and spices. The dinner finished with a dish of caymac, or sweet, hard cream, of which the people in the East are very fond: this was overlaid with a jelly, that exactly resembled size, in colour, taste, and consistence. Small glasses of blue raki were now handed about, with foreign liqueurs; and we rose from the table. The ladies were at hand, each assiduously presenting us with a basin, ewer, and embroidered towel; and having helped us to wash, we returned to the reception-room. Here we had chibouks and coffee, and presently an Armenian bishop and other company were introduced. The bishop was a comely, portly man, with a large black beard turning grey, and dressed in a brown silk cassoc and sash. He held in his hand a long rosary, the beads of which he was continually counting, two at a time; and on his finger was a large diamond ring, which he seemed not unwilling to display. He was, as we were informed, one

of those bishops who, according to the discipline of the Armenian Church, have no local habitation or fixed Sees, but live an ambulatory life, always moving from place to place. Their duty is to pay domiciliating visits to the different families, like the elders appointed by the annual meetings of the Quakers, and to reprove and correct any laxity of religion, morals, or manners among their people : they are, therefore, literally, the *Επισκοποι*, or overseers of the primitive church.

The younger part of the family were now admitted, and presented to us : they consisted of nine or ten boys and girls of different ages, from three to twelve. The company exhibited a striking appearance of the discipline of an Armenian family. The divan at the upper end of the room was occupied exclusively by us strangers ; on the right-hand side sat the venerable elder and the bishop, and on the left his sons, with other Armenian men ; at the bottom of the room, below the step, stood the women and children, silent, regular, and motionless, like a file of mutes. We wished to be familiar with these beautiful children, and one or two fine boys were permitted to come forward. Their manners were remarkably pleasing and gentle, without any awkward embarrassment. We gave them some little presents, which, with the permission of their parents, whose looks they consulted, they accepted ; and then kissing our hands, and laying them on their foreheads, they respectfully returned to their places. As the Armenians retire very early to rest, we departed at six o'clock, greatly struck with the manners of these

people, where three generations live together in harmony and love, and with a reverence to years and condition, that reminded us of the patriarchal ages, when Sarah stood at the tent-door while Abraham entertained the strangers, the sons of Jacob sat according to their birth, and Joseph saw with him children of the third generation.

Nor does the attachment of families cease with this life; for long after death they endeavour to hold a visionary communication with their parents and children. The cemeteries of the people of the East are not, as with us, small, and scattered in detached places through their cities; but there are large common receptacles for the dead outside their towns. In the vicinity of Constantinople, each nation has its own; and the Turks, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, form immense cities of the dead. That of the Armenians occupies a space of near an hundred acres, on a hill that overlooks the Bosphorus. The Turks, on the death of a friend, plant a young cypress over his grave; their burying-ground, therefore, consists of extensive groves of these trees, which they reserve exclusively to themselves. The Armenians generally plant on such occasions a tree* which yields a resinous gum of a strong aromatic odour, which fills the air, and corrects the exhalations from the graves. They grow to a large size, and form very picturesque objects in a landscape. Their cemetery on the Bosphorus is covered with these

* *Pistaccia Terebinthina*.

trees, and from its elevated situation, the view it commands, and the view it presents, is perhaps the most interesting grove in the world. Here whole Armenian families, of two or three generations together, are constantly seen sitting round the tombs, and holding visionary communications with their departed friends. According to their belief, the souls of the dead pass into a place called *Gayank*, which is not a purgatory, for they suffer neither pain nor pleasure, but retain a perfect consciousness of the past. From this state they may be delivered by the alms and prayers of the living, which the pious Armenians give liberally for their friends. Easter Monday is the great day on which they assemble for this purpose ; but every Sunday, and frequently week days, are devoted to the same object. The priest who accompanies them, first proceeds to the tombs, and reads the prayers for the dead, in which he is joined by the family. They then separate into groups, or singly sitting down by favourite graves, call its inhabitants about them, and, by the help of a strong imagination, really seem to converse with them. This pious and pensive duty being performed with their dead friends, they retire to some pleasant spot near the place, where provisions had been previously brought, and cheerfully enjoy the society of the living. These family visits to the mansions of the departed are a favourite enjoyment of this people. I have frequently joined their groups without being considered an intruder ; and, I confess, I have always returned pleased, and even edified, by the pious though mistaken practice

The island of Marmora lies almost within sight of this place, and abounds in marble; this stone is very cheap and abundant, and no other is used in erecting tombs. Some of these family mausolea are rich and well sculptured; others of them are very remarkably distinguished. The first thing that strikes a stranger, is a multitude of little cavities cut at the angles of the stone; these are monuments of Armenian charity. The trees abound with birds, who frequently perish for want of water in that hot and arid soil. These cups are intended to be so many reservoirs to retain water for their use, as they are filled by every shower of rain. The Armenians are fond of commemorating the profession of the dead; they therefore engrave on his tomb the implements of his trade, so that every one may know how he had gained his living; but the most extraordinary circumstance is, that they are also fond of displaying how he came by his death: you therefore see on their tombs the effigies of men sometimes hanging, sometimes strangled, and sometimes beheaded, with their heads in their hands. To account for this extraordinary fondness for displaying the infamous death of their friends, they say that no Armenian is ever executed for a real crime; but when a man has acquired a sufficient fortune to become an object of cupidity to the Turks, he is then, on some pretext, put to death, that his property may be confiscated; an executed man, therefore, implies only a man of wealth and consequence. This display is a bitter but just satire on Turkish justice, though the Turks are so stupid as not

to comprehend it. I brought with me a worthy Armenian priest one day, who, with fear and trembling, translated for me the inscriptions on some of these tombs. I annex one as a sample :

You see my place of burial here in this verdant field,

I give my Goods to the Robbers,

My Soul to the Regions of Death,

The World I leave to God,

And my Blood I shed in the Holy Spirit.

You who meet my Tomb,

Say for me,

"Lord, I have sinned,"

1197.

Notwithstanding this treatment, the Armenians are in higher favour with the Turks than any other tributary people. They designate the Greeks, whom they detest, "Yesheer," or "Slaves," and consider them so; the Jews "Musaphir," or "Strangers," because they came from Spain; but the Armenians "Rayas," or "Subjects," because their country is now a province of Turkey, and they consider them Asiatics, and a part of themselves.* This favour is greatly enhanced by the wealth which the industry and enterprise of the Armenians bring to the impoverished and lazy Turks. They are, therefore, appointed to all those situations which the Turks themselves are incapable of filling. They are the Masters of the

* These are, strictly speaking, the designations by which the Turks distinguish these people, though in a loose way all are called Rayas who pay the Haratch, or Capitation Tax.

Mint, and conduct the whole process of coining money ; they are the “ Saraffs,” or bankers, who supply government and individuals with cash in all their embarrassments ; they are the conductors of the very few manufactures which exist in the empire ; and they are the merchants who carry on the whole internal trade of Asia. They enjoy, however, a perilous protection : the very favour they are shown is a snare for their destruction ; for every man that acquires wealth by its means, knows that he holds his life only as long as the circumstance is unknown.

It is singular that the Armenians have never shown the slightest sympathy or common feeling with their Christian brethren the Greeks. No Armenian has ever yet been found to join their cause, nor to assist it in any way, either by money or influence. Resembling Quakers, however, in many of their habits, they are, like them, a quiet, passive, sober people, and greatly averse to war. Besides this, there unfortunately exist some religious differences between them and the Greeks, which embitter their mutual feelings. The Greeks despise them for their timidity ; and, arrogating to themselves exclusively the name of “ Christians,” they seem to exclude the Armenians from Christian community.

The Armenians, though fond of religious books, have little taste for, or acquaintance with, general literature. They purchase with great avidity all the Bibles furnished by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Their patriarch sanctioned and encouraged a new edition of the New Testament, which the Rev. Mr. Leves, the agent of the Bible

Society has had printed at an Armenian press at Constantinople ; and I was encouraged to have a translation made into their language, of some of the Homilies of our Church, on account of the Homily Society in London, which I left in progress. They had early a printing-office attached to the Patriarchate, and another more recently established by a private company at Korou Chesmé, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. They have also a third which was set up at the convent of St. Lazare, in Venice, from whence has issued a number of books in their language. Their publications are, however, almost exclusively confined to books on religious subjects. I obtained a list of all the books printed at the patriarchal press, from the year 1697, the year of its establishment, to the end of the year 1823. It conveys a better idea of the literary taste and progress of the Armenians, than any other document could do. In a space of a hundred and twenty-five years, only fifty-two books were printed, but of each of these several editions. Forty-seven of them were commentaries on the Bible, sermons, books of prayer, lives of saints, hymns, and psalters, and a panegyric upon the angels. The five not on sacred subjects, were, "An Armenian Grammar," a "History of Etchmeasin," a "Treatise on Good Behaviour," a "Tract on Precious Stones," and a "Romance of the City of Brass."

The Armenians annually publish an almanack, but, like the Greeks, Russians, and other branches of the Eastern church, adhere to the old style, rejecting the reformation of the calendar which the Western Christians

adopted. Their almanack, however, is distinguished by some peculiarities. They call the 8th of February, *Gemrëi evel behava*; that is, the day in which the heat of the sun descends into the air. They denominate the 25th of February, *Gemrëi sani béab*, the day on which it descends into the waters: and the 4th of March, they distinguish as *Gemrëi salis filtoorab*, or the day in which it descends into the earth, and renders it fit for all agricultural purposes. Besides this, they mark occasional variations of temperature by events which they say they have occasioned. The 9th of March, and seven days and eight nights after, they call *Berdouil adjus*, or the cold of the old women; because, as they say, when it first was noted, a number of old women perished in the fire, in order to escape the intensity of the cold. The weather, before and after this period, is very mild; but during my residence at Constantinople, I remarked that every year, at this precise period, a N. E. wind set in from the Black Sea, generally accompanied by a drift of snow, and the thermometer fell sometimes to the freezing point. The Armenian almanack, therefore, is founded on the constant observation of the people, and justified by the surprising regularity with which the anomaly annually occurs.

The Armenian language has this singular peculiarity, that, different from all others in the East, it is read like those of Europe, from *left to right*. This is accounted for by supposing it to be a language of modern structure, and the mode of writing it introduced among the nation after their intercourse with Europeans. There is no such

writing found on the coins or other ancient monuments of the country. At the present day, even its use is very limited, being exclusively confined to the people themselves, and never learned by those with whom they have any intercourse. Almost all Armenians, therefore, are compelled to learn Turkish or Italian, as mediums of communication, which they often prefer, and understand better than their own. I have met with many Armenians who could read and write both these languages, who could not translate for me their own books.

The Armenians, though once well known in the West, where their spirit of commercial enterprise carried them through every part of Europe, are now seldom heard of out of Asia, and their existence is hardly recognized as a Christian people. They are still, however, numerous and respectable; and as their number is daily increasing, they may yet form the nucleus of Christianity in the East, when the unfortunate Greeks shall have been exterminated. There are, at the present day,

In the mountains of their native country, about 1,000,000	
In Constantinople and the vicinity	200,000
In different parts of Persia	100,000
In India	40,000
In Hungary, and other parts of Europe . . .	10,000
In Africa, and America	1,000
	1,351,000

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

“And I heard a voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.”—REV. xxi. 3.

KING of the dead ! how long shall sweep
Thy wrath ! how long thy outcasts weep !
Two thousand agonizing years
Has Israel steeped her bread in tears ;
The vial on her head been poured—
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword !

'Tis done ! Has breathed thy trumpet blast,
The TRIBES at length have wept their last !
On rolls the host ! From land and wave
The earth sends up th' unransomed slave !
There rides no glittering chivalry,
No banner purples in the sky ;

The world within their hearts has died ;
Two thousand years have slain their pride !
The look of pale remorse is there,
The lip, involuntary prayer ;
The form still marked with many a stain—
Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain ;
The serf of Afric's fiery ground ;
The slave, by Indian suns embrowned ;
The weary drudges of the oar,
By the swart Arab's poisoned shore,
The gatherings of earth's wildest tract—
On bursts the living cataract !
What strength of man can check its speed ?
They come—the Nation of the Freed ;
Who leads their march ? Beneath His wheel
Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel !
Before their tread His trump is blown,
Who speaks in thunder, and 'tis done !
King of the dead ! Oh, not in vain
Was thy long pilgrimage of pain ;
Oh, not in vain arose thy prayer,
When pressed the thorn thy temples bare ;
Oh, not in vain the voice that cried,
To spare thy maddened homicide !
Even for this hour thy heart's blood streamed !
They come !—the Host of the Redeemed !

What flames upon the distant sky ?
'Tis not the comet's sanguine dye,

'Tis not the lightning's quivering spiré,
'Tis not the sun's ascending fire.
And now, as nearer speeds their march,
Expands the rainbow's mighty arch ;
Though there has burst no thundercloud,
No flash of death the soil has ploughed,
And still ascends before their gaze,
Arch upon arch, the lovely blaze ;
Still, as the gorgeous clouds unfold,
Rise towers and domes, immortal mould.

Scenes ! that the patriarch's visioned eye
Beheld, and then rejoiced to die ;—
That, like the altar's burning coal,
Touched the pale prophet's harp with soul ;—
That the throned seraphs long to see,
Now given, thou slave of slaves, to thee !
Whose city this ? What potentate
Sits there the King of Time and Fate ?
Whom glory covers like a robe,
Whose sceptre shakes the solid globe,
Whom shapes of fire and splendour guard ?
There sits the Man, " whose face was marred,"
To whom archangels bow the knee—
The weeper in Gethsemane !
Down in the dust, aye, Israel, kneel ;
For now thy withered heart can feel !
Aye, let thy wan cheek burn like flame,
There sits thy glory and thy shame !

A LAMENT.

BY MRS. OPIE.

THERE *was* an eye whose partial glance
 Could ne'er my numerous failings see ;
THERE *was* an ear that still *untired*
 Could listen to kind praise of me.

THERE was a heart *Time* only made
 For me with *fonder* feelings burn ;
And which whene'er, alas, I roved,
 Still longed and pined for my return.

THERE *was* a lip which always breathed
 E'en short farewells with tones of sadness ;
THERE *was* a voice whose eager sound
 My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness,

THERE *was* a mind, whose vigorous powers
 On mine its fostering influence threw ;
And called my humble talents forth,
 Till *thence* its dearest joys it drew.

There *was* a love that oft for me ,
With anxious *fears* would overflow ;
And wept and prayed for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—but *now*

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever !
And cold that heart of faithful love,
Which death alone from mine could sever !

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my varied tasks to see ;
And, Oh ! of all the praise I gained,
This was the dearest *far* to me !

Now I, unloved, uncheered, alone,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till He who loves the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

But, " Father of the fatherless,"
O ! Thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
And " dwellest with the contrite heart,"
As well as in " Thy place on high"—

O Lord ! though like a faded leaf,
That's severed from its parent tree,
I struggle down life's stormy tide,
That awful tide which lead sto Thee ;—

Still, Lord ! to thee the voice of praise
 Shall spring triumphant from my breast ;
 Since, though I tread a weary way,
 I trust that *he I mourn* is BLEST !

SONNET.

(To a Young Lady, with the FLORA DOMESTICA.)

A GLASS which thou may'st look in, and discover
 Features as fair as features well may be,
 A glass thou canst not bend too fondly over,
 Young LADY-FLOWER, the bard doth send to thee !
 And with it this warm prayer : May thy dear bosom
 Never know pain more poignant than the ROSE
 That feels the wild-bee rustling in its blossom,
 And only this soft pain a moment knows :
 May'st thou still grow fair as the LILY grows,
 Safe as the bud within the SWEET-BRIAR tree,
 Be thy smile bright as HEART'S-EASE round her throws,
 Thy blushes pure as MAIDEN BLUSHES be !
 But, Oh ! when thou hast found, like these, a lover,
 May'st thou not find, like these, thy ZEPHYR but a
 rover !

GEORGE DARLEY.





Painted by F. P. Shephard.

SIR ARTHUR WOODGATE.

Engraved by W. Fison.

SIR ARTHUR WOODGATE.

A Story of the Reign of Henry the Eighth.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAY YOU LIKE IT," &c.

"THANK God! I have rested well," was the answer of the old man as he gently laid his hands upon the head of his fair and youthful grand-daughter. Frances was kneeling at his feet, and meekly receiving the blessing, which, according to the good, grave fashion of the time, was his morning salutation to her. "And thank *you* also, my kind and anxious nurse! How could I do otherwise than recover, with this sweet face always smiling tenderly upon me, and served ever by these delicate and careful hands!" And speaking thus, he looked fondly in her face, and kissed her, and raised both her small fair hands to his lips. "And now tell me on what day your brother Hubert returned home. I cannot see why the doctors should have kept such pleasant news from me, with the fear that it would be at first too much for my slowly returning strength. I feel that such welcome news would have restored me even sooner to health. Go, my child, seek your brother, and bring him back with you. We will all breakfast together this morning. I would fain know more of this dear truant boy; for at present, nearly related

were acquainted ; but she still read the Bible at the usual hour to the old man. Hubert began to betray at times an impatience of temper which surprised his sister. Frances became unusually calm ; but her cheek grew pale, and a sadness stole over her whole manner. Sir Arthur seemed daily to acquire a more vigorous spirit ; and his discourse turned less upon worldly affairs, and more frequently to the promises and encouragements of the holy Scriptures—to the joys and glories of that state, where the “servants of the Lord shall serve him, and see his face,” in glory and eternal joy.—It happened, one morning, that the weather being very rainy, Hubert, who usually spent his mornings with some of his noble friends about court, turned his steps to the apartment which his grandfather constantly occupied. It was a pleasant parlour on the ground-floor, furnished, as favourite and private apartments often are, with more attention to comfort than to show. Sir Arthur was always pleased to look round upon the books and manuscripts which had lain undisturbed for years about the room—the casque, and short-sword, and a few pieces of dinted armour, which he had worn in the days of his youth and manhood. “My child,” said Sir Arthur to Frances, “I am ready to hear you read to me : you may open the Bible.”

“Had you not better defer your reading a little while?” cried Hubert, who was leaning on the window-frame, and who turned his head towards them as he spoke, from intently gazing on something that was passing in the street.

"Why not now, my Hubert?" asked Frances, quietly.

"Why not now?" he replied, somewhat sharply,—
"only because there are unwelcome visitors at our neighbour, Dr. Gerard's house, and they may please to make heir next call at our gates. Heard you not their loud knocking at our neighbour's gates?"

"I did," said Frances, (and her voice faltered,) "just before you began to speak."

"Hubert," said the old man, "you may leave the window open, and come hither, and sit beside me while your sister reads."

"You could not have heard what I said to Frances, sir," replied Hubert in a hasty tone; "you will perhaps meet a most unpleasant interruption to your reading."

The old man looked up, and turned his eyes fully and steadfastly upon Hubert. "My son," he said very gravely, "I did hear you; but I pray you to leave the window, and sit down beside me." Hubert obeyed in a cold silence. Frances laid her hand upon the Bible, and looking up sweetly and tenderly from her brother to her grandfather, asked of the latter, where she should read.

"Open the volume," he said, "at the sixth chapter of the Book of holy Daniel. But stop," he added, when she was beginning to read; and rising up, he took the Bible from before her, and placed it on the table before himself. Frances supposed that he wished her, as he sometimes did, to write down the remarks which occurred to him when searching the sacred text, and she drew a scroll of parchment towards her, and took up her pen.—"You

need not write to-day, my sweet child," said the old gentleman. Frances said nothing; but she did not put down the pen, and the look that she turned to her grandfather seemed to say, "I am quite ready to write whatever you may speak."

"Did you not hear your grandfather's command, child?" exclaimed Hubert, rising up, and snatching the pen somewhat violently from her fingers. Frances coloured; but a perfect sweetness of temper strove with the hot and painful blushes which deeply dyed her face.

"My poor children!" said Sir Arthur; but he checked himself, and they only heard his voice growing firmer and more eloquent, with words which the inspiring Spirit of God hath recorded for the comfort and encouragement of his own faithful children. Frances hung upon those words, and she felt new hope and strength flow into her heart as she listened. "How *true* of *him*!" she thought, as she looked upon the good old man when he read—"Then said these men, We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God."—How *like him*!—"Now, when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a-day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." And when he came to the words—"My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before

thee, O king, have I done no hurt,"—when he came to those words, her soul gathered from them a sweet and happy assurance. "I will not doubt," she said to herself, "though danger and distress may not be far from our path. I am sure a safe and holy track will be shown, which our feet may take! I am sure an angel's hand will lead us forth in peace!" Her attention was here suddenly called to a loud and lengthened knocking at the gate. Hubert rushed to the casement.

"Is it here, Hubert?" inquired Frances anxiously.

"It is here. They are close at hand, waiting at the gate for admission. I expected this—I knew it would be so," he exclaimed almost fiercely.

"I expected nothing else," said the old man, in a quiet and decided tone; "you should be calmer, my dear Hubert; a resolved spirit needs not the aid of violence." Again the knocking was repeated, but even more loudly. Hubert sprung up, and strode furiously towards the door. "You will remain here, Hubert," cried the old man, with the same calmness but in a much louder voice: "you would not disobey me!"—but observing, as he spoke, the wilful determination of Hubert to disobey him, he added, more softly, "you would not leave your grandfather and your sister—your very young and helpless sister!" Hubert turned angrily from the door, and flung himself down upon a seat. Half unconsciously, Frances had taken from the table a favourite book of her own, one in which her mother had written some of the most beautiful and affecting of the Psalms of David, and many

fine prayers and meditations, some of which, being written on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, declared very plainly, sentiments expressly forbidden by the Bloody Act. Frances had never given it a thought, that the book so dear and useful to her, was then, in some respects, one of the most dangerous she could have opened, and quite unconsciously she had brought it into the room in her hand. Her brother snatched it rudely from her, and, ere she opened it, he dashed it to the ground. At that instant the door was thrown open, and a tall, stern-featured man stood before them. Another followed him, who appeared, by his more humble manner and meaner dress, to be merely a servant or attendant on his companion.

"Your presence might have been announced, sir, and your cap doffed," said Hubert, turning haughtily round, but not rising from his seat.

"I believe that I need no apology for my intrusion, young gentleman," said the man, very drily, "but this paper," and he pointed at the warrant which he held.

"Well, sir!" cried Hubert.

"Well, sir!" repeated the man, and a slight expression of insolence mingled with the dry and determined tone of his voice. "Had I expected this reception, I might have introduced more than this faithful follower to your presence, and not left my other attendants without."

"But the cause of this interference! I would know the cause, sir: you will tell me this, if you please."

"I shall answer nothing more to your questions, (delivered as they are,) but, that you are summoned on the

charge of offending against the Bill of Six Articles, lately passed in Parliament."

"But what is proved?"

"Your own consciences can best reply to that, and the studies which I have, doubtless, interrupted," he added, glancing his eye coolly from the open Bible to the book which Hubert had flung down, and which lay at his feet.

"But, sir," he continued, addressing himself to Sir Arthur, "my business is chiefly with you: are you ready?"

"I am quite ready," said the calm old man; and, placing his hand on his walking-cane, he was rising up—

"Oh, my own, my dearest grandfather," cried Frances, wildly, and she flung herself down at his feet, and threw her arms fondly round his aged form, "you must not go. Have you the heart?" she exclaimed fervently, turning to the commissioner,—“Have you the heart to hurry him away thus? He is so feeble—so very feeble! He has scarcely left his sick-bed.” Still the man came forward, silently and sternly pointing to the warrant in his hand.

"Stop! Begone, instantly! Touch him at your peril, fellow!" said Hubert, stepping at once before Sir Arthur, and his rage seemed deep and dreadful! Then, with a look of unutterable scorn, he laid his hand upon his sword—"Now, sir!" he shouted, drawing forth the blade.

"Peace, peace, my son!" cried the old man, putting down his grandson's raised hand with his own weak and extended arm. "Shame on this unholy violence. Remember who hath said, 'Put up thy sword into its place, for they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.' I

do command you not to interfere, my son, between this gentleman and myself. As I told you, I have looked forward to this hour, and you need not fear for me. You, my good sir," and he turned to the commissioner, "will excuse the rashness of one, who is still green in years, and more warm in affection for me, than practised in prudence, or," he smiled, "I may add, civility to others."

The officer was struck by the courteous, and even winning manner of the aged knight; and when he added, "May I beg you to sit down beside me, and to read to me the warrant you have brought?" the man replied kindly, and, sitting down, opened the warrant. "Rise up, my sweet child!" said the old man, pressing his lips to the forehead of his lovely grand-daughter, and gently withdrawing the arm which had partly encircled the kneeling maiden,—"rise up, while this gentleman is about to comply with my request." Frances rose up instantly, and Hubert walked away to the farther end of the room. When the warrant was read, Sir Arthur thanked the officer, and then turning to Hubert and Frances, said, "My children, you will, I trust, make no opposition to my departure. Hubert, my good Hubert, believe me, you will only injure me by any untimed violence.—Now, sir, I will go with you. I observe, that in the warrant, the names of my grandchildren are not mentioned; they are, therefore, free to remain here.—Come hither, my kind Margery," he said to his housekeeper, a tried and faithful woman, (who had followed the officer to the apartment, and who stood and wept without ceasing in the door-

way,) "you will be very careful of your young mistress, and never leave her till I ——"

"Yes, yes, my dearest grandfather," said Frances, before he could finish his sentence, "Margery will take care of every thing; but, for the present, not of me. I cannot leave my kind protector: indeed, indeed, I cannot," and she gently drew his arm within her own, and turning to her brother, said, "Come, Hubert, we are ready! Are we not?"

"I am sorry to part from you," replied Hubert, and Frances stared with astonishment at him when he continued, (with a manner wholly changed from his late impetuosity,) "I am sorry to part from you, but I shall not go to prison." Having said this, he bowed gravely and haughtily to the officer, and quitted the room.

Sir Arthur had, at the time of his recovery, a manservant, whom he had discovered to be a thief. He had been repeatedly on the point of discharging the man, and had always relented; being unwilling, in the Christian kindness of his disposition, to send the fellow without a character upon the world. But the offence had been so often committed, that Sir Arthur had felt it his duty to rebuke the man, not only seriously, but sharply, and to threaten, that if the crime were once more repeated, he would deliver the man over to the justice of the public laws. Instead of feeling gratitude towards his kind and forbearing master, the wretch nurtured in his heart a deep and bitter enmity, at having been so often exposed; and forgot the many pardons he had received, in the one

threat which had been pronounced upon him. This fellow was by profession a Romanist—by profession only; for not one grace of the faith which he avowed, existed in his heart or conduct. The opinions and character of Sir Arthur Woodgate were well known, and his influence much dreaded by the bad and designing among the Romanists; for his principles and his practice were so consistent, that many respected and admired his opinions merely because they saw that those opinions were borne by him; just as we value a tree when we see the fine fruit which it bears. The spies of Bonner had formed an acquaintance with this servant, and had even introduced him to the presence of that bold, but crafty prelate. With a power peculiar to the bad, Bonner succeeded in giving the appearance of a religious duty to a scheme of infamy, which he rather hinted at, than declared, during this interview; and with a facility as peculiar to those who love to let a troublesome conscience be duped into wickedness, Ephraim Perkins (for so the servant was named) meekly and quietly yielded to the conviction, that by betraying his master in *this* world, he should save his soul from everlasting burnings in the next, and entitle himself to the high favour of his God. The wretch profited by his master's illness, when Frances and the old knight were absent from their favourite parlour, and, for once, refusing the money and jewels which might have been found and stolen, he looked for, and discovered, what he had been told to search for—papers. Bonner saw with much secret satisfaction that he had got into his

possession a manuscript in which Sir Arthur had fully given his opinions on the disputed points of religion. The designing priest tore out a few leaves from the middle of the book, and it was carefully returned to the place from whence it had been taken. A few days after Sir Arthur's recovery, Perkins had come up to him apparently in great distress, and begged for leave of absence, that he might attend the death-bed of a very dear brother, of whom he had not heard for many years, and of whom, in fact, no one had ever heard till then. The fellow departed, pitied and unsuspected, with a handsome present of money to pay the expenses of his journey, and with a few articles of silver plate, which were not in common use, nor likely to be inquired after for some length of time.

It is well known that the designing Romanists overreached themselves in the success attending the passing of the Bill of the Six Articles. The severity and extreme injustice of the Bill was so glaring, that, although no less than five hundred offenders were discovered and sent to prison in fourteen days, the king foresaw the fatal effects which must have attended such unwarrantable proceedings; and the prisoners were not burnt, but, with very few exceptions, were set at liberty. Sir Arthur Woodgate was one of the hapless few for whom no order of liberation came. Inquiries were vainly made as to the cause of his detention; no answer was given: indeed, a mystery that was never wholly cleared, hung over his affairs. It was suspected, however, or more than suspected, that Bonner was the chief party in the persecution kept up against him.

Frances Woodgate had almost grown tired of hoping, as month after month passed away, and left her beloved and venerable grandfather still a close prisoner. The spirit of the old man was evidently supported by a strength far more than human, his cheerfulness never failed, and piety and content dwelt in that desolate prison with him and his fair grand-daughter. But the confinement and hard fare of a prison suited ill with the declining strength of his infirm frame; and Frances would sit and gaze upon him as he slept, till her faith was well nigh failing: then the soul seemed to have retired from his wasted features, leaving only the haggard ghastliness of death behind. From her brother she had never heard since the day that he left her to go with her poor old grandfather to prison; but she was sometimes officiously told by the few persons with whom she held any discourse, that Hubert was still about the court, and sharing in all the gaieties there; and his strange, and, to all appearance, unpardonable conduct, made the weight of her anguish at times almost too heavy to be borne. One night, she was kneeling at the farther end of the little vaulted chamber in which her father slept, and praying with her whole heart for a poor lad, one Richard Mekins, who, owing to the infernal and cruel bigotry of Bonner, was to be burnt the next morning. Suddenly, she heard her name called in a loud whisper, and on turning her head, she saw that a hand beckoned her to the very small cell in which her own pallet was placed. She rose up and stepped lightly to the cell, lest she should awaken her father. A man put a letter into

her hand, and bade her promise to keep the information it contained, locked within her own bosom. Then he put down the lamp he had brought, and left her.

The letter was from her brother: it accounted for his long silence, and even declared that the kindest purposes had been hidden under his apparently cruel and unnatural conduct. It contained a proposal which she was confidently expected to accede to, informing her that the trial of Sir Arthur, for offending against the Six Articles, would take place within a few days from that time.

The hour of the trial was at hand; and Sir Arthur, his fair and sorrowing grand-daughter still at his side, was led from his small, close cell, to the presence of his accusers and his judge. He looked about him, like one waking from a painful dream; and some who had known him in more prosperous days, burst into tears when they beheld how changed he was by sickness and by long imprisonment, how fearfully thin and sunken his face had become, and how loosely his old and threadbare garments hung upon his wasted limbs. And many hearts were touched with pity and tender admiration, as their eyes fell upon the meek and slender girl who sat close beside her grandfather, fondly clasping one of his thin hands in hers, and watching, with all a woman's delicate perception and trembling sensitiveness, the slightest changes of his countenance. Some had thought that Sir Arthur was partly insensible to what was going forward: he had been for awhile overcome and faint, with the unusual exertion of coming even the short distance from his cell. When

Bonner rose up to speak, the old man showed at once that he was in the perfect possession of all his mental faculties. Steadfastly and keenly he fixed his eyes upon the face of his accuser, and it was obvious that not a word escaped his attention.

Hardly had the trial commenced, when Frances rose up, trembling and blushing, and asked some question of the court, which was, however, almost inaudible, she spoke so faintly. She was instantly attended to, and kindly encouraged to repeat her question. She had asked permission to take minutes of the prosecution: Bonner objected; but the request was granted, and one of the officers of the court led her to the table immediately below the bar, where a seat was set for her, and pens and paper placed before her.

Many false and improbable charges were brought against the old knight; and others, in which there was, he felt, some mixture of truth, but truth so distorted, so involved in misrepresentations and perplexities, that the noble prisoner often shook his head, as hopeless to escape from a web of error and cruelty woven together with such deep and devilish cunning. Still Frances continued to write, like a creature of mere mechanism, had not her tears sometimes fallen heavily upon the paper, and her small and quickly-moving hand betrayed by its trembling what a force of anguish wrung the heart within her. For awhile, so mild and specious were the manners of Bonner—so profoundly respectful, as he turned towards the aged prisoner—that those who knew him not, might

have believed him, when he expressed his reluctance to proceed in his accusation against the prisoner. But there was a sudden and dancing sparkle in his eyes, just evident for a moment, and a slight tone of exultation in his voice, which betrayed too well to the keen observer, how eager and self-satisfied he was when he drew forth the proofs with which he was to support his most serious charges. They were the pages which had been torn out by him from the manuscript purloined by Ephraim Perkins.

“Does the prisoner claim these papers? Let them be handed to him,” said the judge.

“He does, my lord,” was the reply.

“Is the hand-writing his?”

“It is not, my lord,” cried Frances, who had been a narrow observer of all that passed, and as she started up, a smile of eager delight beamed over her whole face:—
“It is not his writing—it is mine. There is not a word of his writing in those pages. See; compare the hand-writing, letter by letter, if you please, with this;” and she held up the papers on which she had just been writing.

“Perhaps, my lord,” said Bonner, smoothly, “the child wrote, as she does now, from the thoughts and words of another.”

“She did, she did!” cried the old knight, with a loud voice; “the thoughts and words were all mine—the writing only hers,—dear, innocent child!”

Sadly and hopelessly the poor girl dropped back upon

her seat, clasping her hands in speechless woe, while the tears streamed over her pale cheeks.

When the old gentleman was called upon for his defence, he said little, but that the offensive opinions (which, instead of denying to be his, he was well contented to avow) were not, though written, intended for publication: that he had never shown them to any eyes but those of his grandchild, whom he had employed (owing to the dimness of his sight, and the unsteadiness of his hands, being near the age of fourscore) to write for him: that he knew that she herself could not understand, or, at least, feel much interest in what she had written. He wondered, he said, how the papers produced could have been discovered, except by some person well acquainted with his private concerns: they had been in a secret drawer of his cabinet. He knew that the opinions expressed were on disputed points, and perhaps, according to the Bill of the Six Articles, they might be accounted heretical, though they had been taken by him from the Holy Bible, and no other authority. He loved his life, and would fain linger a little while longer on the journey to his eternal home; but he prayed to have no other will but that of his despised and persecuted Master, Christ. And then rising from his seat, and lifting up his arms towards heaven, with a look and manner which struck a reverential awe over the whole assembly, he solemnly commended himself to the care of his God; and praying for a blessing on all present, sat down, calm, dignified, and cheerful. The judge now requested, that if any persons could bear

testimony in favour of the prisoner, they would come into court, and they should be heard.

Instantly a murmur rose from one quarter of the court, and the crowd gave way, while a tall and handsome young man, of a noble and somewhat haughty carriage, stepped forth, and with a powerful but pleasing voice, demanded to be heard. Frances raised herself, and recognizing at a glance her brother Hubert, the pen dropped from her fingers, and she sat like one suddenly paralyzed.

"I have waited with some impatience," said Hubert, "and with no little weariness and sickness of heart, for this day. It hath come at last, and I rejoice. I have presented no petitions in private; I have had no interviews in private with those in power. The accusation is now made in public against this helpless old man, and in public I now meet it with proofs, that this prosecution has been, I will not say unjustly carried on, but founded on a deep and grievous mistake."

"The fellow is himself a heretic, my lord!" cried Bonner, unable to restrain his rage—"a most damnable heretic! and the grandson to the doting old fool that hath just made so dull and unlearned a defence before us!"

But the infamous prelate had met with his match in deep and specious talent. With a profound obedience, but with a smile full of meaning, Hubert exclaimed—

"I crave pardon of my worthy and most noble lords, but I am no heretic. There is not the slightest shade of

doctrine in which I do not agree most cordially" (and he laid his hand upon his heart) "with the erudite and deeply-considered opinions of his highness, King Henry, whom God preserve! With so deep a reverence, with so perfect a faith do I subscribe to every letter of those Six most sacred Articles, for offending against which, my poor deluded grandsire is accused here, that I would gladly yield my life in their support. I come hither to be questioned, if you please it, on them all. With thee, most holy prelate!" and again he bowed to Bonner, "I have, if I may presume to say so, but one and the same mind upon all these most important points!" His countenance, while he spoke, wore such an ingenuous expression of manly yet modest sincerity, and there was so grave a dignity about his manner, that even Bonner was staggered for awhile, as he looked upon him.—"As for my grandfather," he continued, "with him, those who have attended him in prison well know I have held no intercourse since the day of his arrest, when, by some chance, I was with him; but then I was zealously disputing with him on these very points of doctrine, being, even at that time, ignorant of the state of his intellects, and afterwards opposing in too hasty a manner the commission which ordered him to be imprisoned——"

"Stop, sir, stop!" exclaimed Bonner, with a hurried voice, "repeat what you said: I do not quite understand you. What do you mean by that word *intellects*? You would not pretend——"

"I mean," interrupted Hubert, slowly, but very so-

lemnly, and in a voice that was distinctly heard throughout the court—"I mean, that Sir Arthur Woodgate is not of sane mind, and what I do assert, I will prove. I have the affidavits of his medical attendants and others, to the fact. I have witnesses also in court from among the few friends and servants who have seen him since his last illness, to prove that his reason was disordered by that illness, and that he is at this very moment insane, or, in plain words, mad."

The old knight had repeatedly, but in vain, attempted to be heard, and he would now have spoken; but the judge commanded silence, and then proceeded to read the affidavits, and to swear, and examine, and cross-examine the witnesses. They were also examined and cross-examined by Bonner and others. But Hubert had so persuaded the witnesses into a belief that the deceit was even meritorious which might save the life of so virtuous and beloved a friend as Sir Arthur Woodgate; he had so tutored and prepared them for every perplexing question that could be put to them; he had, in short, considered and arranged every thing with such deep thought and consummate talent, and yet made the evidence so plain and simple, that a settled conviction of the truth of what he asserted was gradually taking possession of many minds, when Bonner, who had sate for a time, with his eyes bent upon the ground in troubled thought, came forward, and looking steadfastly upon Frances, said, "But there is one witness, a principal witness, whom we have not yet examined—that young gentle-

woman. With your permission, my lord, I would address a few questions to her."

Frances, however, seemed to hear him not. Cold and motionless she sat, her arms folded, her lips unclosed, and her eyes fixed in a vacant stare. The violent throbbings of her heart, which were plainly perceived quickly moving the modest folds which covered her bosom, alone declared her a creature of life. In a moment her brother stood beside her, and taking her hands, gently raised her from her seat, saying aloud, as he quitted her, "You well know if I have spoken the truth."

Bonner again addressed her, but she paid no heed to him. Sinking upon her knees, and fervently raising her clasped hands, she cried aloud—"Oh, Spirit of Truth! who canst alone guide me unto all truth, do thou teach and support me in this agony. Help me, for the sake of Him in whose lips guile was not found; that no false principle may mislead me, no fear of man may daunt me, but that I may speak the truth boldly, and as I ought to speak!—And now," she said, having risen up, "no one need question me; for I will speak unasked. Sir Arthur Woodgate, my holy and my dearest grandsire, is not mad; but has ever displayed in his actions a clear and sane mind, and ever spoken the words of truth and soberness. I would to God that all who hear me this day were altogether such as he is! I have tended on him by day, and sat all night by his sick-bed. From my earliest childhood to the present hour, I cannot recal a day in the which I have not seen him, and in the which I have not always

found him, not only the kindest friend, not only the holiest in principle and practice, but the wisest, the most rationally sane in intellect, of any person I have ever known. Yes, you think me cruel, Hubert,—unnatural," she continued, in a voice of mournful tenderness, "I see you do, and I must bear your anger: God knows, this struggle has half broken my heart! But hear me: all may seem dark and lost to you, but be assured of this, I speak from faith and deep conviction.—Would to God you had given heed to the words when last you heard them—that you had caught their spirit, and learned true wisdom from them! My God will send his angel, and his servant shall not be hurt; forasmuch as before his God innocence is found in him, and also before his king he has done no hurt—" She looked around for her brother, but he was gone.

The trial proceeded. The judge summed up the evidence,—the jury gave their verdict, and that verdict was, *Guilty!*

From the first, Sir Arthur had expected no other verdict. He was prepared to die, and he heard, with a sweet and even cheerful composure, that he was to yield his last breath in cruel burnings at the stake!

When the sentence was pronounced, and the trial over, the old man begged permission to say a few words, which being allowed to him, he spake thus, with the dignity and composure of a spirit above the world:

"I stand before you, my friends, as a dying man. My doom is pronounced; I have almost done with this

world—I pray you to forget that I am a condemned prisoner, and to hear me as a friend. I shall have to thank God that I have been brought hither, and that my worthless life is paid as the forfeit, if my words may have any weight with you. I am an old man! I have seen many changes in my long life, and learned some wisdom by experience. I would warn and counsel you all against these idle disputations, this public strife of words, which tendeth not to godly edification. I foresee, that, should these disputings about abstruse points of doctrine continue, there will be dreadful havoc made among the flock of Christ's sheep. I would entreat you rather to love mercy, and to do justice, and to walk humbly with your God. Where do we find throughout the sacred volume, long learned disputations on these subjects? Where do we find the permission to pervert them to sources of strife with our brethren? What need is there that we, poor, fallible creatures! should be skilled to answer and explain the *why* and the *how* in the deep doctrines of our holy faith? Nor are we called upon to dispute about, but to make a good use of, the blessings of the Eucharist. Do we stop to dispute about the nature of the food we eat, or to learn by what process it is converted into the blood within our veins? We rather eat our bread with thankfulness, and live and thrive upon its wholesome nourishment——”

The noble prisoner would have continued; but here, with a torrent of low abuse, Bonner interfered, and called loudly upon the judge to dismiss the court. His demand

was complied with instantly ; and, half leaning on, half supporting his meek and trembling grandchild, Sir Arthur Woodgate returned to his prison.

On the eve of the day appointed for the burning of the venerable saint, his grandson was admitted to the cell to take his last leave of him. Sir Arthur was asleep, with his thin, pallid face resting on the arm of his fair and youthful companion.

“ You are just in time to say ‘ Farewell,’ and to receive his last blessing,” said Frances, with a sweet and cheerful voice. “ I have seen death before, Hubert,” she added, in a whisper, “ and surely the fearful change which immediately precedes death, has here taken place. How good and gracious our heavenly Father is ! You see, my Hubert, had your scheme succeeded, still we should have wept together to-night over the corpse of this our best and dearest friend. All your exertions would have proved fruitless.”

She ceased speaking, for she perceived that the sound of her voice disturbed the sleeper. Once, and only once, when they had watched about an hour beside his couch, the dying patriarch opened his eyes, without endeavouring to raise his head from the arm of his loving and tender child. He saw Hubert, his face bathed in tears, his hands joined in prayer, kneeling beside him. Frances guided his feeble hand till she had placed it on the head of her brother, and the old man felt what she had done, and smiled. With a voice still calm and distinct, he blessed his repentant son, and then he said, “ Come near

now, and kiss me, my children." He was silent for a few moments, his eyes still gazing on his grandson ; then smiling, as he closed them, he said, " You see I am not mad, my son ! " He sunk into so gentle a doze, that his breathing became less and less audible. They knew not, till some moments after, that he had ceased to breathe. Not a sigh was heaved, not a feature disturbed—all was peace !

SONNET.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

* LIVED there beneath the earth, in depths profound,
A race like us, with reason's light endued ;
Yet who, less privileged, had never viewed
The sky, the ocean, and the verdant ground ;

Then were they sudden from these shades unbound,
And led into this world, with wonders strewed,
As they the spacious theatre reviewed,
How would the spectacle delight, confound !

The sun, the azure sky, the floating cloud,
The sea, woods, rivers, and the flowery sod,
And each fair scene the beams of day unshroud—

The star-paved heaven by shining planets trod—
With eyes in wonder raised, and rapture loud,
Ah ! would they not exclaim—a God ! a God !

* Vide Cíc. de Nat. Deorum, lib. ii. 37, 38.

THE MARTYR'S CHILD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

ONCE more I clasp thee to my breast,
Child of my first and fondest love,
Ere yet I enter into rest,
Ere join the ransomed hosts above :
And earthward though my thoughts must rove,
From saints and seraphs bending there,
Who shall a parting sigh reprove
O'er one as pure and scarce less fair ?

My bud of beauty! thou must bloom,
'Mid the chill rains, and wintry blast,
Where skies are wrapt in starless gloom,
And summer suns have beamed their last.
Yet, though dark clouds the heaven o'ercast,
He, at whose word the winds are still,
Can screen thee till the storm be past—
I *know* He can—I *trust* He will.

Yet, who shall form thine infant sighs
To syllable the first brief prayer?
And who shall point thee to the skies,
And say, "Thou hast a Father there?"
And who shall watch with ceaseless care,
Lest thy young steps unheeding stray
Where Pleasure plants the secret snare,
And Hope's seductive smiles betray?

O! could I bear thee hence, while yet
The strife of passion is unknown,
Ere guilt her fatal seal hath set,
Or earth has mark'd thee for its own,—
While Nature's debt of death alone
Is all mortality must pay,—
To gaze upon th' eternal throne,
And swell the glad unceasing lay!

But now I leave thee—*not* alone—
More welcome far were solitude;
For He, who ne'er forsakes his own,
E'en in the desert, vast and rude,
Might bid the ravens bring thee food,
Or streams gush forth amidst the wild,
Or guide the wanderings of the good
To seek and save his handmaid's child.

I leave thee to thy mother's foes,
I leave thee to the foes of Heaven ;—
Yet, do I leave thee but to those ?—
Lord! be the guilty thought forgiven!
O! if she strive as I have striven,
With stormy winds on life's rough sea,
May she by warring waves be driven
To find a haven, Lord, with thee!

MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

BY GEORGE BROMBY.

WHEN Milton's eye ethereal light first drew,
Earth's gross and cumb'rous objects check'd his view ;
Quick to remove these barriers from his mind,
Nature threw ope th' expanse, and struck him blind :
To him a nobler vision then was given—
He closed his eyes on earth, to look on heaven!

ON MEETING SOME FRIENDS OF YOUTH
AT CHELTENHAM,
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE WE PARTED, AT OXFORD.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

“And wept to see the paths of life divide.”

SHENSTONE.

HERE, the companions of our careless prime,
Whom fortune's various ways had sever'd long
Since that fair dawn, when Hope her vernal song
Sung blithe,—with features mark'd by stealing time,
At these restoring springs, are met again!
We, young adventurers, on life's opening road,
Set out together:—to their last abode
Some have sunk silent—some awhile remain—
Some are dispersed:—of many, growing old
In life's obscurer bourne, no tale is told.
Here, ere the shades of the long night descend,
And all our wanderings in oblivion end,

The parted meet once more—and pensive trace
 (Marked by that hand unseen, whose iron pen
 Writes, “Mortal change,” upon the fronts of men)
 The creeping furrows in each other’s face.
 “Where shall we meet again?” reflection sighs.
 “Where?—In the dust!” TIME, rushing on, replies.
 Then hail the hope that lights the pilgrim’s way,
 Where there is neither change, nor darkness, nor decay!

SONNET.

BY MRS. JOSIAH CONDER.

“Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the
 Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.”

THE last bright glance of sunset sheds below
 Its glory; and the roseate beams that spring
 From the recess of light, in splendour bring
 The sun’s farewell; such messengers as throw
 Open the gates of morn, and shut the skies
 When shifting radiance of a thousand dyes
 Is settling into gloom. All creatures know
 This hour. The rooks’ dark phalanx homeward flies.
 The bee her cell hath found, or closed her wing
 On scabious wild. Yea, every breathing thing,
 Cradled in down, or silken web, or bed
 Of woven leaf, or sheltered covert, lies:
 All, save THE ONE who each warm covering spread:
 HE only had not where to lay HIS head.

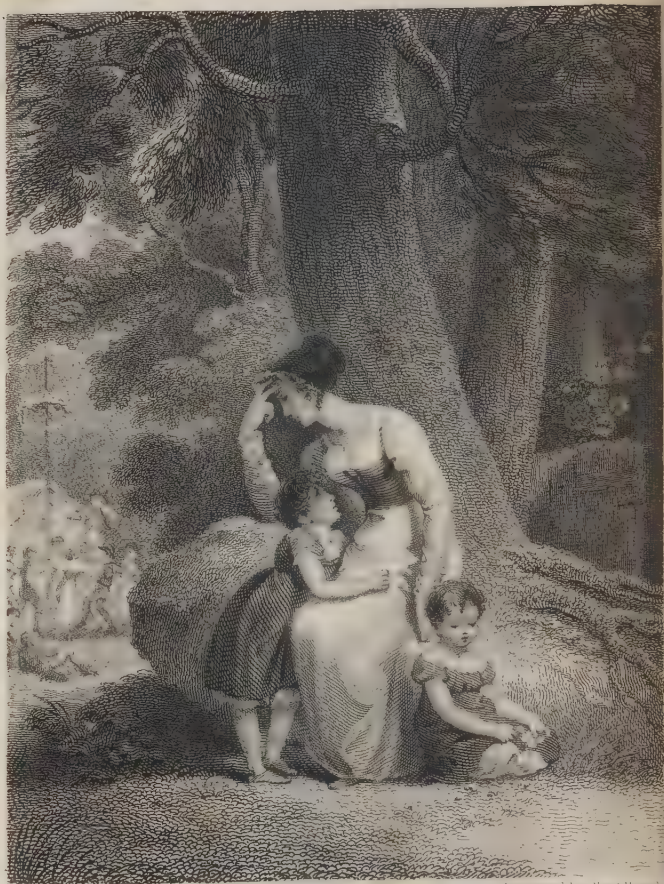
WARNINGS.

BEAUTY—remember that change and decay
Will pursue in your path, as the night follows day :
Pride—bear in mind that your form is of clay,
And will rot with the meanest that stands in your way :
Wealth—that you are like the rainbow's bright ray,
Unsubstantial as clouds, and more fleeting than they :
Rank—let your name be as high as it may,
That the mandate “be dust,” even you must obey :
Power—what things are your life and your sway,
Which a breath can destroy and a murmur betray !

Happiness—know that you shine like the light
Of the wandering gleam that misleads us at night :
Pleasure—though painted all lovely and bright,
That your visits are fatal, and rapid your flight :
Friendship—though dear to the sense and the sight,
That thou art but a flower which the wintry winds blight :
Love—that thy name, if we read it aright,
Is *passion*, more fearful because of its might :
Hope—'tis in you their attractions unite,
But you lure us to leave us when most you invite.

L. A. H.





Drawn by H. Morrell

Engraved by J. H. Heath

PLAY DAY IN THE VILLAGE

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MAY-DAY IN THE VILLAGE.

A Sketch.

THE sun had scarcely risen over Elmwood village, when nearly all its inhabitants had left their beds, and were rambling through the fields, and along the hedges, to gather green branches and fresh flowers to deck the May-pole, around which the old and the young were to assemble, when Evening, the friend and patroness of innocent amusement, paced in her shadowy mantle over earth. It was the morning that ushered in "the merriest month of all the year;" and in the whole village there was but one aching heart. Nearly opposite the spot in which, "time out of mind," on such festal occasions, the villagers had held their joyous meetings, was the neat but humble cottage in which Mary Edmonds and her children dwelt. She was a stranger, who had been about three years a resident amongst them, and by her kind and gentle manners, her continual anxiety to lessen all their difficulties, and to administer to all their wants, and, above all, by that air of gentility which marked her as evidently superior to the situation she then filled, she had succeeded in gaining not only their esteem, but their affection.

Awakened from sleep that was seldom unbroken, she opened her lattice window, and looked forth upon the laughing crowds, in whose joy she could not participate, and listened to the merry singing, for which her heart had no echo. Their voices were loud and cheerful, as they sung the song that had been their favourite, perhaps for ages :—

It is the merry month of May,
That laughs all wintry cares away ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Now we have had our April showers,
And merry May will bring us flowers ;
O, the merry, merry May !

She comes in robe of red and green,
So gay, with diamond gems between ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Then look upon her cloudless sky,
And hear her herald-lark on high ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Then drive all wintry cares away,
And laugh and be like merry May ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Mary Edmonds listened to the gay song of her neighbours ; but they little knew the feelings to which their merriment had given rise. The day was to her, one which brought recollections the most sad ; and when they passed on their way rejoicing, she turned from her window, and bitterly wept.

It was well known to all the neighbourhood, that some cloud shadowed her hopes and her prospects ; for in her

countenance and manner there was that expression of deep though uncomplaining sorrow, which seldom arises from any wound but that which rankles in the heart, and for which the world's blessings can never provide a cure. Her cottage was neatly and tastefully furnished. It was evident that she possessed a competency sufficient to secure the possession, not only of necessities, but of comforts. All who knew her were her friends, and it was almost impossible that she could ever have had an enemy. Her habits and her temper were peculiarly domestic and placid, and her children were all that a mother could wish in them—beautiful, interesting, and beloved by all. The unhappiness (for every one felt she was unhappy) of Mary Edmonds, was therefore a mystery to the villagers. No one could divine the source from whence it arose. Many indeed were the guesses as to its origin; for though they had often heard her children talk of a father, they had never heard her speak of a husband: and when she came amongst them, her dress was not that of a widow.

The day of merriment had passed, and the evening had summoned the old and young of the village to the open plain that fronted Mary Edmonds' dwelling. She was sitting on the green bank beneath the aged tree that shadowed the cottage-gate; and as the mingled sounds of music and laughter from the neighbouring crowd met her ear, she pressed her hand to her brow, and seemed absorbed in thoughts that were even more than usually melancholy.

Her little boy had been for some time leaning his head

on her lap, and, as he found himself still unnoticed, at length he raised his tearful eyes, looked in her face, and asked her why she was so sad, when every body was so happy?

“Put away your daisies, Jane,” said he to his young sister, who was sitting by his mother’s side, arranging a nosegay of wild-flowers—“Put away your daisies, and come and kiss mamma, for she is weeping.”

At this moment, a stranger appeared standing within the cottage-gate; he wore a dark riding-cloak, the cape of which he held to his face, with the evident intention of concealing his features; and remained for awhile unnoticed by those he was so earnestly contemplating.

“Mamma, mamma, do not look so sad!” exclaimed both her children, and Mary Edmonds turned and smiled through her tears as she kissed them.

The stranger advanced a few steps nearer to the group, and withdrew the cloak that more than half hid his face. The expression of his countenance was melancholy also; but it was a melancholy mingled with remorse—very different from that of the woman on whom he was so intently gazing. The fall of his cloak appeared to be accidental; for in an instant he resumed the disguise, and continued to look upon the mother embracing and weeping over her children.

He had not continued in this posture many minutes, before he attracted the attention of the little boy, who pointed him out to his mother. She rose, and politely curtsied to the stranger.

"If you are going to join the crowd of merry villagers, sir," said she, "you have but to pass this corner, and you will see the light-hearted and happy."

The stranger made no reply.

"Or, perhaps, sir," she continued, "'you are on your way to the village inn; yonder road will lead you to it, but you will find it deserted now."

Still the stranger gave her no answer; and while she stood gazing with some surprise upon him, she saw his bosom heave as if in violent agitation, and a suppressed sob appeared to shake his whole frame.

"You do not know me, Mary?" said he.

Mary Edmonds looked at him fixedly, and while she gazed, he let the mantle fall from his face. She sank upon the green sward from which she had risen, and appeared to exert a more than human strength, while she replied to his question.

"Too well do I know that voice, and those features.—Go, my children," said she, "and wait within until I come to you." The little ones immediately passed through the gate, and entered the cottage.

The stranger instantly fell at Mary's feet, embraced them, and wept like a child.—"Oh!" said he, "I cannot ask for pardon; but, for the love of Him who died for sinners, give it to me, Mary—give it to me!"

Mary Edmonds took her husband's hand, and her tears fell fast upon it:—"Oh! why did you desert me?" were the only words she could utter.

"Oh! I have wronged you," he answered, "but I

have suffered deeply—most deeply : by day and by night the bitterest remorse has been with me, until my life became a burthen, and I have come, on my knees to obtain forgiveness, or to depart from you and die. For the sake of those little ones—I have never seen one of them until this night—forgive me, Mary ! For the sake of that God you have always loved, and who has given me a broken and a contrite heart—forgive me, Mary ! Forgive me, even on the return of the very day on which, like a wretch, I left you !”

Mary Edmonds had deeply felt the wrongs she had suffered : deserted by the husband in whom had centred all her earthly hopes and affections,—at the moment, too, when his cares and attentions were rendered doubly necessary,—she had struggled, and not altogether in vain, to forget the days—the words—the looks—the actions of pure and devoted love, in the remembrance of the sin by which he had been led away—the surest death-blow to a woman’s peace and to a woman’s pride. But she was a wife and a mother ; and the parent of her children, the object of her early and disinterested attachment was before her—a penitent ! She knew that in heaven there is joy over a sinner that repenteth ; and few will blame her for raising her husband from the ground, and, amid weeping and thanksgiving to the Almighty for his restoration to virtue, receiving him again to her home and her affections.

L. A. H.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

BY THE LATE MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

SINCE thou and the stars, my dear goddess, decree,
That Old Maid as I am, an Old Maid I must be,
O hear the petition I offer to thee—

For to bear it must be my endeavour :
From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one whom I loved in my youth can be found—
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the scorn of the young and the flaunts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say,
Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her :
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or, vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From finical niceness or slatternly dirt ;
Diana, thy servant deliver.

From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humour unchecked—that most obstinate elf—
From every unsocial attention to self,

Or ridiculous whim whatsoever :

From the vapourish freaks or methodical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in others' affairs,

Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the erring attachments of desolate souls,
From the love of spadille, and of matadore voles,
Or of lap-dogs, and parrots, and monkies, and owls,

Be they ne'er so uncommon and clever :

But chief from the love (with all loveliness flown)
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,—

Diana, thy servant deliver.

From spleen at beholding the young more caressed,
From pettish asperity tartly expressed,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest—

From all, thy true servant deliver :

Nor let satisfaction depart from her cot—

Let her sing, if at ease, and be patient, if not ;

Be pleased when regarded, content when forgot,

Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever.

CÄIONE :

OR FUNERAL SONG.

[Imitated from the Irish.]

BY JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

SUNK in cold repose and deep,
The dews of heaven thy bosom steep,
The eastern sun, in radiance bright,
 Ascends—before his cheering ray
The mists, which in the gloom of night
Hung heavy on the mountain's height,
Disperse—and still, as glows his light,
 Joy rises with the rising day,
That joy shall thrill thy heart no more :
Finished thy course, thy journey o'er,
And, though night's shadows flee before the morn,
Ne'er shall the pulse of life to thee return.
 Lone are thy native mountains now,
The woods, the glens, the streams are lone ;
 For he who climbed each rugged brow,
And trode each deep ravine below,
 (As smiled his bright, unclouded eye,
 In playfulness of infancy,
In childhood's happy hour)—is gone.

Then first within that virtuous breast,
 Was felt pure friendship's holiest glow ;
 And oh ! that friendship *I* possess,
 And loved thee as I mourn thee now—
 With anguish mourn thy sad, thy early close,
 Torn from my aching heart for ever—cold and silent thy
 repose.

Bright glows the setting sun ; but redder now,
 As far behind yon mountain's darkening brow
 He sinks, and, sinking, flings his ruddy light
 O'er rock and forest, beaming fiery bright ;
 On glittering stream, on turret mouldering grey,
 On the broad ocean, on the winding bay,
 Lingers his latest, softest, sweetest ray.
 Dearer to me than that last, loveliest beam,
 Tinging each filmy cloud with golden gleam, .
 Wert thou ;—and when, through heaven's high arch of
 blue,

I mark that sun his course of light pursue,
 Sad are my thoughts, my sorrows spurn controul—
 Of thee, of thee I think, and anguish fills my soul.
 Like him, when glows his disk with roseate hue,

Didst thou arise, the blush upon thy cheek ;
 Resplendent beams, like his, thy noontide knew,
 But clouds and storms, thy beauty hid from view,—

Clouds which thou, vainly struggling, sought to break,
 And sank—Oh ! ne'er to rise, nor know return.
 Though still the orient sun shall gild the morn,

Around thy head the shades of midnight close ;
Torn from this anguished breast for ever—cold and silent
thy repose.

Even as the nerve this throbbing heart that thrills,
Pouring the crimson tide in countless rills,
Wert thou to me.—Brave, generous, just, sincere,
For thee alone this barren world was dear :
Now joyless, cheerless, hopeless, time drags on,
Life of my life, since thou, its light, art gone—
Thou, loved of all ! But why do I look back
Upon thy virtue's pure and radiant track ?

Why call ye up again to memory,
Ye scenes of bright and cloudless happiness,
When this glad bosom felt serenest joy,

Which now feels nought but utter loneliness ?
That form, in life so loved, is breathless now ;
Bathed in death's clammy dews that manly brow.
Clod of the valley,—lifeless, soulless clay,—
Swept as the mists of morn by wintry storms away,—
Gone, gone for ever, to return no more,—

For thee, for thee these floods of anguish pour :
Still must I mourn thy sad, thy early close,
Torn from me—lost to me for ever—cold and silent thy
repose.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR of evening, mild and bright,
I love thy calm and holy ray ;
It seems so gently to invite
My soul to heaven, and point the way :

For thou, O watcher of the sky !
Burning on the brow of even,
Art like some spirit from on high,
Peeping through the vault of heaven.

Dew-drop from the flowers above !
Dropt upon the empyreal way,
Etherial fire—eye of love !
“ Diamond of serenest ray ! ”

Whate'er thou art, whate'er thy name,
Mine eye, upon thy twinklings staid,
Loves to mark thy little flame,
Struggling through surrounding shade.

And there are, twisted with thy rays,
Feelings that words can ne'er express ;
A calm awakening of days,
Long buried in the heart's recess.

Then holier feelings take their turn,
The soul is silenced into prayer,
The heart with quicker throb discerns
The presence of its Maker there.

And with the flashings of thine eye
Come bright revealings from above—
From Him who hung thee in the sky,
To light us to his throne of love.

More bright the lamp of day may be,
Of ampler orb the queen of night ;
But thine are holier rays to me,
And dearer than a world of light.

R. A. L.

JAMES MORLAND, THE COTTAGER.

“ Never saw I the righteous forsaken.”——PSALMS.

THE cottage of James Morland was the prettiest in one of the most romantic villages of the county of Devon. Its site had been well chosen, for it commanded an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, and yet had the shelter of the neighbouring hills to protect it from the inclemency of the less gentle winds. It stood sufficiently distant from the village to lose all its bustle, but was near enough to participate in all its conveniencies. A little bye-path led past its door to the parish church; and on the sabbath the villagers would pause on their way to admire the neatness of the dwelling, or to inhale the fragrance of the sweet flowers that blossomed with every season, in the well-cultivated and well-weeded garden, or to greet their neighbour as he went forth to worship, with his wife and his five children—so many models of what an English yeoman and his family should be.

The cottage had been in the possession of James Morland and his ancestors for upwards of a century. They had never held a higher, but never a lower, station than that of small farmers ; and their means had been always equal to their necessities or their wishes. James's father, however, though an honest, was not a frugal man : he had lost his partner early in life, and he had neglected his opportunities of providing against a " rainy season." When he died—

" And bequeathed to his son a good name,"—
he left him scarcely any other inheritance.

James had married well—*well* in the only sense in which the word can be applied to marriage. His wife was one who felt and enjoyed the blessings of religion, and his children were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Religion always brings contentment, and without contentment there is no happiness. Its effects were manifest not only in their own characters and conduct, and in the dispositions and habits of their young family, but in their domestic arrangements, and in their attention to those comforts and humble elegancies which made their home as attractive as it was substantially valuable. James had never any temptation to leave it, because he could no where have found so much enjoyment as in his own house ; where his cheerful Mary and his smiling little ones recompensed his labour when done, or lightened by their influence his daily toil.

The ways of Providence are often most mysterious ; but to the eye of faith there is always some convincing

evidence, that when the virtuous are afflicted, their trials are sent to prove, and not to crush ; that their strength may be seen in trouble, and that their excellence in adversity may be like the perfume of *bruised* flowers—more powerful in its effects, and more extensively useful. Mary Morland had given birth to a sixth child ; but her severe and dangerous illness had for several weeks prevented her husband from attending to his work. She had scarcely recovered, when their cow died, and two of their sheep were stolen. These misfortunes obliged James, for the first time in his life, to be in arrears with his rent. He hoped, however, to be ready with it after harvest ; but in consequence of his wife's confinement, his crop was very late, and the wet season had commenced before it was gathered in. Other difficulties came upon him, and he saw no possibility of discharging the debt, for which his landlord's agent, a cold-hearted man, had become very pressing. James was too upright in principle to promise payment within a short period ; for he knew that many prosperous months alone could enable him to recover the ground he had lost. A distress was therefore levied on his house and land ; and James Morland and his family were driven from the ancient dwelling of their forefathers, with no other possession than honest hearts, and a humble dependence on Him whom they knew clothed the fair flowers of the beautiful garden, and provided homes for the little chirping sparrows that nestled in the thatch of the cottage from which they were exiled.

The whole family had passed the threshold, and had

lingered for some minutes in the garden. The wife had given her infant to the care of her eldest boy, and was gazing through the half-open lattice, into the late cheerful and happy parlour. The tears had gathered in her eyes, as she trained up and fastened a branch of the honeysuckle that had given way, and then plucked one of its many blossoms, on which she looked earnestly, as if bidding farewell to the beautiful tree she had so long watched and cherished. The mournful group of children gathered round her, and endeavoured to attract her attention by questions as to which of their flowers they should carry with them. The poor, afflicted mother turned round,—she could contain herself no longer; but, clasping each by turn to her bosom, she wept bitterly as she bade “God bless them.” The husband, full of bustle and apparent carelessness, had entered his cottage, to see that nothing had been left behind; but when he returned, it was evident that its bare walls and its desolate appearance had weighed heavily upon him. He looked on his wife, suppressed a heart-sob, and exclaimed, “Come, my Mary, take up your child, and God will guide us to some other resting-place.” The family passed through the little gate of their garden,—again turned to gaze on their once happy home, and went their way.

Their dog had been a spectator of the scene, and he seemed perfectly conscious of the sorrow that had fallen on his master's house, as he ran from one member of it to another, whined and wagged his tail to each, and then lay down in a farther part of the garden, gazing wistfully

on the group. He had marked the last of the children pass through the gate, and then he walked leisurely out ; but when he had gone a few steps, he returned, looked through the hedge, howled a piteous adieu, and scampered after his old friends.

James Morland was known throughout the country to be an honest and an upright man ; and he soon found the advantage of a “ good report ” in a season of adversity,—which, to use the emphatic words of the proverb, *tries friends*, while it rouses into action those energies of the mind that in success might have slept unawakened. The worth of the vessel is not known in calms—its value and its strength are only proved by buffeting the tempest.

James was not deserted by his neighbours, nor was he forsaken by that Friend, who hath promised rest to all who labour and are heavy laden, and who call on him for aid. He was in poverty, but still his dependence on God continued firm, as in his better days. Every morning and evening his family met at prayers, as they had always done : every Sunday saw them at church, as neatly though not so well dressed as on more prosperous Sabbaths : their humble dwelling was as cheerful and as happy as it had formerly been, and within it they had soon smiling faces and contented hearts. James had now to begin the world again ; and his course was one of such prosperity, as to make his success a sort of proverb among his neighbours ; while it reminded them, that virtue “ hath the promise of this life, as well as of that which is to come.” Misfortune and sorrow are with the good but transient visitors ;

it is only with the unrighteous that they take up their permanent abode. The blessings of one year were followed by the blessings of another; and, by industry and economy, James Morland was, in the course of comparatively a short period, a wealthier man than he had been in the revered habitation of his forefathers, and the home of his happiest associations. About seven years after he was driven forth in poverty, and (as far as its worldly interpretation goes) in despair, a variety of circumstances had occurred, to which we need allude no farther than to observe, that they led to the sale of the small estate on which this very cottage stood: James Morland was its purchaser, and his family continue to inhabit it to this day, —their situation higher in life, but their humility and their virtuous character the same.

The scene of the return of this good and happy family to the home of their childhood, was one that will never be forgotten by the individual who was fortunate enough to witness both that and their expulsion.

It was the evening of a calm day in spring, when they stopped at the gate. The younger children entered hastily, running to criticise the alterations that had been made, and to form plans of improvement in their garden. But the mother paused for a moment, and, with a tear of pleasure in her eye, looked over the hedge, and contemplated the familiar objects around her with a feeling that none could understand; but those who knew the circumstances connected with her history. After gazing for a short time, she turned her look toward heaven, clasped

her hands, and wept in gratitude and joy. She had wept when she quitted the spot, and she now wept on returning to it—she had been then resigned, and she was now thankful; but from how different a source did those tears proceed!—she had then faith in the promise, that she would not be forsaken, and she now saw that promise fulfilled.

Her husband had been busily unloading his car; but he had frequently interrupted her by asking if the honey-suckle was yet in bloom,—if his favourite rose-tree still lived,—if the lilies had their blossoms;—or some question of equal interest to him who asked, as to her who was questioned.

Their dog must not be forgotten—their old dog, who had shared their adversity, and who now participated in their happiness. He marched with a slow and stately pace through each walk of the remembered garden, as if he recognized an acquaintance in every shrub and flower; then went and capered round his master, and then went and lay panting at the cottage door.

In a few minutes, the whole family were seated in their little parlour, to which an air of comfort had been already given.—A prayer was said, and a hymn was sung, and they took possession of their dwelling.

P. D.

RESTORATION OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

This majestic but dilapidated pile, has been repaired at great expense, and with taste and judgment in every respect consonant to and worthy of its ancient character. These verses were written under the contemplation of this singularly beautiful and unique pile being again opened for public worship, by a sacred musical performance.

MONASTIC and time-consecrated Fane,
Thou hast put on thy shapely state again,
Almost august, as in thy early day,
Ere ruthless Henry rent thy pomp away.

No more the mass on holidays is sung,
The Host high-rai'd, or fuming censer swung;
No more, in amice white, the fathers, slow,
With lighted tapers, in long order go;—
Yet the tall window lifts its arched height,
As to admit heaven's pale but purer light:
Those massy-cluster'd columns, whose long rows,
E'en at noon-day, in shadowy pomp repose,

Amid the silent sanctity of death,
 Like giants seem to guard the dust beneath :
 Those roofs re-echo (tho' no altars blaze)
 The prayer of penitence, the hymn of praise ;
 Whilst meek Religion's self, as with a smile,
 Reprints the tracery of the hoary pile.

Worthy its guest, the temple. What remains?
 Oh, Mightiest Master, thy immortal strains
 These roofs demand. Listen,—with prelude slow,
 Solemnly sweet, yet full, the organs blow.
 And hark ! again, heard ye the choral chaunt
 Peal through the echoing arches, jubilant ?
 More softly now, imploring litanies,
 Wafted to heaven, and mingling with the sighs
 Of penitence, from yon high altar rise :
 Again the vaulted roof “ Hosannah ” rings—
 “ Hosannah ! Lord of Lords, and King of Kings ! ”

Rent, but not prostrate, stricken, yet sublime,
 Reckless alike of injuries or time ;
 Thou unsubdued, in silent majesty,
 The tempest hast defied, and shalt defy !

The temple of our Sion so shall mock
 The mutt'ring storm, the very earthquake's shock,
 Founded, O Christ ! on thy eternal rock.

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SILENT and mournful sat an Indian chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb ;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

For a pale Cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hushed—and eve's last splendour shone
With a rich sadness on the attesting stone.

There came a lonely traveller o'er the wild,
And he too paused in reverence by that grave,
Asking the tale of its memorial, piled
Between the forest and the lake's bright wave ;
Till, as a wind might stir a wither'd oak,
On the deep dream of age his accents broke :

And the grey chieftain, slowly rising, said,—
“ I listened for the words, which years ago
Passed o’er these waters : though the voice is fled
Which made them as a singing fountain’s flow ;
Yet, when I sit in their long-faded track,
Sometimes the forest’s murmur gives them back.

“ Ask’st thou of Him, whose house is lone beneath ?
I was an eagle in my youthful pride,
When o’er the seas he came, with summer’s breath,
To dwell amidst us, on the lake’s green side.
Many the times of flowers have been since then,—
Many, but bringing nought like *Him* again !

“ Not with the hunter’s bow and spear he came
O’er the blue hills to chase the flying roe ;
Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying their cedars like the corn-stalks low ;
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening our souls as with the morning’s wings.

“ Doth not yon cypress whisper how we met,
I and my brethren that from earth are gone,
Under its boughs to hear his voice, which yet
Seems through their gloom to send a silvery tone ?
He told of One, the grave’s dark bands who broke,
And our hearts burned within us as he spoke !

“ He told of far and sunny lands which lie
Beyond the dust wherein our fathers dwell.
Bright must they be ! for there are none that die,
And none that weep, and none that say, ‘ Farewell !’
He came to guide us thither,—but away
The happy called him, and he might not stay.

“ We saw him slowly fade—athirst, perchance,
For the fresh waters of that lovely clime ;
Yet was there still a sunbeam in his glance,
And on his gleaming hair no touch of time :
Therefore we hoped—but now the lake looks dim,
For the green summer comes—and finds not Him.

“ We gather’d round him in the dewy hour
Of one still morn, beneath his chosen tree ;
From his clear voice at first the words of power
Came low, like moanings of a distant sea ;
But swelled, and shook the wilderness ere long,
As if the spirit of the breeze grew strong.

“ And then once more they trembled on his tongue,
And his white eyelids fluttered, and his head
Fell back, and mists upon his forehead hung—
Know’st thou not how we pass to join the dead ?
It is enough !—he sank upon my breast,—
Our friend that loved us, he was gone to rest !

“ We buried him where he was wont to pray,
By the calm lake, e’en here, at eventide ;
We reared this Cross in token where he lay,
For on the Cross, he said, his Lord had died !
Now hath he surely reached, o’er mount and wave,
That flowery land whose green turf hides no grave !

“ But I am sad—I mourn the clear light taken
Back from my people, o’er whose place it shone,
The pathway to the better shore forsaken,
And the true words forgotten, save by one,
Who hears them faintly sounding from the past,
Mingled with death-songs in each fitful blast.”

Then spoke the wanderer forth with kindling eye :—

“ Son of the Wilderness ! despair thou not,
Though the bright hour may seem to thee gone by,
And the cloud settled o’er thy nation’s lot :
Heaven darkly works,—yet where the seed hath been,
There shall the fruitage, glowing yet, be seen,

“ Hope on, hope ever !—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long ;
And by the bursts of free, triumphant singing,
After cold, silent months, the woods among ;
And by the rending of the frozen chains,
Which bound the glorious rivers on their plains ;

“ Deem not the words of light that here were spoken,
But as a lovely song, to leave no trace !
Yet shall the gloom which wraps thy hills be broken,
And the full day-spring rise upon thy race !
And fading mists the better paths disclose,
And the wide desert blossom as the rose.”

So by the Cross they parted, in the wild,
Each fraught with musings for life's after-day,
Memories to visit *one*, the Forest's Child,
By many a blue stream on its lonely way ;
And upon *one*, midst busy throngs to press
Deep thoughts and sad, yet full of holiness.

TEARS AND SIGHS.

BY RICHARD RYAN.

"My tears have been my meat day and night."

PSALM xlii. 3.

'MID tears I hail the golden sun,
And wish his fated course was run,
'Mid sighs I view that sun's decline,
And weep while silvery moonbeams shine.
Tho' young, I'm old, since all my years,
I've number'd by my sighs and tears.

Ask ye how many tears I've shed ?
Go count the stars above my head :—
How many sighs I've number'd o'er ?
Count ye the sands upon the shore.
Since hours, and days, and months, and years,
I've number'd by my sighs and tears.

When shall I quit this world of gloom,
And sink within the peaceful tomb ?
Methinks I hear my Maker say,
"When all thy sins are wept away."
Then mournful let me pass my years,
Numb'ring each minute with my tears.





Engraved by J. M. Wright.

Designed by F. Russell.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE PASTOR OF THE LAC DE JOUX.

A Sketch founded on Fact.

THERE could scarcely be imagined a spot more isolated from the world, its fashions, its allurements, and its cares, than the little valley of the Lac de Joux. Embosomed amongst the deepest recesses of the Jura, at the farthest western extremity of the Pays de Vaud, it lies encircled by a rude barrier of rocks and forests, as though Nature had never intended it to be known but to the wild tenants of the woods and streams. Yet here have human industry and contentment found a dwelling-place; and the silvery lake, shining like a mirror from its dark frame-work, reflects on its calm bosom, hamlets, churches, and cottages, smiling in neat array along its shores; the wild rocks echo to the tinkling bells of herds and flocks; and the Sabbath chimes ring out, with each return of the holy day, to summon the shepherd from the mountain, and the woodman from the forest.

But it is not alone to rustic occupations that the inhabitants of this interesting valley are devoted. They are remarkable for their ingenuity in numerous mechanic arts; and watch-making, in particular, is carried on amongst

pebbles, to which the liquid crystal gives a thousand beauties. This spot has been compared to the consecrated fountain of Vaucluse; and there are not wanting those who assert, that even Petrarch himself could scarcely have denied to the

“ *chiare, fresche e dolci acque* ”

of Valorbe, still more eminent claims to immortality than those of Avignon.

Not very far from this beautiful source, is situated the Grotte aux Fées, a romantic cavern in the side of the steep rocks overhanging the river. Its entrance forms a spacious archway, embowered amongst the shadowing branches of ancient beech and pines. Many a wild tale is told of this grotto, and the adventures to which it owes its name; but it is chiefly interesting as the scene of an annual festival, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring village assemble to dance within its ample portico, after a trial of skill at shooting with the cross-bow. The prize bestowed at these meetings is a spinning-wheel, which is presented by the victor to the most virtuous maiden of the community.

But we are wandering away from our own little valley, to which let us return, as to a scene less rich indeed in loveliness, but not less fraught with interest; for though its rocks be barren, and its climate cold, and its soil unfavourable to the vine and the fruit-tree, it has charms of its own in that placid lake, those quiet green shores, and happy homesteads; and more than all, in the primitive virtues which flourish within its bosom.

“ Annette, Annette, make haste! and Jeanneton, don't

keep us waiting all day!" cried some little voices from behind a garden hedge, close by the side of the lake. A wicket gate stood invitingly open,—I was tempted to peep in; and instead of being punished for my curiosity, was rewarded by the sight of one of the prettiest pictures I ever looked upon. At the farthest end of the garden was a grass-plot, terminated by an arbour of rustic trellis, which five or six little blooming girls were busily decorating with garlands of flowers, ribbons, and red berries. Down one of the walks, two of their lesser companions were slowly making their way, tugging along huge branches of larch and mountain-ash, and with their little aprons filled with stocks and marigolds; for it appeared that the garden had already been rifled of all its growing treasures for the adornment of the Bosquet, whose original clothing had been but a scanty drapery of honeysuckle and sweet-brier. On the grass-plot was spread a table, the upper end of which reached into the arbour, with benches round the other sides; and beside it, sat upon the ground, a little rosy girl of five or six years old, guarding with dignified importance a small wicker cage, from whence, through thick festoons of embowering chickweed, issued, ever and anon, the fairy notes of a piping bullfinch.

By going to the assistance of the distressed damsels in the walk, and bearing their ponderous boughs in triumph to the arbour, I speedily ingratiated myself into the favour of the whole company, and they soon became very communicative in their answers to my inquiries as to the object of all this joyous preparation. "It is the name's-day of

our good Pastor," said the eldest of the group, "and we are going to give him a fête, and he is to sit upon this bench, under the arch which we have just finished;" and she pointed to the front of the arbour, round which, on a ground-work of dark-coloured moss, they had ingeniously contrived to form, in letters of yellow everlasting, the inscription—*A notre bon Pasteur.*

"And I am going to give him my bullfinch, which can pipe more than half of Les Armaillos,"* said the little Caton:—"And François and Pierre are gone to the Dent de Vaulion, to gather strawberries, and to bring fresh curds and cream," cried another:—"And father is bringing cherries, and cakes, and good things of all sorts from Val Orbe; and we are to have music and dancing:"—"And, better than all," vociferated a third, "they are going to give him a gold watch, such a beautiful"——

"Hush, hush!" cried Marie, the tallest and gravest, "not a word of the watch; you know that is to be a secret. Oh! I hope the gentleman won't say any thing beforehand about the watch."

I promised inviolable secrecy, and proceeded to make inquiries about this beloved Pastor, whom all seemed so delighted to honour. More eloquently than ever did my new friends now launch forth in his praises.—"Oh! he is so good, so very good," cried little Caton. "Last

* The Ranz des Vaches of the Pays de Vaud.

winter, when I was ill with a fever, and mother thought I should have died, he would come twice a-day up the mountain through the snow, and bring me things to make me better, and tell mother not to cry, and talk to me about heaven, till I thought I should not be sorry to die, to go to such a happy place."

"And he teaches us our catechism, and our prayers, and all the good things we know," said Marie; "and preaches us such fine sermons, and explains the Bible so that even little Caton may understand it. And when people are sick, or too weak and old to go to church, he will go and read and pray by their bedsides for hours together. And mother says, this is not like the same place since he came amongst us; for that we used all to be such wild, naughty children, we could never be taught to say our prayers, or to learn the ten commandments, and now we are never so happy as when we go to the Presbytère on Wednesday and Saturday evening, and between churches on Sunday."

"Has your good minister been here for many years?" asked I. "No, Sir, not a great many," answered Marie; "but oh! I hope he will stay with us for a very, very long time:—but see! here comes father,"—and away ran the whole party toward the cottage door, which opened at the other end of the garden, from which issued a sturdy-looking peasant, with a loaded pannier at his back, followed by his comely helpmate. They at first looked at me with some surprise; but soon discovering the sociable terms on which I seemed to have established myself with

the young ones, they bade me heartily welcome, and invited me to stay and partake of the evening's festivities, which they said would commence at six o'clock. I thought, however, the presence of a stranger might be some interruption to the business of preparation; and remembering, moreover, the portentous warnings of mine hostess at Le Pont, of the ills that would betide me if I were not punctual in returning to my dinner at three, I preferred taking my leave for the present, thankfully accepting the privilege offered me for the evening. Vain, alas! were my intentions of punctuality—the village clock struck four as I made my sortie from the garden, and I had more than a league to walk, ere I could hope to “take mine ease in mine inn;” on finally reaching which, the presiding Amazon met me (to reverse the usual reading) with a countenance “more in *anger* than in *sorrow*,” and sternly ushered me into what she dignified with the title of the Salle-à-manger.

My ideas were too much occupied with the scene I had left, and was going to revisit, to allow me to pay great attention to her or her wrath. In conscious delinquency I silently swallowed the organic remains of a dish of trout, of whose premature decomposition I knew my truancy had been the cause; nor did I even venture to suggest, that the delay of one little hour could not have added much to the admirable antiquity of the doughty chanticleer which constituted the Rôti; or of the venerable parallelograms of aniseed-cake, with the accompanying modicum of cheese, full of holes and odours, that followed under the

name of dessert ;—that “ eternal pair,” which, with all the pertinacity of “ *Di tanti palpiti*” and the “ Hunter’s Chorus,” pursue the way-worn traveller from one end of Switzerland to the other. Dinner will in due time be demolished, be it tough or tender ; and a little before the hour appointed by my friends of the morning, I was retracing my steps toward L’ Abbaye.

It was a lovely July evening : the lake shone like a mirror,—bright rays of sunlight streamed through the dark pines, and steeped in rich gold the mountain verdure.

As I wound along the water-side, my ears were greeted by sweet strains of music ; and on drawing nearer to the village, I saw that the shore was crowded with gay groups of peasants, all in their holiday attire. A band of native musicians were playing the *Ranz des Vaches*, and a joyous chorus of young voices swelled the strain of this

“ Old song, the precious music of the heart.”

I soon found myself once more within the precincts of the garden, which was now so crowded, that I had some difficulty in making my way toward the arbour. The good Pastor was seated beneath his arch of triumph, surrounded by twelve of his oldest parishioners ; and the table before them was amply spread with all the luxuries my little friends had so much vaunted. I was quickly recognized, and duly presented to the hero of the feast, who received me with infinite courtesy, and insisted on my sharing the honours of his rural Dais. I pleaded my unworthiness in vain, and was finally constrained to accept of this unmerited distinction. Nothing could be more pleasing than

the manners and appearance of the Pastor. I had expected to find him old and venerable ; but, for the sake of his little flock, I was rejoiced to see him a man still in the prime of life, whose healthy and happy countenance gave hopes that his useful labours might be pursued for a long course of years. With smiles of benevolence he received the warm greetings of his rustic friends, as from time to time they approached him ;—the old hobbling up to invoke blessings on his head,—the young presenting their little offerings of fruits and flowers,—sturdy fathers shaking him heartily, yet respectfully, by the hand,—and happy mothers bringing their infants to look at the good minister who had already consecrated them in their innocence, and would in time instruct them in their responsibility :—all seemed, in short, to look upon him as the centre of every thing most sacred and dear to them—as the dispenser of their best comforts for the present, and their holiest hopes for the future.

The little Caton played a very busy part in this pleasing drama. Her offering, it appeared, had long ago been made and accepted ; for Bully and his bowery cage hung up in triumph within the honoured precincts of the very arbour itself ; and he occasionally contrived to make himself heard, through the pauses of the music on the shore, which now played lively tunes to groups of happy dancers, footing it blithely, if not lightly, on the smooth greensward that reached down to the water. When the *gouter* was finished, and just as Monsieur J. was proposing to me a stroll amongst these merry groupes, the most aged man

of the company came forward, and after a short address, homely, indeed, in expression, but replete with the true eloquence of the heart, presented to the Pastor, in the name of his little community, a beautiful gold watch, in the construction of which, he assured him; that the father of every family in his parish had had some share. They had no better way, he added, of showing their gratitude to him, whose every hour was employed in their service.

The good Mons. J., surprised and delighted, seemed almost at a loss how to acknowledge the precious gift. He was still more overcome, when the old man suddenly touched a spring, and the watch struck up the well-known air, "*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille ?*"*

Tears stood in the eyes of the amiable Pastor, at this new proof of the devotion of his flock. "Dear friends and dear children," cried he, "you have here enshrined the sentiment which has possessed my heart ever since I have dwelt amongst you, and which, from this day, will be cherished with redoubled fervour. Never will I forsake you—never can I forget your affection. I pray God to continue his blessing on my humble labours, that, through his grace, I may walk amongst you whilst living, repose

* "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of one's family?" This beautiful air, which really was employed in the manner here recorded, is associated with another anecdote of a very different nature. It is said to have been the favourite of Napoleon; and in the midst of the horrors of the Russian retreat, the soldiers had it continually played to him, as the only reproach in which they dared to indulge.

beside you when dead, and recognize the same dear family in heaven !”

* * * * *

Years have passed since this happy evening ; long and far have been my wanderings, and no tidings have ever more reached me from the little valley of the Jura : yet my heart often turns to the interesting scene, and would fain hope, that happiness and peace are still presiding over that innocent flock, and the good Pastor of the Lac de Joux.

HYMN.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

THE everlasting streams which flow
In Eden's garden, by whose side
Immortal trees and flow'rets grow—
Are from that mighty fount supplied,
Which to our lowlier earth has given
Streams pure and fresh as those of heaven.

The music whose enchanting strains
Are waked by angels—first was taught
By Him who to our groves and plains
The melodies of nature brought;
And those, like these, commingling blend,
And to His hallowed seat ascend.

That God who gave immortal breath
To million cherubs near his face,
Is He who disciplines by death
Man's here probationary race ;
And sends delight, or sends distress,
Alike to benefit and bless.

THE MOTHER TRIED.

" Oh ! blessed be my baby boy !"
Thus spoke a mother to her child—
And kissed him with excess of joy,
Then looked upon his face and smiled.

Then, as the mother breathed his name,—
The fervent prayer was scarcely said,—
Convulsions shook his infant frame,—
The mother's only babe was dead !

But still her faith in Him she kept—
In Him who turned to grief her joy ;
And still she murmured, as she wept,
" Oh ! blessed is my baby boy !"

P. D.

HYMN OF THE ARCHANGELS.

[From the Prologue to Goethe's Faust.]

RAPHAEL.

THE sun pours forth his emulous song,
'Mid kindred spheres, with ancient force,
And his prescribed path along,
With thunder-pace pursues his course.
His look with strength doth angels fill,
Though him to fathom none have power ;
The sumless lofty works are still
As grand as in creation's hour.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and past conceiving swift,
The earth revolves, in beauty dight ;
The bloom of Paradise doth shift
And change with deep and chilling night.
O'er beds of rock, deep-set and strong,
The sea foams up in billows broad,
And rocks and sea are whirled along
The sphere's eternal rapid road.

MICHAEL.

And vying storms roar out amain,
From sea to land, from land to sea ;
And wildly raging, form a chain
Around, of deepest energy.
There flames the lightning's wasting fire,
Before the thunderbolt's dread way ;—
Yet, Lord, thy messengers admire
The gentle progress of thy day.

ALL.

Thy look with strength doth angels fill,
Though thee to fathom none have power ;
And all thy lofty works are still
As grand as in creation's hour.

S. E.

THE CHALK-PIT.

A true Story.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the most admirable persons whom I have ever known, is my friend Mrs. Mansfield, the wife of the good Vicar of Aberleigh. She is a delicately formed woman of forty, or thereabout; but so pretty, and of a style of prettiness so youthful, that it is necessary to see two daughters, each half a head taller than her mama, before we can make up our minds to believe that that mama is turned of thirty. A soft, fair complexion, and a profusion of beautiful light brown hair, which, although very decorously thrust under a little lace cap, has a trick of escaping from confinement, won't be hidden, will come forth, may partly conduce to this mistake; but the chief cause is undoubtedly a habit of blushing, arising from a touch of shyness and bashfulness seldom seen at that time of life. It becomes her extremely, especially when she lets you

discover her great variety of acquirement, her conversational power, her information, and her 'taste. In the Bible, and the best theological writers, of all persuasions, she may be called learned; and no better illustration could be given of the practical influence of such studies, than her pious, benevolent, and useful life.

Her daughters are just what might be expected from young women trained under such a mother. Of Clara, the youngest, I have spoken elsewhere. Ellen, the elder sister, is as delightful a piece of sunshine and gaiety as ever gladdened a country home. One never thinks whether she be pretty, there is such a play of feature, such a light in her dark eye, such an alternation of blush and smile on her animated countenance; for Ellen has her mother's trick of blushing, although her "eloquent blood" speaks through the medium of a richer and browner skin. One forgets to make up one's mind as to her prettiness; but it is quite certain that she is charming.

She has, in the very highest degree, those invaluable every-day spirits which require no artificial stimuli, no public amusements, no company, no flattery, no praise. Her sprightliness is altogether domestic. Her own dear family, and a few dear friends, are all the listeners she ever thinks of. No one doubts but Ellen might be a wit, if she would: she is saved from that dangerous distinction as much by natural modesty as by a kind and constant consideration for the feelings of others. I have often seen a repartee flashing and laughing in her bright eyes, but seldom, very seldom, heard it escape her lips; never

unless quite equally matched, and challenged to such a bout of "bated foils" by some admirer of her playful conversation. They who have themselves that splendid but delusive talent, can best estimate the merit of such forbearance. Governed as it is in her, it makes the delight of the house, and supplies perpetual amusement to herself and to all about her.

Another of her delightful and delighting amusements, is her remarkable skill in drawing flowers. I have never seen any portraits so exactly resembling the originals, as her carnations and geraniums. If they could see themselves in her paintings, they might think that it was their own pretty selves in their looking-glass, the water. One reason for this wonderful verisimilitude is, that our fair artist never flatters the flowers that sit to her; never puts leaves that ought to be there, but are not there; never makes them hold up their heads unseasonably, or places them in an attitude, or forces them into a groupe. Just as they are, she sets them down; and if she does make any slight deviation from her models, she is so well acquainted with their persons and habits, that all is in keeping; you feel that so the plant might have looked. By the way, I do not know any accomplishment that I would more earnestly recommend to my young friends than this of flower-painting. It is a most quiet, unpretending, womanly employment; a great amusement within doors, and a constant pleasure without. The enjoyment of a country walk is much enhanced when the checquered

fritillary or the tinted wood anemore are to be sought, and found, and gathered, and made our own ; and the dear domestic spots, haunted by

“ retired leisure,

Who in trim gardens takes his pleasure,”

are doubly gardens when the dahlias and china asters, after flourishing there for their little day, are to re-blossom on paper. Then it supplies such pretty keepsakes, the uncostly remembrances which are so pleasant to give and to take ; and, above all, it fosters and sharpens the habit of observation and the love of truth. How much of what is excellent in art, in literature, in conversation, and in conduct, is comprised in that little word !

Ellen had great delight in comparing our Sylvan Flora with the minute and fairy blossoms of the South Downs, where she had passed the greater part of her life. She could not but admit the superior luxuriance and variety of our woodland plants, and yet she had a good deal to say in favour of the delicate, flowery carpet, which clothes the green hills of Sussex ; and in fact was on that point of honour a little jealous—a little, a very little, the least in the world, touchy. She loved her former abode, the abode of her childhood, with enthusiasm ; the Downs ; the sea, whose sound, as she said, seemed to follow her to her inland home, to dwell within her as it does in the folds of the sea-shell ; and, above all, she loved her old neighbours, high and low. I do not know whether Mrs. Mansfield or her daughters returned oftenest to the “ simple

annals of the Sussex poor." It was a subject of which they never wearied; and we, to whom they came, liked them the more for their clinging and lingering affection for those whom they left. We received it as a pledge of what they would feel for us when we became better acquainted,—a pledge which has been amply redeemed. I flatter myself that Aberleigh now almost rivals their dear old parish; only that Clara, who has been here three years, and is now eighteen, says very gravely, that "people as they grow old, cannot be expected to form the very strong local attachments which they did when they were young." I wonder how old Clara will think herself when she comes to be eight and twenty?

Between Ellen's stories and her mother's there is usually a characteristic difference; those of the one being merry, those of the other grave. One occurrence, however, was equally impressed on the mind of either. I shall try to tell it as shortly and simply as it was told to me; but it will want the charm of Mrs. Manfield's touching voice, and of Ellen's glistening eyes.

Toward the bottom of one of the green hills of the Parish of Lanton, was a large deserted Chalk-pit; a solemn and ghastly-looking place, blackened in one part by an old lime-kiln, whose ruinous fragments still remained, and in others mossy and weather-stained, and tinted with every variety of colour—green, yellow, and brown. The excavation extended far within the sides of the hill, and the edges were fringed by briar and bramble and ivy, contrasting strongly with the smooth, level ver-

dure of the turf above, whilst plants of a ranker growth, nettles, docks, and fumatory, sprang up beneath, adding to the wildness and desolation of the scene. The road that led by the pit was little frequented. The place had an evil name; none cared to pass it even in the glare of the noon-day sun; and the villagers would rather go a mile about, than catch a glimpse of it when the pale moonlight brought into full relief those cavernous white walls, and the dark briars and ivy waved fitfully in the night wind. It was a vague and shuddering feeling. None knew why he feared, or what; but the awe and the avoidance were general, and the owls and the bats remained in undisturbed possession of Lanton Chalk-pit.

One October day, the lively work of ploughing, and wheat-sowing, and harrowing, was going on all at once in a great field just beyond the dreaded spot: a pretty and an interesting scene, especially on sloping ground, and under a gleaming sun throwing an ever-shifting play of light and shadow over the landscape. Toward noon, however, the clouds began to gather, and one of the tremendous pelting showers, peculiar to the coast, came suddenly on. Seedsmen, ploughmen, and carters, hastened home with their teams, leaving the boys to follow; and they, five in number, set out at their fullest speed. The storm increased apace; and it was evident that their thin jackets and old smock-frocks would be drenched through and through long before they could reach Lanton Great Farm.

In this dilemma, James Goddard, a stout lad of fifteen,

the biggest and boldest of the party, proposed to take shelter in the Chalk-pit. Boys are naturally thoughtless and fearless; the real inconvenience was more than enough to counterbalance the imaginary danger, and they all willingly adopted the plan, except one timid child of eight years old, who shrank and hung back.

Harry Lee was a widow's son. His father, a fisherman, had perished at sea, a few months after the birth of this only child; and his mother, a fond and delicate woman, had reared him delicately and fondly, beyond her apparent means. Night and day had she laboured for her poor Harry; and nothing but a long illness and the known kindness of the farmer in whose service he was placed, had induced her to part with him at so early an age.

Harry was, indeed, a sweet and gracious boy, noticed by every stranger for his gentleness and beauty. He had a fair, blooming, open countenance; large, mild, blue eyes, which seemed to ask kindness in every glance; and a quantity of shining, light hair, curling in ringlets round his neck. He was the best reader in Mrs. Mansfield's Sunday-School; and only the day before, Miss Clara had given him a dinner to carry home to his mother, in reward of his proficiency: indeed, although they tried to conceal it, Harry was the decided favourite of both the young ladies. James Goddard, under whom he worked, and to whose care he had been tearfully committed by the widow Lee, was equally fond of him, in a rougher way; and in the present instance, seeing the delicate boy shivering between cold and fear at the outside of the pit, (for the

same constitutional timidity which prevented his entering, hindered him from going home by himself,) He caught him up in his arms, brought him in, and deposited him in the snuggest recess, on a heap of dry chalk. "Well, Harry, is not this better than standing in the wet?" said he, kindly, sitting down by his protégé, and sharing with him a huge luncheon of bread and cheese; and the poor child smiled in his face, thanked him, and kissed him as he had been used to kiss his mother.

Half an hour wore away in boyish talk, and still the storm continued. At last James Goddard thought that he heard a strange and unaccustomed sound, as of bursting or cracking—an awful and indescribable sound—low, and yet distinctly audible, although the wind and rain were raging, and the boys loud in mirth and laughter. He seemed to *feel* the sound, as he said afterwards; and was just about to question his companions if they too heard that unearthly noise, when a horseman passed along the road, making signs to them and shouting. His words were drowned in the tempest; James rushed out to inquire his meaning; and in that moment the side of the Chalk-pit fell in! He heard a crash and a scream—the death scream!—felt his back grazed by the descending mass; and, turning round, saw the hill rent, as by an earthquake, and the excavation which had sheltered them filled, piled, heaped up, by the still quivering and gigantic fragments—no vestige left to tell where it was, or where his wretched companions lay buried!

"Harry! Harry! the child! the child!" was his first

thought and his first exclamation. "Help! instant help!" was the next; and, assisted by the stranger horseman, whose speed had been stayed by the awful catastrophe, the village of Lanton was quickly alarmed, and its inhabitants assembled on the spot.

Who may describe that scene? Fathers, brothers, kinsmen, friends, digging literally for life! Every nerve quivering with exertion, and yet all exertion felt to be unavailing. Mothers and sisters looking on in agony; and the poor widow Lee, and poor, poor James Goddard, the self-accuser! A thousand and a thousand times did he crave pardon of that distracted mother, for the peril—the death of her son; for James felt that there could be no hope for the helpless child, and tears such as no personal calamity could have drawn from the strong-hearted lad, fell fast for his fate.

Hour after hour the men of Lanton laboured, and all was in vain. The mass seemed impenetrable, inexhaustible. Toward sunset one boy appeared, crushed and dead; another, who showed some slight signs of life, and who still lives, a cripple; a third dead; and then, last of all, Harry Lee. Alas! only by his raiment could that fond mother know her child! His death must have been instantaneous. She did not linger long. The three boys were interred together in Lanton church-yard on the succeeding Sabbath; and before the end of the year, the widow Lee was laid by her son.

A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me ;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches ? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill ;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded,
But by gauds which pass away,
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treach'rous sands below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light:

But, when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between ?
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears ? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth ? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.—
Patience ? More than sunshine bright'ning
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time ? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life ? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream ;
Few, too few its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well ?
But the gate to life un-ending,
Joy in heaven ! or woe in hell !

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight ?
Estimate thy own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated ?
Much may still be left to do :
Be not by *profession* cheated ;
LIVE—as if thou knew'st them true !

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me ;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I've given to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOORS.

A TALE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

“A wounded spirit who can bear?”

A YEAR or two before the death of Lord John Murray, in 1787, he built a house on the borders of his Yorkshire estate, where it skirts the high moors of Derbyshire, intended to unite with the characteristic conveniencies of a farm to which it was attached, that of a place of public entertainment. The idea was a good one; for, as the house stood high and in a lonely place, it might serve as a beacon to the benighted traveller in that mountainous country, and could scarcely fail of being at times a welcome resting-place to numerous petty farmers, condemned to carry their produce for many a wearisome mile, where

human habitation never cheered their view, to the first populous town which offered them a market.

It will be evident that a house of this description was more likely to be beneficial to him who occasionally used it, than profitable to him who kept it; and although it was within a short distance of a manufacturing district, and in a manner surrounded by collieries, many circumstances combined to render it improbable that it should ever become that bane of society, a popular public-house; and the respectable couple who were placed in it, were evidently of a description to forbid, rather than encourage, the visits of the idle spendthrift and the dissolute tippler.

The man was considered an excellent farmer, and the woman a good manager, of which evidence was given in the appearance of all around them; since, notwithstanding the bleak situation and the stone fences, every thing looked in a thriving state, and within their dwelling there was an air of comfort and propriety, which denoted industry and taste. Every room possessed one attractive elegance, being decorated with choice plants; for the landlord understood gardening, and finding that the bleak winds from the high moors forbade the cultivation of flowers in his garden, supplied this innocent gratification to himself and his wife, by choice myrtles and gay geraniums. I well remember him as a handsome man of three or four and thirty, who was always seen at church, well dressed, with a sprig in his button-hole, accompanied by a little girl, who wore a gay bonnet, and a long dimity cloak, as white as snow, on whom he often cast looks of tenderness and

pride. She was, indeed, a lovely child, his first-born and his darling.

But the time came, when the landlord of the "Rising Sun" ceased to occupy his seat at church, to saunter about his door when the hours of labour were over, and (what excited still more attention in so industrious a man) to rise with the lark, and partake the toils of his plough-boy. He sat in silence on one seat, and when roused by the reiterated demands of his temporary guests, would start as from the reverie of the studious, or the slumbers of the lethargic. The chance passenger would naturally condemn the lazy landlord, who sat in apparent stupor, as an inebriated sluggard; but the unhappy wife and the curious neighbour alike knew that he was at this time temperate to abstemiousness; that his manly form was wasted, his ruddy complexion changed to cadaverous paleness, because all appetite had forsaken him, and that his nights were subject to a restlessness which medicine could not quell, entreaty soothe, nor resolution controul.

Hay-time and harvest passed unnoticed by the once active farmer; and the wife, reduced almost to despair by the melancholy supineness of her husband, became unable to avert the ruin which hung threatening around her. Their guests forsook the house; their servants ruled, or deserted it; and the neighbours, moved to compassion, or excited by curiosity, busied themselves with investigating the cause of a change so entire and so unaccountable. They recollected, that, although sober in his habits and orderly in his conduct, the landlord was wont to sing a

hunting song and tell a merry tale to the circle he liked ; but it was also certain that he was both proud and passionate to others ; that he had an aversion to coarseness of manners, which they held to be ridiculous in his station ; and an objection to drunkenness, which, in a landlord, was absolutely unnatural : could these faults of temper so far operate as to render him melancholy, or, as they termed it, crazy ?

The wife turned a deaf ear to such suggestions : to *her* he was always kind, and at a period of suffering she could remember no faults. Driven from the idea that the evil arose from bodily disease, by the assurance of several medical men whom she had consulted, she listened eagerly to the advice of those among her neighbours who had lately joined the Wesleyan Methodists, and more especially to one good old man whom she had long respected for his piety. But, alas ! no suggestion, or exhortation, no example of sinners turned from the error of their way, of the conscience-stricken soul finding peace, and the mourner learning to rejoice, had any effect as offered by this humble teacher. The invalid heard all he said with a patient but abstracted air, and in perfect silence, and at length arose, saying, “ You are a good man, and I thank you sincerely ; but you are not the man to help *me*.”

“ I must get a clergyman, a really *learned* man,” said the wife, not without recollecting certain stories of witchcraft, as told by her grandmother in her days of childhood, which resembled this extraordinary case.

A gentleman for whom her husband had always shown

much respect, gladly obeyed her summons. He was an elderly man of benign countenance and kind manners, and, in the soothing gentleness of his address, for a few moments the imperturbability of countenance assumed by the invalid gave way; tears came into his eyes, his heart throbbed with agitation; but when he spoke, it was only to say, as before, "Sir, you are very good; but, dear heart! you are not the person who can help *me*."

It was in vain to inquire who that person was; for determined silence now sat on his lips, and, with the exception of the words "I wish," which seemed to burst from him involuntarily, and to be checked the moment he heard them, many weeks succeeded in which he never spoke. Yet even then his countenance showed that his mind was perpetually employed: there was an inward muttering, as of thoughts too terrible to be uttered, and an apparent intenseness of meditation on some awful subject, distinct from religion, since it evidently admitted of no consolation, and could be blended with no other object.

In the autumn he began frequently to leave his own house, and go out to walk alone, more especially during tempestuous nights, to which he seemed to listen with a kind of desperate pleasure. Never did his feet turn toward that path which led to the habitation of man; but with quick strides he hastened to lose all traces of his fellow-creatures, on those wild heaths and rocky glens, where his strange gestures, or his incoherent soliloquies, were necessarily unnoticed. Often would his wretched wife follow

him at a distance, alike moved by fear of the danger he might encounter, or that which he might intend against himself; and as often would she return in the utmost eagerness to elude discovery, since he forbade her interference in terms of terror. He would come back before day-break, exhausted, but calm; creep to his bed, and, if he believed her to be asleep, bend kindly over his wretched partner, and sometimes shed scalding tears upon her face: often would he kneel, and then deep groans burst from his bosom, but no articulate words of prayer escaped him.

At this period, the severe weather he encountered, and the long rambles he took, gave the idea to many, that nothing less than the preternatural strength attributed to madness, could have sustained him; and it was evident that the colds caught in her nocturnal guardianship had (together with her anxieties) ruined the excellent constitution of his wife, who was evidently in a consumption. This opinion gave way as the spring advanced, from its becoming certain that his strength also was completely exhausted, that his shrunk and withered form would not much longer sustain the conflict.

Perhaps a sense of weakness rendered him at this time as averse to being alone, as he had previously disliked society; even now he preferred his own little daughter to any other person. To his diseased imagination, apparently disturbed by superstitious terrors, the child appeared a kind of guardian angel, whose protecting presence secured him from the evils of apprehension and the appalling sense of a fearful solitude. The closing of a door in haste,

the creaking of the sign-post, and more especially the sound of wheels near the house, harrowed up his soul, as if with fearful visions and terrible alarms.

It was a pitiable but interesting spectacle, to see this man, in the very prime of his life, wasted to a shadow, and bending with the tremors of premature old age, walk out leaning on the shoulder of a child of seven years old. To this child early sorrow had given premature powers of thought, which were united with uncommon beauty, and that simplicity of manner incident to her situation. She watched every turn of her father's sunken eye, and never did it glance on a flower she did not gather, or a plant on which little Mary could not make some observation. If a bee was heard to hum in the young blossoms, she would repeat her hymn of the "little busy bee," relate the story of every fable she remembered in her spelling-book, and woo him with a thousand endearments to ask her the questions of the Catechism. At other times, she would lead him to his withered myrtles, and his broken gates, and playfully chide his neglect; then spring forward to show where the grass was most promising, and prophesy a fine hay-time. When every effort failed to rouse attention and elicit pleasure, she would throw her arms round his neck, kiss his pale forehead, and, as the tears streamed down her rosy cheeks, exclaim, "Have you not *one* word for poor little Mary?"

Sundays were now especial days of sorrow for both Mary and her distressed mother, who considered it her duty to send her daughter to church, about a mile distant;

and the child grieved that neither parent could go to the good place, and ask God to comfort them. One sabbath morning in the beginning of May, the father was become so weak that he fainted whilst dressing, on which account Mary remained at home to nurse and amuse him. During the time she sat with him, the often-repeated words, "I wish," again passed his lips, and the quick ear of infancy, now excited by unusual anxiety, thought that in the murmured sounds which followed, he said, "I wish—I were hanged!" and in great horror Mary cried out, "Oh! father, father! you are wicked—you frighten me."

The wretched man burst into tears, and wept abundantly, as one bowed down by new sorrow. Often did he clasp his hands, and apparently try to beg a blessing on the head of the child who had innocently reproved and deeply wounded him; but as often did he interrupt himself, as if scorning his own efforts; and finally he put her from his chair, and covered his face, as if afflicted with shame not less than sorrow.

Mary was grieved to the heart to see him suffer thus; but she conceived it her duty to relieve this burst of sorrow, as she had tried to do often before, by diverting his attention, and therefore went to the window to make observations, and said to her mother, who was entering the room, "I see all the people who are coming from church: there is a very pretty carriage, with two gentlemen in it, and they both look out of the window toward our house."

"It is the Rector of ——— and his Curate, who

have been doing duty at our church : he was there last year at this time," answered the mother, mechanically.

" I remember him, and I love him," replied Mary, " because he said, father did right not to give old Anak Osborne any more liquor."

" Don't speak of poor old Anak, child," said the mother ; " it is a twelvemonth this very morning since I rose from my bed to see his dead body brought in. James Green is below, and has just reminded me of it."

" James Green is a fool, a wretch, my worst enemy !" cried the sick man, with energy and strength that made his hearers start with astonishment ; but in another moment he sunk back in his great chair, shaking in every limb. Cold drops of sweat hung on his brow ; his strained eyes seemed gazing on vacancy with terror indescribable ; his hands were clenched, and his lips quivered with a convulsive motion, as if from pangs amounting to agony.

The wife, believing him seized with death itself, dropped on her knees before him, and with inarticulate words and sighs that spoke the intensity of her grief and pity, tried to pray for his departing spirit ; but in a few moments she found that he had taken hold of her clasped hands, and was drawing her toward him.

" Mary, my beloved Mary, the time is come ! Thou shalt know all. Send this moment for the Rector ; you know he is a justice of the peace,—*he only is the right sort of a minister for me.* Oh ! send for him instantly." The wife, bewildered with terror and distress, gazed on

him earnestly, in the persuasion that the madness of which her neighbours had so often hinted, had now really arrived ; but she listened in vain for the ravings of delirium. With all the little strength that remained to him, but in few words, the unhappy man continued to urge her to send for the Rector, as constantly repeating, “ because he is a justice of the peace.”

This was the very reason why the wife would have preferred any other clergyman ; for she had, in common with many persons in her station, a kind of awe of the office, which induced her to feel that she could not throw open the sorrows of her long harassed spirit to one so much above her. But the demand was imperious ; nor could she look in the countenance of him so long dear to her, without being conscious that his requests were nearly at a close. Mary was therefore despatched to the house of a neighbour, who was going to the afternoon service, and undertook to bring his worship when that was over.

The landlord continued silent for some time. He then asked for his dinner, which he ate, if not with appetite, yet with resolution, and then took a cup of hot elder wine, with the air of one who had a duty to perform which would require all the energy he could muster. In his better days, he had been remarkable for personal neatness ; but it was many months since the last vestige of this quality left him, to the especial grief of his good wife, who now heard him with surprise entreat her “ to make him look decent, by combing his hair, and putting him on a clean cravat.” That hair was now white as milk, and

the furrows of age marked the shrunken neck; yet, as no symptom of disease appeared beyond general weakness, and it was especially evident to all around him that he was free from pulmonary affection, something like hope sprung in the poor woman's bosom, as she thus ministered to his wishes not less than his wants. "If he could open his heart to the Rector, if he could get comfort for his soul, doubtless his strength would return, he could yet redeem his affairs, and all would be well again; she should not be left with her children in sorrow and poverty."

But her kind offices, though performed by hands now feeble by long suffering, did not fill up the time, and a fearful restlessness, that threatened to dissipate the assumed strength of the hour, succeeded. Little Mary happily came back at this juncture; and for a few moments the fond eyes of the father looked upon her with delight: the joy was of short duration; for when she adverted to the time, and said, "a carriage was advancing," he told her to go away in a tone so full of deep distress, and even horror, that the poor child was overpowered, and hung round him as if incapable of obedience.

"Go away now Mary," said the mother, leading her to the door; "you shall come again when Mr. W—— is gone." "No, no, no!" cried the father, "she must come no more, she must never look on me again; so come back and kiss me, child, once more, for the last, *last* time."

At this moment the clergyman entered, and the poor child snatched a hasty embrace, and fled from the room. The father shook like a leaf, but by a strong effort so far conquered himself as to require the presence of Mr. S——, who had accompanied the Rector. “You are very weak, my friend,” said the latter, “will it not injure you to have another stranger?”

“No, sir; I have something to disclose, I must have *two* witnesses, and—and—my wife had better leave me.”

“No, James, I had better stay; you will faint perhaps, and who can help you so well as I can?”

In another moment the curate was seated in the room, round which his eye glanced mournfully, yet approvingly. It was, indeed, the chamber of sickness—perhaps of death. Those long united by the sweetest and holiest bonds of mortality were to be divided; the house was about to be bereft of its head, and probably doomed to the desolation of poverty, together with the sorrows of widowhood; yet, in the fond anxiety and intense interest of the wife’s countenance, in the modest manners of the little weeping girl who had passed him on the stairs, the open Bible laid on the drawers, and the air of more than common neatness in all around, he was induced to conclude, that as in days past the best affections of the heart had been here cultivated, so in the present time of suffering the consolations of religion might also be experienced.

He was called from this hasty survey, by the deep, sepulchral tone of one who looked as if he were even now an inhabitant of the tomb, yet spoke with a clearness of

voice and strength of lungs which, in so fragile a being, seemed almost supernatural, and with a brevity and precision seldom met with in a man of his station.

“ You see before you, gentlemen, a man worn down to the brink of the grave by affliction, by remorse. I am now going to do that which I ought to have done twelve months ago. Oh ! that God may have mercy, and accept the only atonement I can offer !—but I must hasten.

“ You, sir,” (to the Rector,) “ remember poor Anak Osborne’s death, a year ago !”

“ I remember it perfectly : he called at your house about midnight, and seeing that he was already in liquor, you refused to give him more. He was found dead, I believe, near this place, in a manner often predicted from his bad habits, poor creature : his waggon had gone over him, and crushed him to death.”

“ Yes, sir, *found dead* ! Alas, but I must speak the truth—*all the truth*. Anak, although a sad drunkard, was a kind, good-natured man, at all other times ; but when in liquor, was extremely abusive, and on the night in question he used such provoking language as to raise my anger to the utmost pitch ; so that my wife almost pushed him out of the door in kindness, for fear I should be tempted to strike him. The house was full of people, who were returning from the market at S—, and she was in another moment called to attend them, and probably never heard the shameful language he uttered against *her* ; but unhappily I did, and, unseen by any person, I followed him out of the house, and in my rage seized his

own carman's whip (easily wrested out of hands like his), and giving him a violent blow with the butt end on his temple, he fell in a moment (as I believed) dead at my feet.

“The rage which had prompted me to this mad blow, instantly subsided, and horror and terror possessed me; but my mind was more alive to the dangers which surrounded me than I can describe. Another moment, and all would be discovered. I was so near the house, that I could hear voices and laughter, and from the light which streamed from the windows, I beheld poor old Anak, my victim, at my feet. His well-trained horses were then obeying the direction he had given at the moment I reached him, and were slowly winding round the angle which brought them into the turnpike road, and I saw in a moment the possibility of escaping detection. Grasping the body, which at any other time I should have thought beyond my strength, I carried it quite across that corner of ground leading to W——, and laid it on the spot where it was found. During that time no sound escaped the lips, no breath issued from them; yet I thought that at the moment I laid the body down in the road, which the waggon had now nearly reached, there was a motion of the heart; yet I laid it down—ah! then, *then* I was indeed a murderer!”

The narrative was arrested; for the wife, who had long been gazing on the speaker with looks of incredulity and horror, at this instant dropped on the floor in a death-like

swoon, overpowered by the full and dreadful conviction which seized on her senses. Fond as he had certainly been of her, yet this painful circumstance did not greatly affect the conscious murderer, whose mind was evidently strung up to one awful purpose, and when she had been conveyed to another chamber, he eagerly resumed his terrible narrative.

“How I got back to my own house I know not, for my limbs shook, my tongue cleaved to my mouth, and my hair stood stiff like wire. I slunk in the back way, and came up to this chamber, where, as soon as I was able, I crept into bed. It was not an uncommon thing for me to do this, after I had been busy in my farm, and was much fatigued; therefore when my wife missed me, she was neither surprised nor sorry, and on coming to bed put out her light speedily, lest she should disturb me. She little thought I was not asleep, she little foresaw that I should never sleep again.

“The horses of Anak at a late hour reached his master’s house without their driver. That master, his son, and servants, instantly set out to seek the poor wretch, whose fault they too well knew; and just as the morning sun broke into that window, there was a loud knocking at my door, and voices were heard demanding instant admittance. I jumped out of bed, opened the window, crying vehemently, ‘he shall not be brought in here.’ At this moment it was impossible for me to see the body, for the window of the house, as you perceive, was betwixt me and

the door. Ah! why did not James Green, to whom I spoke, notice these words? Why was I not apprehended, tried, condemned, and executed? Oh! it was cruel carelessness to me.

“My poor wife slept soundly, for she had been much fatigued. I awoke her, and sent her down to the men. My heart bitterly reproached me, for I knew she would be dreadfully shocked, for she was fond of the old carman; but I felt that her presence there would be a protection to me, and that she would enforce my commands not to admit the dead body into the house. Half asleep, she heard but partly what I said; yet, when roused by the dreadful fact, she acted upon it, called the servants, and led the party into the barn, where the inquest was held. I pleaded illness, and did not leave my room some days; nor was the plea a false one. Such were the sufferings of my mind, that a fever seized on my frame, and I fancied a fire was kindled in my heart which burnt incessantly until I knew the corpse was buried; when I became sensible of great relief, tried to recall my scattered thoughts, to see the importance of eluding suspicion, and the necessity of appearing as usual.

Conversation still ran on Anak's death, and I heard mention made of the blow on his head with a cold shudder so severe as to arrest my speech, and make my knees smite each other; but my situation was not observed, and another speaker doubted not but the blow was produced by his fall, and all agreed 'it was not wonderful that such a man

came to such an end.' My wife at these moments never failed to vindicate him, and often to lament him even with tears, recalling the time when he had given flowers and gingerbread to her children, and she would then rend my very heart, by devoutly thanking God that her 'dear James did not lift his hand against the poor soul on that fatal night.'

"As their conversation died away, my alarm so far subsided that I got time to think: then it was I became miserable, with a misery of which I never could have formed any idea before. My safety pressed on my heart as a perpetual sin no after reckoning could expiate, and I felt as if the mercy of God could never reach me unless I suffered the penalty of death due to my crime. Often, when I wandered out on the wild moors, have I thrown myself on the ground to beseech the Almighty to take my life; and when I have seen the forked lightning dance on the rocks, and heard the mutterings of distant thunder, I have sprung forward to meet the storm, in the terrible hope that he would thus accept his victim. Often did I resolve to throw myself into the hands of justice, but the sight of my wife always unmanned me, and at length I soothed myself a little by resolving to do it at the end of one year, if it were possible I could live so long. I then became weak, and troubled with a thousand vain fears: I could not turn my face toward the barn where Anak had been laid; the sound of wheels reminded me of his waggon; the creaking of the sign told me that there I should be

gibbeted. Yet do I firmly believe that I have never lost my senses for an hour, nor have I allowed myself to cease from feeling the perpetual sorrow I have so dreadfully earned, save when my precious child has for a single moment beguiled me into the pleasure of a parent."

The unhappy and exhausted man ceased to speak, and his auditors, struck with severe horror at the dreadful narrative of the murderer, yet deeply affected with the sad condition of the penitent, were silent also. At length the Rector, who was a man stricken in years, and deeply affected, arose for the purpose of approaching close to the sufferer, and addressing the words now labouring in his bosom to him with the more effect. The poor man mistook his purpose, and by a violent effort sprang from his chair, and threw himself prostrate on the floor, exclaiming, "Take me, reverend sir: I beseech you, take me—try me—sentence me to death! I am a murderer! I charge you, as a minister of Christ, as a magistrate of the land, do your duty upon me."

In great distress and perturbation, the aged clergyman threw his arms around him, and lifted him, as well as he was able, into his chair, as in a tremulous voice he said, "I am not your judge;" and would have proceeded, but the countenance of the invalid was now more wild and livid than before, and in a tenfold agony he exclaimed,—

"Ah! just so did *his* heart beat against my breast,—once—only once!"

A groan that seemed to shake the foundation of the

house now burst from his lips, and his long-suffering spirit fled to its eternal audit. In awe and horror, yet with all the tenderness of Christian pity, did the spectators behold a transition so fearful and affecting, and deeply did their hearts labour in prayer for that wretched soul, which they could scarcely yet believe to be dismissed from the woe-worn tenement before them.

Let us for a moment contemplate this terrible and afflicting spectacle. Is it not a "fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," as a "God of vengeance?" Is it not necessary that we should continually study the precept, "Be ye angry and sin not;" and that, day by day, in humility and prayer, we should seek for the attainment of that spirit which "beareth all things," even the "reproach of the wicked," and which, by "a mild answer, turneth away wrath?" That spirit He only can bestow who exhibited its most perfect example, in that "when he was reviled, he reviled not again."

The widow of this unhappy man survived but a few months, and the children were taken by relations to a distant home, so that I have no knowledge of what became of little Mary, that child of early sorrow. For several years the house was either untenanted or found no abiding inhabitant; for fearful whispers and heart-appalling memorials rendered it a melancholy abode. Even last summer, as I passed it in my way to Matlock, the appearance of desolation prevailed as I remember it in my youth. The sign-post had fallen, the garden was a wilderness, the

doors and fences were in ruin, green moss crept over the damp stone walls, and grew luxuriantly on the crest of the house of Athol which surmounts the entrance ; all around revived the memory of this sad story, and stamped upon this melancholy scene a character like that placed on the brow of the first murderer.

AN EPITAPH.

STRANGER—whoe'er thou art—draw nigh,
Floretta well deserves a sigh ;
For hers were gifts of heart and mind,
We rarely meet with in mankind :

Nor blush to know a *dog* lies here—
Grateful, affectionate, sincere ;
Continuing faithful to the end,
A gentle, humble, constant FRIEND !

Untutored in the school of art,
In life, full well she played her part :
Now, Stranger, scan thyself, and see,
Can this with truth be said of thee ?

S. E. F.

THE ORB OF DAY.

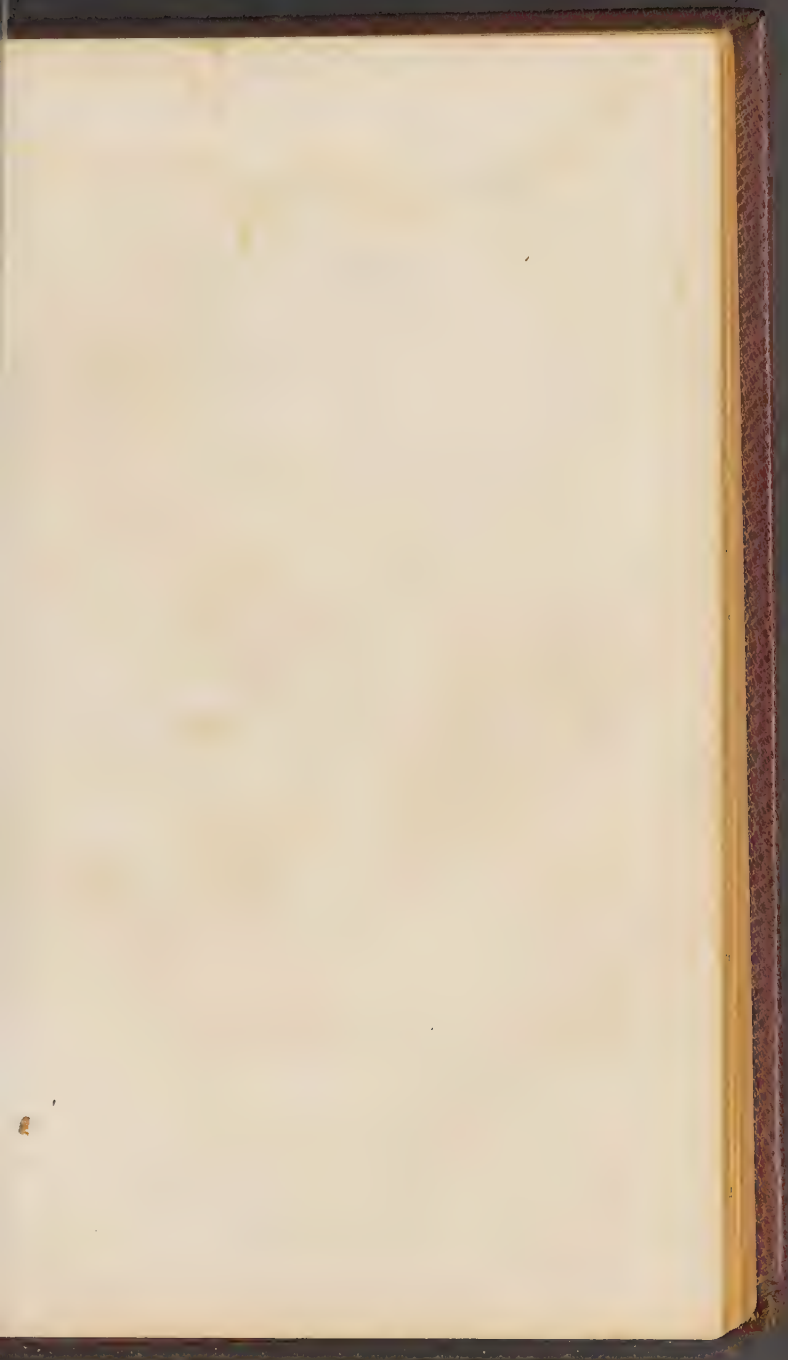
BY JOHN BOWRING.

UNHEEDED by the careless eye
The dial's shadow hastens on ;
Even tho' the dark clouds canopy,
The ever-shining sun.

So GOD's great purposes advance !
So Truth her forward progress keeps,
When man's imperfect, heedless glance,
Deems that she tires or sleeps.

Behind the mists, with quenchless ray,
The great light-giver moves serene ;
And millions bless the orb of day,
While to our view unseen.

He never fails—in love and might
He rises, glorious as he rose
When first he bathed the world in light ;
And blesses as he goes.





Drawn by H. Croft.

Engraved by J. G. Lee.

THE SILENT VOICE

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THE SHIPWRECKED.

BY L. A. H.

THEY rolled above me, the wild waves—

The broken mast I grappled yet ;

My fellow-men had found their graves,

On me another sun had set.

But, merciless, the ocean still

Dash'd me, then calmly round me lay,

To wake another human thrill,

As tyrants torture ere they slay.

But when the foaming breakers rush'd,

And passed o'er me, or bore me high,

Then into circling eddies gush'd,

I struggled—yet I knew not why ;

It was not hope that bade me cling

Still to that only earthly thing,

I knew not then His mercy gave

To keep me level with the wave.

The tempest, when the day was gone,

More fiercely with the night came on ;

But, howling o'er the trackless sea,
Gave neither hope nor fear to me ;
Despair had made me brave my fate,—
To die—thus lone and desolate.
I saw another morning sun,
But yet my struggles were not done :—
A passing billow wafted then
A comrade's body to my side,
Who lately, with his fellow-men,
Had bravely stemmed the dashing tide.
His calm cheek and half-open eye
Betokened that in agony
His spirit had not left him,—he
Seemed as if slumbering on the sea.
I calmly gazed, and without dread,
Upon the dull eye of the dead ;
But when his cold hand touch'd my cheek,
My voice came from me in a shriek :
At mine own voice I gazed around,
'Twas so unlike a human sound ;
But on the waters none were near,
Save the corpse upon its watery bier,
And hungry birds that hovered nigh,
Screaming his sole funeral cry.

My sum of human pangs to fill,
There came a calm—more deathly still,
Because its sullen silence brought
A dull repose that wakened thought.

How my limbs quivered, as the sea
By some less gentle breeze was stirred,
As if I every moment heard
The ocean monsters follow me !
Then came the sun in all his might,
To mock me with his noon-day height :
When the waves lay beneath me long,
I felt his power grow fiercely strong
Above me, and would often dip
My burning brow and parched lip,
To cool them in the fresh'ning wave,
Wishing the waters were my grave.
But oft the sea-bird o'er me flew,
And once it flapped me with its wing :
That I must be its prey I knew,
And smiled at my heart's shivering ;
But yet I could not bear to see
Its yellow beak, or hear its cry
Telling me what I soon must be ;—
I moaned, and wept, and feared to die.

And as the chill wave grew more chill,
The evening breeze became more still,
And, breathing o'er the awful deep,
Had lulled me, and I longed to sleep :
My senses slept, my head bowed low,
The waters splashed beneath, then broke,
Suddenly o'er my aching brow,
With a convulsive start I woke,

And, waking, felt them o'er me float,
While gurgling in my parched throat.

Where'er I drifted with the tide,
My comrade's corpse was by my side.
Still to the broken mast I clung,
At times aside the waves I flung,
All day I struggled hard ; but when
Another and another came,
Weaker and weaker grew my frame,—
I deemed that I was dying then.
My head fell on the wave once more,
And reason left me,—all seemed o'er ;
Yet something I remember now,—
 I knew I gazed upon the sky,
And felt the breeze pass o'er my brow,
 Along the unbroken sea to die ;
And, half with faintness, half with dread,
The spirit that sustained me fled.

There was an eye that watch'd me then,—
 An ear that heard my frequent prayer ;
And God, who trod the unyielding wave,
 When human efforts all were vain,
Ere the death-struggle, came to save,
 And called me back to life again.

* * * * *

I thought that I was yielding life,
To perish in that mortal strife,

And calmly lay along the sea,
That soon would calmly pass o'er me ;
But my clench'd teeth together met,
As if with death I struggled yet—
Then I was stemming it once more ;
 And then again the sea-bird's cry
Was mingling with the billows' roar,
 As I laid down my head to die.

Returning reason came at last,
 And bade returning hope appear :
That remnant of the broken mast,
 And my dead comrade—both were near ;
Not floating o'er the billows now,
 For they had drifted us to land—
And I was saved—I knew not how—
 But felt that an Almighty hand
Had chased the waters from the strand.

Beside the corpse, and by the wave,
 I knelt, and murmured praise to Him,
Who, in the fearful trial, gave
 Strength to the spirit and the limb !

THE FAREWELL SERMON.

FEW amongst the recollections of my earlier years are cherished with a fonder regard than those connected with the retirement of my grandfather from the sacred duties of a profession to which he had devoted himself "mind, body, and estate," for full half a century. His parish, neither extensive or wealthy, embraced within its limits no numerous population; he therefore had not hitherto availed himself of a curate's services: but when it became rumoured that he intended to procure this species of aid, no surprise was excited, for though not decrepit, he was stricken in years. Early in the week it was announced that the "young clergyman" would officiate on the following Sunday. No one imagined that the venerable Rector would preach upon that occasion, still less that he would deliver his Farewell Sermon; yet those who knew him, and had opportunities of observation, could see that he was affected by emotions far beyond what the apparent change in his circumstances might be supposed to occasion. At intervals during the week there would appear in his gait a buoyancy: as he stepped along, he would strike his cane against the ground with an air of success and resolu-

tion, you would be at a loss to say whether he had conquered a difficulty, or shaken off a burden. His demeanour frequently suggested to my mind, that elation and triumph which we may suppose an implicit believer in the infallibility of absolution to experience, when relieved from the onerous responsibility of "manifold sins and transgressions." This, however, was but one side of the picture; its reverse was quite as frequently presented. There the old man might be seen sunk in the tenderest melancholy. The tear would glisten in his yet undimmed eye, especially whenever its glance happened to encounter one "of the younglings of his flock." It soon became evident, that if he were at times elated, it was with a joy on which pain and anxiety intruded their harsh companionship. His lip would quiver and his voice would break, but so deep and solemn was the respect which his character inspired, that none presumed to penetrate the source of his emotions.

Sunday came. The rectory was at a greater distance from the parish-church than such edifices usually are. Our path to it lay by the bank of a stream, whose irregular course, sudden descents, turmoil, and agitation, bore no distant analogy to the current of human existence. The road was travelled on this occasion, not only by the regular church-goers, but by many whom even the fervent remonstrances of the man of God could rarely attract to public worship. The first party by whom we were overtaken, was a young man who had been reclaimed from a condition of mind the most godless, and a course of life

the most dangerous to himself and to society. He had been a smuggler, and appeared, at the moment of which I write, to have just succeeded in persuading one of his quondam companions to accompany him to that place of prayer whose sacred threshold he had never crossed since the bright and sunny days of innocence had been exchanged for the scenes of darkness and of crime, to which the force and spirit and enterprise of his manhood had been perverted. It was with a chastened exultation that the man confirmed in repentance urged forward the footsteps of him on whom the stains of outrage were fresh—of him who, perhaps but the night before, came reeking from deeds of desperation and of blood. His countenance was one which could never justly be charged with being no window to the soul. “Ruffian” and “outlaw” were there so written, that those who ran might read; but “he was not black all over.” The worst of our species have some redeeming qualities to keep them within the pale of humanity; and even so it was with him. The temporary emotions then agitating his breast manifested themselves as strikingly as did the more habitual modes of feeling which went to make up his character; but, however indecision, false shame, or reckless hardness may have struggled, the better spirit was ultimately victorious; and before he reached that spot which a Christian congregation had dedicated to the honour of the Most High, he had so far contended against the power of original sin, and the influence of recent transgression, as to appear, if not a better man, at least a more fit recipient of His doctrines of whom the world was unworthy.

The next addition to our wayfaring company was the family of the most considerable personage in the parish. A steep hill made it necessary for them to alight; and the lady of the manor, after the customary courtesies, began to offer her congratulations on the addition to the social attractions of our village circle, which the arrival of the "young clergyman" led her to anticipate. He was a bachelor—that she had ascertained: he was a gentleman—that she would not permit herself to doubt: he would make one at a quadrille party—that she was sanguine enough to hope. That he loved music, and perhaps had some practical knowledge of it, either for vocal or instrumental purposes, was an expectation she faintly cherished. Even that he might go the length of taking a hand at whist, appeared to her within the scope of possibility. Never was female imagination more actively at work. "You cannot, my dear," said she, "feel surprised that we should look with much solicitude toward any event which promises to disturb the Lethean repose of those most stupid assemblages here, called 'parties.' Don't imagine for a moment that I mean your grandfather the slightest disrespect; his learning, his piety, and his talents, place him far beyond any praises of mine: but those most partial to him, must acknowledge that his 'dancing days are over'—that he cares little for any music except Handel's—that as for card-playing, he is worse than neutral, he is hostile. In short, it must be admitted on all hands that he can do nothing in company but talk; *that* he does marvellously well—occasionally to the delight of the young, and the

edification of the old; but, after all, he has a monstrous cunning way of insensibly beguiling his companions of their lawful week-day topics, and of leading the conversation (always, I acknowledge, with grace and wit and cheerfulness) to subjects for which we might reasonably suppose Sunday was all-sufficient. It would grieve me to the heart if any circumstance should deprive us of his genial presence. All I would hope, is, that a younger and a gayer shepherd may come to aid his declining years in the care of a flock which his paternal affection, piety, and talents, have already made abundantly religious—perhaps ‘righteous overmuch:’ at least, so it appears to my humble apprehension. Doubtless, I might think otherwise but for my occasional trips to London, where, as ‘in France, they order these things better.’ But hush! though I have trespassed so far upon *your* kindness, as to give my tongue this license, yet I must not dare to continue such a strain in the presence of my spoiled child George, who is, I perceive, just behind us, and before whom it would be high treason to utter a syllable in disparagement of one who, after all, is but a mortal.”

“If you mean the Rector,” said the object of her remark, immediately joining us, “I have no objection to plead guilty to the charge of endeavouring to vindicate him ‘in season and out of season.’”

“Doubtless, doubtless,” said his mother, “and much more frequently the latter than the former. Besides that you are very particularly ‘out of season’ on the present occasion.”

“ Oh ! I beg to submit,” he replied, “ that I was merely pleading guilty to a charge of yours—acknowledging a guilt in which I glory. Of all created beings, it is to that venerable old man I owe the most unmeasured gratitude. The influence of violent passions, evil associates, and, more than all, reading, ill-digested and irregularly pursued, brought me not merely to the brink, but plunged me into the gulf of deism. I was without hope or succour : the darkness of death was upon me. I had no principle of action, no bond of affection, no hope of reward. The past history of man was a chaos—a problem, incapable of solution. The thread of my future life, though spun out to three-score years, shrunk into a brief span ; and even that a waste, a blank, a desert, presenting no profitable aim, prompting to no consistent purpose ; while the dread unrevealed eternity suggested nought but the desire of annihilation—instant annihilation, both of body and of soul. From this temporal perdition, the sure forerunner, type, and earnest of that which was to come, did our revered pastor rescue one, who, though unworthy, will never be ungrateful : thence did he rescue me. Day after day, and far into the long night, have we oft pursued our investigations. Those who have never doubted, those into whom the demon of scepticism has never entered, can form not even a faint conception of the learning, the dexterity, and the sweet persuasion with which he—that matchless instrument of Divine Power—can, as though he wielded Ithuriel’s spear, touch and put to instant rout ‘ the whole pride, strength, and circum-

stance' of infidelity. *ME* did he rescue, after weeks and months of unpromising toil: *me* did he reconcile to an offended Creator—furnish with an infallible rule of morals—supply with the means of enjoying every legitimate source of earthly happiness, and of despising every earthly injury: into my existence did he infuse that vivifying spirit which converts life from a penalty into a boon, by disclosing that bright hereafter, without which time is a blank and eternity a terror."

"All that, my dear George, is very eloquent and beautiful; and I am sure I am quite delighted that you have cut those nasty creatures whom I have heard you speak of, Hume, and Hobbes, and Bayle, and Voltaire; and that you do not even associate with them in London, much less bring them to visit us here in the country, as I once feared you might, when you lived so entirely amongst that set."

Though not far from the sea-side, the parish is filled chiefly with an agricultural population, and the district immediately adjoining the church has an air peculiarly rural and primitive, of which the aspect of the sacred edifice itself fully partakes. It is built on what was once the site of an abbey,—a small peninsula, stretching about a quarter of a mile into one of the most limpid sheets of water that perhaps the island of Great Britain contains. To the southward, the great breadth of the lake extends; while to the north, a narrower expanse of water opens, terminated by the base of a mountain, whose triple deco-

ration of wood and heath and snow, gives to the scene "more than painter's fancy e'er embodied." The little peninsula, adorned, not shaded, by wood, contains no edifice but "the house of God;" not a sheepfold, not one stone is laid upon another, with the exception of its grey and ancient walls. On this spot, the loudness with which the leaves rustle, imparts a sense of solitude; but it is to the distinctness with which every ripple of the lake is heard as it breaks upon the pebbly shore, that we owe our full perception of the quiet and seclusion which almost give a holiness to the scene. It was here, then, on the fiftieth anniversary of his induction, one of the most pious men that ever adorned the Christian faith in its high and palmy hours, or ever laid down life amidst its martyrdoms, ascended, for the last time, pulpit steps well worn by his tread, and after a service of most touching solemnity, terminated those toils which had been the joy and the business of his existence. In that venerated fane, around which the companions of his youth lay buried, and within which the protégés of his green old age were assembled,—there, amidst nature's loveliest and grandest features, he bade farewell for ever to all that could interest him on earth.

It was not alone that the congregation was more numerous than usual; but from the moment it became evident that the Rector had risen to preach his last sermon, the demeanour, countenance, I had almost said the character, of every one present appeared to undergo alteration; even the children seemed as it were by sympathy

to comprehend that something deeply affecting was in progress. The East-India Director who "ruralised" with us that season, relinquished his hebdomadal nap. The idle listlessness and affectation of nonchalance which marked our village dandies disappeared. I will not be quite certain that our coquettes gave up the frequent inspection and occasional adjustment of their fineries; but sure I am that the only beauty in the parish was the most devoted listener in the church: however, the less on that topic the better. Dulness was roused into apprehension, and the light-heartedness of youth subdued into tender melancholy,—the torpor of age warmed into enthusiasm, and insensibility itself excited to emotion,—as the gentle and pathetic accents of the meek old man bequeathed to his successor the guardianship of his spiritual children. Of the half-reformed sinner,—of the entirely reprobate outcast,—of the penitent believer, and the yet unconvinced infidel,—of the formalist who practically reduced his religion to cold ceremonials, and the enthusiast who limited vital Christianity to a contempt of every palpable observance;—these were at once the weeds and the flowers in that field which he left for the cultivation of fresh energies, and the reward of youthful enterprise. "And never," continued the benevolent patriarch, addressing his new associate, "never let the stricken deer be overlooked; pour oil into the wounds of the spirit. When sharp afflictions have turned the present and the future into desert dreariness, unclasp 'the book of life,' and revivify the expiring soul."

A murmuring response told how often he had himself been that ministering angel of consolation which his language so faintly shadowed forth.

In strains of which my reminiscences can give no adequate portraiture, did his exhortation proceed. When he came to speak of the dissolution of those ties which had bound him to his congregation for fifty years, the awe-inspiring character of his elocution disappeared. The voice that "could terrify one world with the thunders of another," was low and tremulous. The commanding, venerable presence, instinct with holy fervour, beneath whose sanction virtue would exult, beneath whose frown vice sank in humiliation—all had departed—all had yielded place to womanish tenderness. "I have lived," said he, "to see the work, of which I was a humble instrument, complete, in almost one perfect series. I have lived to see one generation pass away of those committed to my charge—called into the presence of the unknown God in a state, I would fondly hope, of repentance and regeneration; and with shame and humiliation I confess, that poor, erring human nature makes me part, with a pang of bitter reluctance, from the yet uncompleted task of preparing for the world that is to come, those by whom the folds of my departed sheep are now filled; but, alas! it cannot be, and I am culpable in repining. The last melancholy exercise of my sacred trust, is to use the limited influence I possess, that he who is to walk in my traces, with, it may be hoped, a more powerful tread, will nourish the seed which I have been blessed with permission

to sow ; while there is left to my declining years the anxious, but, I trust, not the bootless, task of offering up, day and night, prayers to the throne of the ' Most High,' that in you sins may be forgiven and penitence accepted ; that the grey hairs of the old may not be brought down with sorrow to the grave, or the young snatched off in the fulness of iniquity. I am no longer capable of the high and sacred duties which it has been the pleasure of Heaven to permit me to exercise for so long a period. I cannot commit the crime of holding a station, for which I am unfit. Total and complete is my relinquishment of all that appertains to it. May the healing balm of religion never depart from your ' sojourn in this valley of tears ;' and may the fulness of its blessings be showered on you, when temporal probations have passed away, and the eternal destination of man has commenced. My beloved friends, farewell for ever !"

By a firm effort he mastered his feelings, concluded with the usual prayers, descended from the pulpit, retired to the vestry, and walked out of the church quite in his accustomed manner ; but he had scarcely gotten beyond the porch, when his emotions found vent like an imprisoned torrent, and he wept and sobbed even as a child. We all gathered round him, and kneeling in the open air, received his last benediction, delivered with a pathos of which no art can convey an adequate impression.

Almost instantly the voice of remonstrance was raised. " Why should he think of going away ? It was very well to have the young gentleman to visit the sick in the

long winter nights, to baptize the children, and frequently to preach ; but what had they done, that the Rector should go away ?”

“ My dear children,” he replied, “ I go not from you, until God, in his own good time, shall summon me to a long-protracted reckoning. By ceasing to be your pastor, I become more completely than ever one of yourselves.”

Almost by magic, smiles succeeded to tears ; and as “ the joy in heaven is greater over one sinner that repenteth,” so the recovery, as it were, of him whom they thought lost, was to them a source of greater delight, than if the consciousness of enjoying his presence had never been disturbed.

“ I shall, of course,” said he, “ not continue at the rectory ; but I shall remain in the parish.”

We moved homewards. Without concert, and almost involuntarily, the whole congregation formed a sort of procession, that waited on him to his dwelling, as if to protract the enjoyment that his presence diffused, and to obtain renewed pledges of his intention still to form one of their little community.

D. C. R.

LINES TO A BRAMBLE,

That had spread itself over a little Grotto of the Waters.

BY THOMAS WILKINSON.

How grateful the Muses!—a shrub or a flower,
Or a tree that has risen in some dark, shady bower,
O'er the head of the poet, still grows in his lays,
Waves its branches around, and partakes of his praise :
The oak and the laurel have long been a theme,
And the willow that weeps with its head o'er the stream ;
Through the walks of creation each bard has his tree,
But the Bramble, I trust, is reserved for me.

Thou low, creeping plant, I'm unable to tell
With what pleasure I see thee crawl over my cell !
And thou put'st forth the tendrils so slender and long,
And thou openest thy roses the green leaves among,
And the grass underneath is so tender and green,
That a covering more lovely could hardly be seen.

Then continue each year thus to give thy sweet shade,
Thy favours will still be with kindness repaid;
I will watch thy first shoots, and will tend thee with
care,
As something, kind Bramble! that's lovely and rare;
And thou fruit-bearing shrub, I will call thee my *vine*
And my *grapes*—they shall be these dark clusters of
thine.

Yanwath.

THE FRIEND.

BY J. ROBY.

THERE is a Friend, whose love
Is closer than brother's :
Tender, endearing, 'tis above
E'en fondness like a mother's :
She may forget her suckling's cry,—
His ear attends the feeblest sigh.

On Him thy panting breast,
By care and anguish riven,
Bleeding and torn, hath found its rest,
From other refuge driven ;
And earth, with all its joys and fears,
Hath ceased to bring or smiles or tears.

Morn's dew-enamelled flowers,
The cloud through azure sweeping,
Their brightness owe to sadder hours,
Their calm to storms and weeping ;—
That Friend shall thus each tear illumine—
To forms of glory shape that gloom.

Eve's sapphire cloud hath been
Dark as the brow of sorrow ;
Those dew-pearls wreathed in emerald green,
Once wept a coming morrow ;
But glory sprang o'er earth and sky,
And all was light and ecstasy.

Yon star upon the brow
Of night's grey coronet,
Morn's radiant blush, eve's ruddy glow,
Had yon bright sun ne'er set,—
Were hidden still from mortal sight,
Lost in impenetrable light.

Then should afflictions come,
Dark as the shroud of even,
A thousand glories glitter from
The burning arch of heaven !
Though earth be wrapt in doubt and gloom,
New splendours dawn o'er daylight's tomb.

And who that azure hung
With lamps of living fire?
Who, when the hosts of morning sung,
First listened to their quire?—
The Man of Sorrows, mercy sent—
In heaven the God!—th' Omnipotent!

He is that Friend, whose love
Nor life nor death shall sever;
Eternal as yon throne above,
Unchanged, endures for ever.
What wouldst thou more, frail fabric of the dust—
Omnipotence thy SHIELD—thy REFUGE—TRUST!

DOMESTIC VIRTUE.

SKETCHES,

BY MARY LEADBEATER.*

Few note the virtue that from view retires,
Few prize the worth that every moment sees;
We mark the tempest's rage, the comet's fires,
Forget the shower, the sunshine, and the breeze.

WM. SMYTH.

“THERE is,” (thus writes one of my ingenious young friends,)—“there is a magic enthusiasm in great and exalted acts of virtue, that will more than counterbalance the weakness of the mind. The obstacle is removed, the

* This distinguished and excellent lady (a member of the Society of Friends) died at Ballitore, on the 27th of June, 1826, in her 68th year, shortly after this contribution was received. She was the daughter of Mr. Richard Shackleton, the tutor of Burke. Her several works, particularly the “Cottage Tales,” are highly admired in her native country: but those alone who were fortunate enough to enjoy her society, could appreciate her many valuable qualities of mind and heart.

noble act performed, the sacrifice consummated; weakness and humanity may now resume their empire; the deed is done, and will remain as a proud monument to the eye of admiration. Spectators will not haunt us in our solitude, and pierce through the obscurity in which we hide our weaknesses and failings; but it is there that the mind finds a trial of endless exertion, patience, love. The man who has relieved his fellow-creature in some hour of signal calamity, may wound him unprovoked in his every-day intercourse; for gentleness is a more difficult as well as a more useful virtue than generosity. The mind has too much of a divine origin not to be occasionally capable of sublime flights—momentary flights; and has too much of an earthly nature not to flag and fall to the earth, which it had spurned for a moment.”

Perhaps we have, each of us, felt the truth of these observations, and found it less difficult to perform an exalted action, than to practise that unboasting self-denial, which, through the passing hours of the domestic day, in the constant intercourse with different characters and various tempers, and when new connexions are formed, can keep the steady flame of family love alive, and preserve that equanimity which smooths down asperities, soothes disquietudes, chases dejection, and makes to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

Eleanor married a widower, a man of a convivial temper, who might have been attracted to the tavern by love of company, had not the good temper of his wife, and her attention to his comforts, attached him to home,

and made the cup of tea, partaken with her, supersede less blameless gratifications. His two sons, who were in business in the city, one after another, sickened of consumptions, and successively came to their father's home to experience the tender attentions of their step-mother, and to die. Their sister was now the only surviving child of the family. With her rich relations young Fanny was a favourite, and she spent much of her time with them. They encouraged her in singing, dancing, and dressing; and she was thus disqualified from paying due regard to occupations more serious and more suitable for her. She attracted the affections of a young man, gay and thoughtless as herself, and they married without consent of parents on either side. They had little wherewith to begin the world, and were unskilled in economy. With some difficulty Eleanor prevailed upon her husband to keep them in his house for a year. While they remained there, Fanny bore a son; and when they removed to a house of their own, the kind-hearted Eleanor assisted them in various ways. The young wife became consumptive, and maternal care was exerted in vain. The gay, good-humoured Fanny died. Her son, taken to the bosom of his nominal grandmother, was the consolation of her widowhood. She sent him to school, instilled good principles into his mind, and won his little heart by her unwearied love. His father loved him; but having a family by a second marriage, sought not to deprive Eleanor of her charge. It was a beautiful sight to behold the

attention of the young man to his aged and infirm benefactress—her feeble frame, as she moved along the street, supported by the arm of her affectionate, adopted grandson, while her looks of sensibility and secret exultation demonstrated that she already began to reap the reward of her benevolent solicitude.

Jane was the eldest daughter of a widow who had a large family. She was an active and willing assistant to her mother, who not only instructed her in all domestic concerns, but, by her excellent example and pious precepts, instilled into her daughter's mind the pure principles of genuine religion, which took deep root in so good a soil.

Jane was healthy, strong, and active. She rode remarkably well. Her brothers, being addicted to the diversion of hunting, and fondly attached to their sister, prevailed upon her one morning to join them in their favourite amusement. Several other young females were of the party; but Jane, either better mounted, or having more courage, outdid them all, and was in at the death of the hare. She returned home: the effervescence of her spirits had subsided, and she stood pensive in the presence of her mother. That wise and tender parent read her daughter's heart, and saw that it had condemned this unfeminine exploit. The daughter felt, in the mild gravity of her mother's looks, a reproof more touching than if it had been expressed by severe words. Thus in silence was

pardon sought and granted, and perhaps this was the last time Jane pained her mother by any thing like disobedience.

Jane had a firm and cheerful temper, united to great compassion and generosity; qualifications that fitted her to endure the sorrows which successively fell to her lot by the death of several brothers and sisters. The eldest of the family, a youth who seemed to be all his mother could desire, was killed by a fall from his horse; another died of the small-pox, at a distance from home: and those calamities preying on the susceptible heart of the mother, called forth all the cares and tenderness of her daughter, who struggled with her own feelings to be able, by these cares and this tenderness, to preserve a life so dear, but which she saw was passing away. Repeated offers of marriage could not induce Jane to leave her parent, to whom she was for some years an only daughter; herself and two brothers alone remaining to the amiable matron. The mother died; the daughter's health and spirits sunk beneath this affliction, and consolation superior to any this world could give, alone sustained and cheered her drooping mind. She settled with a relation, near the place of her birth. Three years after the death of her mother, in the space of one month, she lost both her brothers, now in the prime of their age. They left behind them disconsolate widows and children, to whom Jane felt it her duty to offer all the consolation in her power, while her own heart was bleeding, for the paternal and fraternal ties were now torn asunder. They were a family

of mourners ; but the wounds which are not inflicted by ourselves will heal, and the dispensations of Providence, meekly submitted to by the patient, humble mind, are followed by the blessing of resignation.

Jane, now disengaged from domestic cares, was, nevertheless, fully employed : her benevolence and observation had instructed her in the diseases of the human frame, and she became the doctress of the neighbouring poor, for whose use she kept a large assortment of medicines, and to whom she devoted the most part of an ample income. Her attentions were not confined to these : all her friends experienced them, and found her sympathy and assistance consoling and efficient. Thus employed, her mind recovered its usual tone, and in her surviving relatives she found her affection returned, and was comforted. Not only by them, but by all who knew her, was Jane beloved ; for they were conscious that her heart expanded with kindness to all. That heart had another trial to encounter—to share in paying the tender, unavailing attentions which the lingering and fatal illness endured by the father of the family in which she resided, long required before his pure and patient spirit was released from mortality. He was scarcely less dear to her than a brother : her loss and her grief were great ; but she was accustomed to stem the tide of her own sorrows to support others under theirs. The mournful widow and her young family needed the succour of such friendship as affluence could not purchase, and Jane remained with them till the family became dispersed on account of marriages and removals. She then left the

country, to which her habits were conformed, and the scenes associated with early recollections, and took lodgings in a country town some miles distant. Her departure was lamented by all ranks ; but the poor would scarcely let her leave them. A mason offered to build her a house without fee or reward ; and an ancient man, in the hope that at least her bones would rest among them, assured her, that though he was too feeble himself to dig her grave, *he would stand by, and see it properly done*. Another brought a present of potatoes to her lodgings : she thanked him, but determined to pay for them, and accordingly had them weighed : they weighed eight stone. Disappointed in his first intention, the poor man begged her servant to say that they weighed but four, and hoped Jane would not detect the deception. This good woman loves society, and the company of young persons, yet contentedly submits to the solitude of her lodgings, and to deafness ; amusing herself with her needle, or strengthening her mind by the perusal of her Bible, and the works of pious writers ; visiting the sick or afflicted ; receiving her friends with cordial hospitality ; and now, in her 78th year, exposing herself to cold, and fatiguing journeys, in the discharge of those duties which she is called upon to perform.

The pedigree of several persons who once happened to be in company together, being made the topic of conversation, it was inquired of Maria, who was her ancestor ? “ He was,” answered she, “ an Irish Scollogue.” If her

cheerful and unembarrassed reply was heard with a smile, it was the smile of love and approbation, which acknowledged that a rich and generous soil alone could produce fruits of such peculiar and excellent flavour as were enjoyed in the friendship and conversation of Maria. Her ancestor was an Irish farmer, in comfortable circumstances, as the title *Scollogue* denotes. Maria and her sister, industrious, independent, and unassisted, pursued the business of shopkeeping: their integrity, their punctuality, their fair and honourable dealing, gained them sincere respect, and they were even more beloved than respected, because of their total freedom from selfishness; their native politeness, which seemed to receive while it conferred a favour; their quick perception of, and scrupulous attention to, the feelings of others; and their genuine compassion, which gave relief with secrecy and discrimination. Yet a poor woman who knew their family, declared they deserved no credit for their good nature—they could not avoid possessing it—they inherited it from their grandfather and grandmother; and, branching from such a stock, their virtues were hereditary. Prudence, engrafted on this precious stock, was cherished by that high sense of independence, which prevents impositions on generosity, quickens discernment, without contracting the mind. They were very regular and neat in their habits, yet the little children of a friend, their nearest neighbour, were freely admitted at all times to them. They reprov'd their misdemeanours with gentle firmness; while, sensible of their affection, the children fondly loved them. When these

children were indisposed, their mother flew to Maria, depending on her skill, and experiencing the good effect of her judgment. They were her consolers in sickness or sorrow; in her domestic concerns she found them able advisers and willing assistants; but if her gratitude confessed to others what she owed to them, they were grieved, and somewhat displeased, wishing to perform their good acts in secret, and jealous, lest the merit of their friend should suffer through their means. The children seemed a joint stock, and carried with them to maturity the love which attached them to their excellent friends. Thus the two families lived twenty-five years under one roof; they had shared the joys and sorrows of each other, and hoped to descend the hill of life together, when the younger of these worthy maidens sunk into a languishing state of health. Maria, ever attentive to the sick, neglected nothing to restore or comfort her sister; and sometimes oppressed by her fears, again enlivened by hope, she continued her pious offices for six years, with unremitted, with increased attention; while the drooping sister often repressed the expression of her feelings when Maria was present, to avoid rousing the sorrow which the beloved sufferer lamented to witness. She glided gently from this world of trial, and left to her bereaved sister the consolation of reflecting on her virtues, and on her own tender cares.

THE CHANGE.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

My spirit was sad when evening fell
 Around my infant home ;
There was a voice that seemed to tell
 Of griefs that were to come—
Of friends whose parting word should be
A long and last farewell to me—
Of change, forgetfulness, and woe,
Blighting what hearts were left to glow.

I stood—where years before I stood—
 Before that early home ;
The winter's whelming torrent flood,
 Had flung not there its foam ;
Nor there had war, with crimson hand,
Hurled in his wrath the flaming brand ;
Nor pestilence nor famine raved,
Nor tyranny the land enslaved.

But there the hand of time had wrought,
That perishing change on all,
Which leaves but for the brooding thought
The ruin ere the fall ;
Making the heart's deep pulse to be
A warning of eternity,
And love for things of earth to seem
The wasted music of a dream.

The flowers had perished not, but grew
Less floridly and bright ;
They had not that same living hue,
That odorous breath of light,
Which was around them when each stem
Bloomed for the hand that planted them,
And every thing beside was gay,
And full of young sweet health as they.

And there were all the things the eye
Had registered within the breast,
Wearing the same reality,
But not the charm of old possest ;
And where another's eye had seen
But little change in what had been,
To me, time seem'd with quicker tread,
His desolating hand to spread.

My heart had borne the blight and storm,
The toil of many years;
But there was round the darkest form,
That woe or peril wears,
No gloom so deep as that which pressed
Heavily on the aching breast,
When hope its long-sought home surveyed,
And found each home-loved thing decayed.

'Tis not the retrospective glance,
Adown the stream of years,
That makes us scorn the dizzy dance
Of earthly hopes and fears;
It is the change of things we love,
For their sakes who are now above—
The change of things whose forms are wrought
Into that linked chain of thought.

LINES WRITTEN AT EVENING, IN JERPOINT ABBEY.

This noble Abbey is situated on the river Nore, about eight miles distant from Kilkenny. It was founded in 1180, by Donagh Fitz-Patrick, King of Ossory, for Cistersian Monks. Among the mitred abbeys, it was, in wealth, possessions, and architectural splendour, esteemed the fourth in the kingdom. Its extensive and beautiful ruins strikingly attest the justice of this ascribed distinction, as well as irresistibly command the admiration of every beholder. It was suppressed in 1540, and its estate of 1500 acres in demesne land, was granted, with its other estates, to Thomas Butler, tenth Earl of Ormond. The last Lord Abbot was Oliver Grace, one of the descendants of the famous Raymond le Gros, the companion and brother-in-law of Strongbow. This noble family long retained great power and immense property in the Queen's County, and in the county of Kilkenny, where their name and their deeds are still celebrated in the rude lays of the peasantry.

How the earth darkens ! not a day-beam cheers
Its pensive look, or gilds the evening sky ;
While through the gloom, from other worlds, appears
No smile to bid the gathering shadows die.
All is so sadly still ! the cooling breeze,
That from yon mountains their mild freshness bears,
Now breathes not, floating through the blossom'd trees,
To fan the sable garb which nature wears.

No star upon our world's dark curtain beams,
And the moon mounts not her etherial throne,
Where other eyes have seen her sit supreme
In power and brightness, beautifully lone :
While o'er the track of heaven deep clouds advance
And nature sinks into a sullen sleep ;
So like the unearthly stillness of a trance,
From which 'tis luxury to wake and weep.

I gaze where Jerpoint's venerable pile,
Majestic in its ruins, o'er me lowers :
The worm now crawls through each untrodden aisle,
And the bat hides within its time-worn towers.
It was not thus, when in the olden time,
The holy inmates of yon broken wall
Lived free from woes which spring from care or crime,
Those shackles which the grosser world enthrall.
Then, while the setting sun-beams glistened o'er
The earth, arose to heaven the vesper song :
But now the sacred sound is heard no more,
No music floats the dreary aisles along ;
Ne'er from its chancel soars the midnight prayer,—
Its stillness broken by no earthly thing ;
Save when the night-bird wakes the echoes there,
Or the bat flutters its unfeather'd wing.

But mark where yonder dusky clouds roll on,
To cast a darker shade on all below !
Now that the minstrels of the woods are gone,
The stream makes lonely music in its flow.

Thy stream, thou lovely river, thine, sweet Nore !

Flowing, though all around thee feel decay ;

Thy banks, still verdant as in days of yore ;

Through the same plains thy crystal waters stray,
Still through the same untrodden pathway glide

On to the trackless ocean's silver shore,

Till, mingling with the dark and briny tide,

Its clear and taintless nature is no more.—

How like each early hope, each infant thought !

When the young heart, like yonder stream, could stray,

Till from the world its spotless hue has caught

The taint and tinge of sorrow on its way.

O Night ! how many a thing we learn from thee—

Mother of contemplation ! We may gaze

Through thy deep curtains on the Deity,

With eyes unblinded by the sun's bright blaze.

O, nurse of fancy ! on thy spotless wing,

When in thy holy west the day-beam falls,

To happier, brighter worlds, the soul may spring,

And leave the day to its ephemerals.

How oft, when thou wert passing o'er the earth,

And trampling nature's fairest on thy way,

Thy shadows gave my pensive feelings birth,

And I have loved in thy lone hour to stray !

Thy coronet was gemm'd with worlds of light,

By distance soften'd ; and thy sable dress

Was sparkled o'er by orbs, that beamed so bright,

As they were conscious of thy loveliness.

But now it seems as 'twere thy mourning hour,
The dew thou weep'st falls heavily around ;
And nature feels not thy refreshing power,
Give trees their bloom, and verdure to the ground.
Farewell !—all chill and cheerless as thou art ;
Thy clouds hang o'er yon fane, whose fallen state,
How true an emblem of the human heart,
Which, once deserted, soon is desolate !
Farewell !—those relics of the days gone by
Have waken'd feelings which thy shadowy reign
Has called forth into being ; and thy sky,
Though dark, I have not gazed upon in vain.
Farewell !—yon ruined tower and broken wall,
Near which, on many an eve, I've loved to stray,
Teach me, that thus our proudest hopes must fall,
And leave us, time-worn, darkly to decay.

H.

THE LILY OF LORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LABOURS OF IDLENESS."

It is now, I will not say how many years, since I travelled, with a heart as light as my purse, over that romantic wilderness, the land "o' green buchan," the bonnie brave kingdom of Scotland. At this distance of place and time, I have a melancholy pleasure in reviewing, through the dim glass of memory, the scenes I there beheld; in citing up the numberless accidents of flood and fell which occurred to me upon the way; and in mentally picturing the vista of by-gone years, when, in a long perspective, the image of what I then was appears, springing with the elastic foot of youth over the grey rock and purple heather of Cairn Gorm or Ben Nevis. It is one of the few gratifications which a heart charged with sorrow permits me to indulge, that of retracing my wayward steps on an old map, (I have carried it about me ever since,) from town to town, and from shire to shire; to follow myself, as it were, in imagination, over mountains which I once scaled, and rivers which I once forded. In the childishness of my affection for those times, I have

marked down, by a kind of rough graduation, the villages, nay, the very huts where I rested on my journey; the rock upon which I stood, like a statue of wonder, gazing at the sublime prospect beneath, the lonely glen of streams where I wandered while the hours went by. I should be almost ashamed to acknowledge how often I have travelled over this same route at my own fireside; and how often I find myself, with a weakness I cannot restrain, "distinguishing each footstep with a tear," as my pen slowly traces the line of my youthful progress. In my dreams I am often restored to the scenes I love so dearly: I see the craggy hills towering before me; the wild, precipitous ravine opens at my feet; and the deep melody of the mountain stream echoes in my ear. These visionary hours are the happiest I enjoy.

It will be readily surmised, that there are some finer associations than can ever subsist between animate and inanimate things, which bind my thoughts so fondly to the land I speak of. There are; and I proceed to unfold them.

Returning homeward through Argyleshire, I recollected that in this part of the country lived a gentleman, an old and tried friend of my father's. They had been brother-officers, and fought side by side throughout the whole series of wars that desolated Europe about the middle of the last century. To this gentleman, who, like my father, had retired many years from the service, I had carried out a specific letter of introduction from his companion in arms; but I should most probably have neglected to

deliver it, as I had always an insuperable objection to billet myself in this way, if I had not chanced to meet with a slight accident near the village where the person it was addressed to resided. This obliged me to stop for a night at the inn, and my first visiter in the morning was Captain Maclachlan. He had heard there was a stranger laid up at the hostel, with a broken arm, (into which report had magnified a contused shoulder,) and, like the good Samaritan, thought it his duty to attend upon the sufferer, without knowing any thing about him more than his misfortune. In relating the occurrence, I purposely introduced my own name. The old gentleman looked steadfastly at me for a moment, and then, stretching out his hand, said at once—"You are the son of Fred. Worthington?" I replied in the affirmative, at the same time producing my credentials. It is impossible to express the joy that illuminated the benevolent laird's countenance, when he recognized the well-known character of his old comrade. After reading the letter, half aloud, he exclaimed, "Gude sirs! how happy will this make Jeanie and the girls!"—and hastily taking up his hat, insisted on giving immediate orders for my removal to his own house, where his wife and daughters would be "out o' their wits to see the son of his awld Southron friend among the mountains!" Refusal on my part was wholly out of the question: I attempted the usual form of excuse, but Captain Maclachlan did not seem to understand it. In short, before another hour had elapsed, I found myself laid on the old-fashioned settee in the parlour of Fairlie-

house, supported at each side by pillows, and my chin brought conveniently above the leaf of a well-furnished breakfast-table. My kind host, Mrs. Maclachlan, and four comely daughters, sat round the hospitable board, expressing in every look and action their solicitude that I should find myself happy amongst them.

The laird's discourse consisted chiefly of inquiries about the health, appearance, pursuits, et cetera, of his old fellow-soldier; while he interrupted my answers every row and then with a—"Hech! but I am glad to see the boy!"—"Weel! weel! that I should ever live to see his father's son!" and similar exclamations, which I can hardly transcribe. Mrs. Maclachlan spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of my mother, whom she had known in youth, and found out several points of resemblance in our features; though the Captain insisted I was no more like her than a black cock to a turtle-dove, but was the very image of my father. The young ladies ventured a question or two upon the fashions, amusements, and novelties of England. This conversation was followed by a cross-examination from all parties—How long I had been in Scotland?—What I thought of the country?—What stay I intended to make? To the latter question, I replied, that some matters having occurred since I left the South, of which I was apprized by letters, they would oblige me to set out for London the day following. This answer was received by the kind-hearted family with a look which approached to absolute dismay: every voice was raised against it: one would have thought I had pro-

posed leaping into the *Corry-vreacan*, so much horror was depicted on every countenance. The laird himself appeared thunderstruck; his good lady raised her hands, and dropped them twice or thrice on her knees, vowing she had “ne’er heard o’ sic a thing in a’ her born days;” their daughters, with one accord, exclaimed against the project as totally impossible:—“What! would I go without seeing the bonnie glen, and the waterfa’, and the echo-stone, and the tomb of Lord Ronald—all within a mile o’ them?” They then went on to enumerate all the curiosities of the place, mentioning with every circumstance of interest whatever they thought calculated to excite and detain me, each promising me something better than the last, if I would remain amongst them. When all their powers of eloquence and persuasion seemed to be exhausted, and they sat waiting in the deepest anxiety for my ultimatum, which indeed I was somewhat puzzled to give,—Margaret, the youngest girl, suddenly turning to one of her sisters, whispered in her ear, loud enough to be heard by all present (she herself not being of age to state the proposal in form)—“Promise him, if he will stay, to show him the Lily of Lorn.”

“O, gude sirs! ay!”—was the united acclamation; “how did we forget it sae lang? You have never seen the Lily of Lorn! You cannot possibly leave us—you will never forgive yourself if you go—without seeing the Lily!—the wonder—the beauty—the pride of a’ Scotland—the Lily of Lorn!”

I had really determined upon staying, before this latter

inducement (the nature of which, indeed, I did not immediately comprehend) was held out to me. Business, I thought, could wait for a week or two, while I gratified at once the hospitable feelings of these amiable people, and my own inclinations to cultivate a friendship so disinterestedly offered. As soon as I declared my resolution, a joyful light overspread every countenance: I received as many thanks as if I had conferred a serious obligation; and Meg was so praised for her sly hint, that she blushed, and could scarcely hold up her head for an hour after.

I honestly confess, (though it certainly had no part in the resolution I had come to,) that I did feel some curiosity about this Lily, whatever it might be, which they spoke of; and therefore, allowing sufficient time as I thought to intervene, I at length requested an explanation. They all laughed at my question; and seeing that my curiosity was roused, they maliciously withheld all information on the subject. No satisfaction would be given me, but that I should see, on the next evening but one, "the flower o' Scottish land," in all its beauty, at a friend's house in the neighbourhood. Even Meg, whom I asked confidentially the day after to resolve the mystery, only tantalized me the more by pretending to unfold it in a song, with which she danced out of my presence:

The Lily! the Lily! O come and declare
That in Nature's green lap there's nae flower sae fair!
From the tulip sae proud to the daisy sae sma',
Oh! the bonnie sweet Lily's the queen o' them a'!

The Lily! the Lily, to wear in my hand!
 She's the wonder, an' beauty, an' pride o' the land!
 All hearts an' all eyes she is made to enthra',
 And the bonnie sweet Lily's the luv o' us a'!

The Lily! the Lily, to set in my bower!
 Sae modest, sae taintless, sae winsome a flower!
 Were the stars frae the sky to come drapping like snaw,
 Oh! the bonnie sweet Lily wad shine o'er them a'!

The Lily! the Lily, to put on the throne!
 She wad keep us all leal by her beauty alone;
 But 'twere sair for a monarch to tak' her awa',
 For the bonnie sweet Lily's the pride o' us a'!

I could not but suspect what was really the truth; however, the joke was kept up against me till the appointed evening. In the mean time, I had so far recovered from my accident as to be able to stroll about the grounds of Fairlie, which were beautifully wild and varied;—to see the “bonnie glen,” and the “waterfa’,”—both indeed quite as lovely as they had been described.

There was a large assembly at Dinringan Hall. In that thinly-peopled country, where the gentry have so few opportunities of meeting, a party is sure to be well attended. Several persons had come many miles: there was a good deal of beauty, sufficient elegance, and no lack of conversation. On our way hither, I had been tormented more than enough about what I was to see that evening; but when we entered the room, my young friends were too much occupied with the attentions they received or expected, to continue the jest. I, however, had not forgotten it. I do not know why, but I felt that the seeds

of my sweet or bitter fortune were to be sown that night. It was evident to me now what was meant by the "Lily of Lorn," and I continued silently observing every announcement. At one time there was a great noise and rustle on the staircase: my heart beat audibly, and I fixed my eyes on the door. A tall, fashionable girl entered: she was dressed in great splendour, and wore a bonnet of graceful plumes: her features were decidedly handsome. Can this be the Lily of Lorn? It may be so; but for me, she has too much the air of a professed *belle*—a lady to be *toasted* at men-parties, and praised with their dogs and their horses. Ay, it must be so! She was indeed manifestly the victim of her own vanity—the spoilt child of admiration. A great number of young men instantly surrounded her as she made her appearance; and that part of the room which she chose for her place of state and display, was immediately consecrated to vanity and flattery, folly and confusion. All was laughter, compliment, and noise. The centre of attraction appeared to be in high spirits at the court that was paid her: she rallied one, coquetted with another, pouted at a third, and prattled with all. Again I asked myself—And is this the Lily, the "pride o' the land!" the boasted Lily, the beautiful, the "queen" Lily! the "luve o' them a'!"—Tasteless or ignorant people!

Whilst the noise continued, or rather increased, and all attention was employed upon Miss Randolph, (for that I heard was the beauty's name,) I sat discontentedly behind backs, where the room was almost deserted. I

was quite indisposed to join in the senseless merriment that was going forward: my thoughts began to revert to the matters of business which I had imprudently postponed, and I was inwardly meditating how I should with a good grace elude my promise to the Maclachlan family. The servant announced Mrs. and Miss Leslie; but he was not heard by the company, now completely engaged; so the party newly arrived walked into the room silently and unobserved. The genteel, rather wasted form of a lady, whose years might be about thirty-six, leaned upon the arm of a girl apparently half that age, who seemed to love this office of support partly because it enabled her to remain out of view. They advanced near to the crowd, into which the lady peeped with a smile of inquiry, while her daughter stood rather behind her, smiling too, but as if it was only because her mother did so. She looked like a young violet, in the shade of its parent flower. As the idea crossed my mind, one of the outer circle happening to turn round, exclaimed, "Ah! here is the Lily!" The words caught like wildfire; every other sound was mute; every eye was directed to where she stood. A murmur of inexpressible joy ran through the room: nothing was to be heard but—"The Lily!"—"The Lily of Lorn!"—"She is come!"—"She is here!"—"Where? where?"—"There she is!"—"The dear Lily!"—"The pride o' our hearts!"—"Blessing o' Heaven on her beauty!" All the young men seemed to congratulate each other, while, with the utmost anxiety, they endeavoured to see her: those who were nearest looked expect-

tantly but respectfully at her, each waiting until it was his turn to receive her smile, and then retiring with a sigh of content, as he gave place to another. Still more strange, the girls (many of them very beautiful) crowded fondly around her; some of them kissed her, some called her by the endearing title above-mentioned, others greeted her with the most affectionate recognitions—all unreservedly praised her. Even the old people blessed her from the distance, bestowing upon her a thousand amiable superlatives, and recounting her well-known perfections one to the other.

I could not but remark the difference between this reception and that of Miss Randolph. The other was loud, forward, theatrical; this was subdued, devoted, respectful: it passed almost in silence. From the noisiest merriment before the Lily was recognized, the general voice of the company sank into low murmurs of delight and repressed enthusiasm, as if it feared to offend, even by applause. *That* reception might have been the effect of admiration; but *this* was the result of pure affection. The attention paid in the one case was homage—in the other, voluntary love.

To account at once for this marked difference required no great stretch of philosophy. The qualities which engage an interest so deep, and yet so refined, must themselves lie as deep as the heart! Were this girl merely beautiful, thought I, she would only be admired like Miss Randolph; and however she might exceed that lady in personal charms, the admiration paid her would still be

of the same kind. But enthusiasm so pure and so profound, bespeaks in the object of it something of a far, far superior nature to any perfection with which the outward form can be endued. It is not the shrine itself, however beautiful, that excites our veneration, but the spirit within. Nevertheless, that beauty had its share in this matter, was beyond disputation. Mary Leslie was between seventeen and eighteen; her form almost too slight to print the earth, but graceful as it was ethereal. While she stood drooping beside her mother, whose arm was still locked in hers, she put me in mind of a tendril silently winding up its maternal stem, and hanging its sweet head beneath her shelter. The colour of her hair was raven-dark, finely contrasting with the pure and alabaster paleness of her complexion, unstained even by a single tinge of natural rouge to render less applicable her beautiful surname. It was from this resemblance between the human being and the flower, that she was called the Lily of Lorn. Minuter description of her appearance is needless; although, even at this distance of time, I could give it, if required, from the indelible picture in my heart. I will only add, that upon her lip she had a faint but settled smile, which it was impossible to characterize as either gay or melancholy: it seemed at once to declare the sweetness of her mind that would be pleased with all around it, and the seriousness of her thoughts which taught her to look upon all earthly enjoyments as transitory and insecure. This expression generally accorded with that of her sweet, deep-blue eyes: in the variety and

glare of passing objects, they still seemed to look beyond this world and above it, as if inwardly contemplating her final resting-place amid kindred spirits; while in the benignity of her nature, during her confinement to earth, she suffered earth's creatures to approach her.

It may have been some involuntary, perhaps instinctive presentiment of her unworldly destination, which taught her a behaviour calculated to ensure at once the highest degree of respect and devoted attachment from both sexes. A kindred impression, probably as unconscious, seemed to reign throughout the society in which she casually mingled, subduing the ardour of human love into something like the lowliness of adoration. Indeed, the persons who composed this society were manifestly below her even in earthly qualities; they were, for the most part, a homely, plain sort of people, who had no pretensions to any thing much above mediocrity. It was no wonder, therefore, that they exalted this girl into a kind of petty divinity, and considered her as a being of too superior an order for them to insult with a proffer of aught but the most humble and distant affection. Although amongst them, she seemed not to be of them. With all her worshippers, she had not one lover: the feeling with which they regarded her was of quite a different nature from what they indulged towards frail and imperfect creatures like themselves. They would not dare to approach her with so earthly a passion. Their attachment to her was a mingled feeling—something between that which we owe to a saint and that which we have towards a sister. With

so much beauty and so much purity, it was at least to be expected that she would become a general favourite, and obtain within this primitive district (for I do not know that it spread any farther) one of those affectionate surnames which the Scottish people are so fond of bestowing.

Ere I had long continued to speak with her, the secret charm which had produced such wondrous effects upon all who lived within the sphere of its influence, began to unfold itself. Yet it is hard to describe in what it consisted, or how it gradually and unperceivedly stole over the willing senses. It was chiefly due, perhaps, to an inborn sweetness of demeanour, a natural beauty of manner, accompanied with such an exquisite purity of thought and language, as indicated a mind not only perfectly unsullied by a single taint of earth, but, as it were, incapable of being sullied from its hallowed simplicity. Her sentiments were the untaught emanations of an innocent heart; her mode of expressing them, brief and artless. But the grace with which she smiled away her words, the pure, bird-like melody of her voice, and the ineffable benignity which shone like a glory on her brow, bound up the spirits of those who listened and looked, till they thought some vision of a brighter world had descended before them. After all, *goodness*, native, unassuming goodness of disposition, was the source from whence most of these qualities were derived: and as goodness itself is derived from heaven, it infused a spirit of angelicism into all her looks and thoughts and words and actions. This it was which, in spite of the envy of her own sex, and the earthliness of

the other, sanctified her, as it were, from the effects of both, and consecrated her amongst her fellow-mortals.

I was soon like the others. At first, her outward qualities had struck me with admiration; but I now scarcely acknowledged, or at least recollected them: the lustre of her mind threw a halo round her person, and dimmed what it glorified. She stood, as it were, in the sphere of her own brightness, the effulgence of her own spirit; through which the outward form was scarcely discernible, so great was the surrounding splendour. In this way, her personal beauty seemed only to attract observation to her moral loveliness, and then retire behind it. The longer I looked upon her, the less capable I was of seeing her outward form: it faded in the spiritual brilliancy that enshrouded it. I found myself gradually imbibing a purer and less earthly sentiment towards her than personal admiration. As I became more intimate, I felt myself growing more distant; and from wishing to touch that fine and delicate hand, I now almost thought my touch would profane it. The rest of the night passed over in tranquil, but inexpressible joy.

To the letter I had written acquainting my father with my proposed stay in the Highlands, he replied, that the business I spoke of being postponed for some time, I might therefore employ the interval as I liked. Need I say, how I employed it? I felt that I was a better, a happier man, in the presence of Miss Leslie, and there I continually found myself. Wherever she was, she made a kind of sanctity about her, and whilst within that sphere, it was

impossible to indulge a thought, a desire, but what was pure and holy. All the tempestuous emotions of the soul were laid at rest by her majestic serenity ; the heart put off all its unworthy affections, as if endeavouring to conform itself to an example so bright, and to render its worship more acceptable.

In the deep bosom of a mountain glen, about three miles from Fairlie-house, the Leslies resided. They were not originally inhabitants of Lorn ; but after the death of Colonel Leslie, his widow and daughter had retired to this sequestered spot, whether by choice or necessity was unknown and uninquired. Such angelic beauty as the Lily's suddenly descending amongst these wild scenes, inclined the peasantry to think it had " drapt frae heaven : " the beneficence with which they found it accompanied, seemed to confirm the belief. Often, whilst I wandered towards the sanctuary of this secluded excellence, I was an involuntary witness of the estimation in which she was held, and how she deserved it. As her light, aerial form glided through the woody precincts of her own domain, or appeared for a moment amid the rocks and foliage of the glen, the peasant would lean upon his spade, and, in the untaught eloquence of nature, pour forth the rapturous effusions of his heart on her goodness and beauty. As she passed the cottage-door, the gude wife would stop her wheel, and utter a benediction upon her head, that could not but be heard where such prayers are directed. I have often seen her, like the Angel of Hope, standing at the sick bed-side, while she breathed consolation and fortitude

into the soul bowed down by calamity : I have often seen her, like the Angel of Charity, enter a forlorn hovel, where she administered comfort to misery, and raised poverty from despair : I have often, often seen her, like the Angel of Pity, weep at the afflictions she could not relieve, and with the balm of her heavenly tears mitigate the pain of those deep heart-wounds which it was not permitted her to cure. O ! could I then wonder at the love, almost superstitious, with which she was beheld by these people ?

I remember upon one occasion, talking with an old man, who had been “out in 15,” when in the midst of an account he was giving me of the battle of Dumblaine, he broke off with a sudden exclamation—“Ah ! there she gaes ! The bonnie Lily ! May the blight never fa’ on her bosom !” “Ay,” said his wife, “here she comes as lecht as the mist, wi’ her white wimple o’er her snawy cheek ! She’s gaun to awld Dame Spintrie’s, I warrant her, wi’ a bit siller, or some’it to comfort the puir body !” “I’d rather hae her blessing than anither’s bountie,” rejoined Duncan ; “E’en the very gowan she smiles at, springs the sweetest !” Such were the feelings which she inspired. Beauty might have made her the idol of the drawing-room ; but it was only benevolence that could render her the favourite of the people.

An unmerited prepossession of Mrs. Leslie’s in my favour, together with my own inclinations, had almost rendered the chateau in the glen another home to me. One evening I ventured a late and uncereemonious visit. The dews fell sweetly through the yellow beams of the des-

ending sun, upon the green turf. It was a peaceful, a hallowed—I had nearly said, a religious evening; for the heart felt prone, in the solemn beauty of the hour, to acknowledge its satisfaction by thanksgiving and praise. I walked through the ancient hall of the chateau, which being lighted from the top, was now involved in a sombre gloom. The servant informed me that his mistress had not been very well that morning, but that he would acquaint “Miss Lily” with my presence. I could not forbear smiling, even in my present mood, at this surname, which I found had insinuated itself amongst the lower orders, and was uttered with as little consciousness of its being a fictitious, as if it were a real appellation. This was a plain demonstration, however, that it was founded in truth; it never would else have been naturalized so completely. Soon after, I heard her own sweet voice on the stairs, requesting me to walk up. She said that her mother had been ill, but that if I had no objection to see an invalid, they would both feel much pleasure in my company.

I found Mrs. Leslie, who looked very pale and declining, seated on a sick couch at a large oriel window, which shed a dim splendour over the antique room. Upon a desk covered with rich crimson velvet, and supported by a slight tripod-frame, lay the sacred volume, before her daughter’s chair, at the opposite side of the window. The Lily had been engaged in the tenderest of all duties—that of alleviating, by the sweet lessons of comfort and hope, the sufferings of an afflicted parent. It was for such an office that her sainted nature best fitted her: she was des-

tined to be a ministering angel upon earth, and to find her employed in such a function was no more than I expected. In a few words I regretted having disturbed so holy an occupation; and said, that if I had thought my presence would have obliged it to be discontinued, that I should not thus have forced myself upon them. Mrs. Leslie, with a smile, assured me they had already finished their devotions, and that no false ceremony should have persuaded her to omit or curtail them. "But, to show Mr. Worthington," continued she to her daughter, "that his presence would have no such effect as he fears, open the volume, my love, and read another chapter." Without a word, without a shadow of real or affected hesitation in reading before a stranger, Mary Leslie drew the book nearer to her, opened it, and began. The chapter she casually selected was one of those beautiful and impassioned hymns which the inspired lyrist composed to declare the glory of his Maker and his own humility. Her voice, angelically sweet and clear, rose freely as she proceeded, until every tone, as if it came from a golden string, rung deeply in the heart. With one hand upon the sacred page, but her countenance turned towards the throne of mercy, she spoke as from her own breast the sublime poetry, while her uplifted eyes seemed to follow every verse into heaven. At times, I thought she appeared rising from the earth, and that her words were uttered far above me. She ceased, and the seraph became mortal again. I could not help sighing to myself—"No! it is too much! You cannot, should not be left long among us! The beings of a higher sphere

will shortly claim their sister, and we must resign you !”

Does not the reader hope for such a conclusion to this story? Would he not deeply lament, if, in relating it, I were obliged to inform him that so pure a being was condemned to mingle in the low concerns of mortality—to ally its spotlessness with the stained and sullied creatures of earth—to suffer the common-place accidents of human life? What feeling, but that of regret, would possess his bosom, if I were compelled by truth to declare, that the Lily of Lorn had continued to inhabit this world, until all its sweetness had vanished, and all its beauty had gone? For myself, even while I wept unmanly tears at her death, I rejoiced that Heaven had decreed it. Earth was not her place, and she could not be happy upon it.

I had often observed, that, amidst the deepest resignation to her lot, she still pined for the natural home of her spirit. As she beheld her parent waning out of existence, a sigh often escaped her, that she should be left alone in the world. But it was better ordained. Upon my return from England, (where I had been obliged to go, and remain for almost a year, about the matters I spoke of,) I was informed by my friends at Fairlie, that the amiable Mrs. Leslie was fast departing from earth. I went to the chateau, and was admitted to her couch, where she lay in silent expectation of the destined hour. The Lily was sitting beside her. I looked at her cheek: “Ah!” thought I, “the sweetest flower is soonest faded! The bud will die with the parent-blossom!” I was assured of this from the

calm joy that sat in her eye, and the brighter smile of her lip: "Yes!" it seemed to say—"Yes, we shall die together!"—and it was so! As the stem withered, the branch declined. As the deathlike paleness of the matron's brow increased, it was sympathetically reflected in that of the girl. When the one had sunk on the pillow of eternal rest, the other had closed her eyes for ever. They waned as it were by consent; and, like stars which are linked by some mysterious bond together, vanished into the skies at the same moment!

SONNET.

BY MISS MITFORD.

WITHIN my little garden is a flower,
A tuft of flowers, most like a sheaf of corn,
The lilac-blossomed daisy that is born
At Michaelmas, wrought by the gentle power
Of this sweet Autumn into one bright shower
Of blooming beauty—Spring hath nought more fair!
Four sister butterflies inhabit there,
Gay, peaceful creatures! Round that odorous bower
They weave their dance of joy the live-long day,
Seeming to bless the sunshine; and at night
Fold their enamelled wings as if to pray.
Home-loving pretty ones! would that I might
For richer gifts as cheerful tribute pay,
So meet the rising dawn, so hail the parting day.

THE BELL AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The dangerous islet called the Bell Rock, on the coast of Fife, used formerly to be marked only by a Bell, which was so placed as to be swung by the motion of the waves, when the tide rose above the rock. A light-house has since been erected there.

WHEN the tide's billowy swell
Had reached its height,
Then tolled the Rock's lone Bell,
Sternly by night.

Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on,
With fearless breast.

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"LOVEST thou me?" I hear my Saviour say :
Oh ! that my heart had power to answer "Yea ;
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above,
And earth beneath : Thou knowest that I love !"
But 'tis not so ; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love Thee as I ought.
Thy love must give that power, *Thy* love alone ;
There's nothing worthy of Thee but thine own.
Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest *me*,
Shed in my heart abroad, would I love *Thee*.

THE INFLUENCE OF EXÁMPLE.

BY THE REV. J. THORNTON.

“ Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus.”

“ We live more by example than reason.”

EVERY one who has attentively marked the formation of character, will at once acknowledge, that man has been justly called an *imitative creature*. Direct instruction carries less, and example much more weight, than is usually imagined. This is best evinced by observing that plastic period of life, when both the mind and the manners are most yielding and susceptible. “ We are all,” says Mr. Locke, “ especially in youth, a kind of chameleons, that take a tincture from the objects around us.” The words of Seneca have gained the currency of an approved general maxim :—“ Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.”—Your way by precepts is tedi-

ous, by examples short and sure. Were our design to point out the influence which bad company has in vitiating and ensnaring youth, the difficulty would not be so much in finding facts, as in selecting and classifying them. We should be bewildered in the mass of materials, and demonstration itself might wear an air of triteness.

How many, besides Julius Cæsar and Charles XII. of Sweden, have been roused by the story of the Macedonian Madman, to aspire after heroic fame! They can, unmoved, contemplate the earth deluged with torrents of blood and misery, so they may but win and wear the wreaths of conquest. Nor does it rarely happen, that one fierce, daring spirit inflames a multitude, though in prosecuting their wild career, they are chiefly distinguished by petty exploits of mischief and extravagance. Promptitude and energy, when joined with eccentricity, often act with the power of enchantment on the impassioned minds of the young. Schiller's play, called the Robbers, was forbidden the stage in one town, because it was discovered that certain juvenile frequenters of the theatre, had been instigated by it to bind themselves in a secret confederacy to go out into the woods, and live the life of freebooters. Thus we see, that not merely real characters, but fictitious also, which vividly represent them, possess and exert, in no small degree, this powerful species of fascination.

But there are many who have none of the elements of ambition and enterprise in their nature, and of course can never be spurred to daring deeds. True; yet, have they

not other propensities, which expose them to peril in an opposite quarter? Are they not liable to be drawn into the low haunts of gross sensuality? Gay and sprightly triflers first hang out the lure of pleasure on the borders of forbidden ground. Dissipation and luxury, deadly and odious as they are, and from their nature necessarily must be, can assume a fair and tempting exterior, and call the unwary with the softness and melody of a Siren's voice. But it is commonly example which has the greatest force of attraction. Let one crafty decoy lead the way, and a train of dupes eagerly follow to their own ruin. "He," says the eloquent Bishop Taylor, "that means to be temperate, and avoid the crime and dishonour of being a drunkard, must not love to partake of the songs, or bear a part in the foolish scenes of laughter, which distract wisdom, and fright her from the company."

There is a vagueness, a coldness, a bleak and wintry sterility, in the best abstract principles. We always prefer a pattern to a precept; for should both be equally understood, which is seldom the case, they are never both equally felt. "Verbal teaching," says Dr. George Campbell, "when in its highest perfection, comes as far short of good example, even for conveying just ideas of duty, as a verbal description of a man's person to those who never saw him, would fall short of a masterly portrait or statue of him; or as the most elegant account that could be given in words, of the figure, the situation, and the fortifications of a town, would fall short of an accurate map or model of it. And again, if, in order to avoid

some imminent danger, or to attain some valuable end, I must climb a steep and craggy mountain, to appearance inaccessible, or must pursue my way through some lone and dreary desert ; do but show me the print of a human foot, or rather point out others who appear to have successfully engaged in the same arduous enterprise, and I shall sooner be prevailed on to attempt it than by ten thousand arguments."

Adverting again to the years of childhood, the good example of parents has unquestionably the most powerful and benign influence ; and the very endearment and tenderness intimately connected with the relation, are sufficient to account for it. In the subsequent stages of human life, even the recollection of those early impressions thrills the heart with feelings of pleasure, love, and veneration ; and, wakening anew, invest all the objects, scenes, and sentiments of that interesting period, with an exquisite and happy charm. "How often," saith Bishop Hall, "have I blessed the memory of those passages of experimental divinity, which I have heard from the mouth of my mother ! What day did she pass without being much engaged in private devotion ? Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety ; and her life and death were saint-like." Here, indeed, we find the inculcation of principle, and the exhibition of correspondent practice, conjointly touching and affecting the opening faculties of the mind ; but it is easy to see, in the very tenure and cast of the language employed, how much the efficacy of the former depended on the influence of the

latter. Augustine, Hooker, Flavel, Cecil, and many others, have left testimonies in many respects similar to that which has just been recited. These memorials should render Christian parents anxious to present religion to their children in a lovely and engaging form. Where it is not so presented, the creed and the commandments are taught in vain. I recollect reading of a son, who once said to his father, "I have *done* evil, but I have *learned* of you."

Next in importance after parents, must be placed the character and spirit of those guardians and tutors, to whom the education of youth is entrusted. And when such as have this high and arduous duty to perform, possess qualities calculated to create and rivet attachment, what happy effects may be anticipated! The most appropriate instance which occurs to my mind, for illustrating this point, is drawn from the life of the amiable and devout Fenelon. The Duke of Burgundy, when placed under his care, was proud, perverse, irritable, obstinate, and violent. He possessed a good capacity, and discovered a promptitude in acquiring all kinds of knowledge; but the fierceness and turbulence of his passions made him a terror to all around him. The lessons and the life of Fenelon, in a short time effected an extraordinary change in him. His talents were cultivated and improved, his tempers were softened and subdued, and he became not less agreeable as a gentleman, than accomplished as a prince. That much was in this case owing to the wisdom, dignity, candour, and mildness

of his excellent tutor, has been readily admitted by all. Fenelon seems to have had a singular power of conciliating esteem and affection, by exhibiting virtue and piety arrayed in their most winning and attractive charms. Even Lord Peterborough, the sceptical wit, when he lodged with this prelate, was so interested in his conversation, that on his departure he exclaimed, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." But while those who are rising up in life are confessedly much influenced by parents, guardians, and tutors, their characters, for the most part, are still more modified by the companions of their own rank and age. Ductile and pliant, they easily receive impressions; ardent and unsuspecting, they are more ready to pursue a track opened for them, than to strike out one for themselves. Our present concern is not to enter into any philosophical discussion of the cause of this, but merely to state the fact; nor does it appear of any consequence, though some rare exceptions could be produced, while the general principle is established.

From what has been above advanced, we may fairly infer, that it is a matter of the highest moment for all, but particularly the young, to choose those associates whose good character and good conduct have been both well known and well tried. Doubt and uncertainty on this head, ought instantly to check and repress intimacies, though they should not form an absolute bar to all intercourse. Let not this inference from the reasoning of the preceding pages, be branded with the charge of monastic

rigour, or attributed to a system of discipline too elevated and refined to be ever practicable. If the value of good example be once admitted, it is a fair conclusion that we should be incessantly careful in the selection of our acquaintance and friends. To say or insinuate the contrary, is to allow in the gross what is denied in the detail,—to build up with one hand, and pull down with the other.

But grant that friends are to be chosen with due caution and care,—what then? Why, it will fairly follow, that mere personal attractions and showy accomplishments, wit and spirit, humour and vivacity, where a sense of delicacy and propriety is wanting, can set up very slender and inadequate claims to our regard;—that we are not to trust ourselves with persons whose prominent qualities please and fascinate only to ruin and destroy;—and that it is dangerous long to admire what we cannot, on moral grounds, really approve.

But methinks the sprightly votary of pleasure, as yet unentangled in its toils, briskly replies, What then can we do, unless we had some wonder-working instrument, like the spear of Ithuriel, to detect evil at a touch, and make every fiend under a fair disguise, start up in his own likeness in a moment? Such an instrument cannot be found: but a little good sense and consideration, mixed with patience, will serve the purpose, if not so speedily, quite as well. The warnings which age and experience impart, are, at any rate, worthy to be weighed. It is a fact, that young people are apt to be charmed with those qualities

which lie on the surface, which glitter to the eye, or captivate the fancy, without taking time or measures to form any just estimate of those attributes which alone give sterling worth to the character. With more generosity than wisdom, they give an easy credit to what is plausible ; and though assured that counterfeits abound, are usually too impatient and sanguine to apply a test by which they might soon be detected and exposed. If the hints which have been given on this subject are accurate, the choice of fit associates is of incalculable importance to young persons of both sexes. Their principles, their tastes, their tempers, their habits, and pursuits, are all considerably affected and modified by the company they keep.

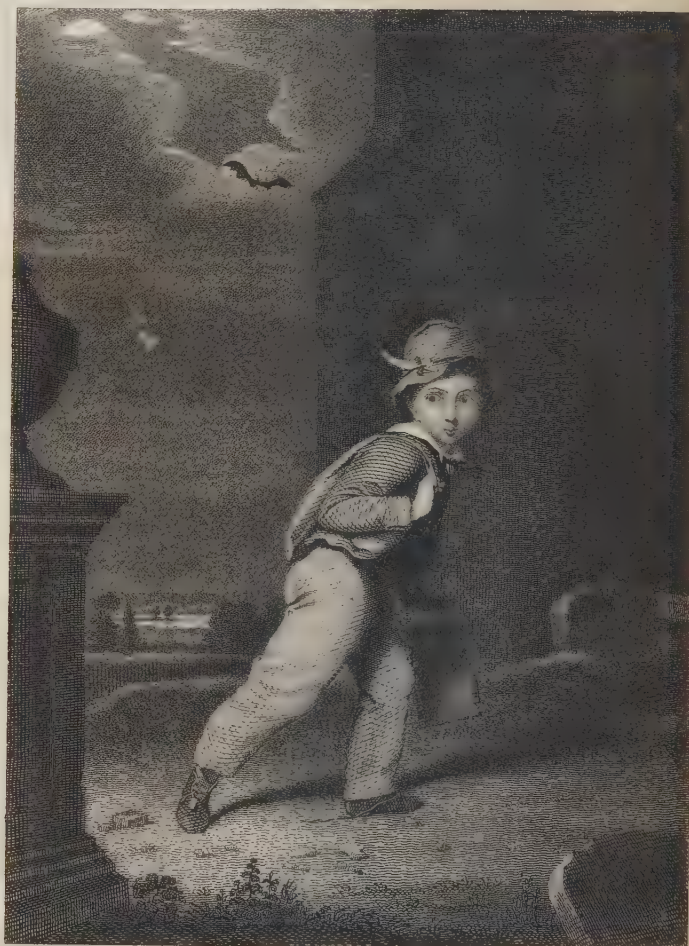
The force of good example exerts an influence over us in books as well as in society, though not perhaps in an equal degree. The position, were it necessary, might easily be sustained by facts ; but few, it may be presumed, will require any formal proof in a matter so evident. Taking the point for granted, there is therefore the same reason for the exercise of a discriminative judgment, and a virtuous delicacy, in fixing the preference we give to books, as to friends. He who actually shuns the company of debauchees and blasphemers, yet can relish or even endure lewdness and blasphemy in the form of a novel or a narrative, has no real love to moral purity. Virtue, with him, is a thing of ceremony and show, of interest and expediency. Some writer has said, " History is philosophy, teaching by example." The assertion would be more correct as applied to biography than to history ; for the latter is too

general to answer the purpose, at least, with equal effect. Biography, wisely chosen, supplies a kind of reading, peculiarly interesting and advantageous. It furnishes the best specimens of excellence in every kind, the choicest products of knowledge and wisdom, virtue and piety, from every soil. Biography affords to young people the means of forming a circle of acquaintance, in every respect unexceptionable. They can converse with these freely, dismiss or recall them at pleasure, without giving offence; receive their counsel and imbibe their spirit, without engendering suspicion, or incurring the charge of servility. "How many pictures of the bravest men," says Cicero, "have the Greek and Roman writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate! These illustrious models I always set before me, and have formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues." But in this age, and Christian country, we have brighter patterns of every thing truly great and good, than the philosopher, whose language we have here repeated, had to boast.

On the other hand, a good man may be instrumental in diffusing the fruits of righteousness, much farther than his most sanguine thoughts had anticipated. Has he genius and intellectual energy? How powerfully he pleads the cause of truth! While the productions of Voltaire or Hume are scattering poison, his efforts are successfully excited to heal and purify. Has he wealth? How wide a surface does he make it to fertilize and cheer! How much pressing misery does he remove—how much positive good communicate! Has he civil authority? The vicious

are repressed, the virtuous encouraged. In a word, while he is intent on supporting the sacred cause of freedom, or of maintaining and promoting, amidst the clamour of prejudice and the rancour of opposition, the claims of justice, of benevolence, and of religion,—his energy, his firmness, his activity, his prudence and perseverance, are kindling in many other bosoms a similar spirit. His light so shines before men, that they see his good works, and glorify God in the day of visitation. If such be the importance attached to example, how ought we to watch and guard our conduct! Property may be lost and recovered; but the influence which character gives, if even weakened and impaired, is seldom restored. What diligence, temperance, and circumspection, are necessary in those who draw many others in their train! Their virtues and graces are strong, in exact proportion as they are bright and fair. To be eminently useful, they must be eminently exemplary. And can we witness a more interesting or animating sight, than a good man finishing the course of life and beneficence, in calm peace and unclouded joy? Like a summer sun, he sinks below the horizon and disappears: but the excellence of his character remains, and sheds a mild and lovely radiance over the whole surrounding scene.





THE SCHOOL BOY

THE SCHOOL-BOY.

THE SCHOOL-BOY had been rambling all the day,
A careless, thoughtless idler, till the night
Came on, and warned him homeward ; then he left
The meadows where the morning had been passed,
Chasing the butterfly, and took the road
Toward the cottage where his mother dwelt :
He had her parting blessing, and she watched
Once more to breathe the welcome to her child,
Who sauntered lazily—ungrateful boy !
Till deeper darkness came o'er sky and earth,
And then he ran, till, almost breathless grown,
He passed within the wicket-gate which led
Into the village church-yard—then he paused,
And earnestly looked round ; for o'er his head
The gloomy cypress waved, and at his feet
Lay the last bed of many a villager.

But on again he pressed with quickened step,
“ Whistling aloud to keep his courage up.”
The bat came flapping by ; the ancient church
Threw its deep shadows o'er the path he trod,
And the boy trembled like the aspen leaf ;

ON THE DEATH OF
HENRY ADDINGTON LECHMERE, Esq.

Who was unfortunately drowned, while bathing, July 30, 1826.

BY THOMAS GENT.

"In the midst of life, we are in death."

SAD illustration of this awful truth
Was thy untimely death, lamented youth !
Cut off, in life's gay prime, when all did seem
One day of sunshine, one eternal dream
Of endless pleasure.—Passion rules the hour,
And o'er the youthful heart retains a power
So strong,—in vain does reason interpose ;
We rarely think *our day so near its close*,
Till sad experience comes, alas ! too late,
And writes in tears of blood some tale of fate.
Be this thy epitaph—thy memory's boast—
That those who knew thee longest, loved thee most.
Thy heart was generous, unsuspecting, free,
Thy spirit noble, as a man's should be ;
Love o'er thy ardent mind held high controul,
But friendship was the mirror of thy soul,
Reflecting truly bright those virtues dear,
Which long shall claim the homage of a tear !

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JOHN LUSCOMBE.

“ I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest !”

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

“ My own sweet home,” thought Charles Lumleigh, as he was whirled rapidly along on the stage coach, “ with what pleasure shall I again return to thee ! and you too, my loved mother and sisters, the pain of my separation from you is amply repaid by the delight I now experience.” The coach here turned a sharp angle of the road, and he strained his eyes in endeavouring to discern the fir-crowned hills of the seat of his forefathers. Fancy vividly painted a few faint specks in the distance, like the woods that encircled his mother’s residence, and the tears started in his eyes as he gazed. He was but eighteen, and had not yet entered into that period of life, when the kind and virtuous feelings of boyhood are silenced by the deceitful

pleasures of man, or lost in the cares and attentions which too often occupy the breasts of the inhabitants of this sinful world.

Charles Lumleigh was, at the time my story commences, returning from the university, where he had kept one term; and had there gained a character of attention and regularity which is often the reverse of that given to students when first released from the fancied thralldom of their parents. From childhood it had been his wish to become a minister of the Protestant Church, and this intention had gradually strengthened as he arrived to maturer years. He was heir to a comfortable fortune and estates, which, by the decease of his father, devolved on him, on his entering his twenty-first year; and in the event of his death before that time, they would become the property of his brother, a lad who had just entered the British Navy. It was not therefore the love of gain which had influenced him, but a sincere and earnest desire to become a promulgator of the Gospel, and the blessed words of eternal life.

The coach had now arrived at the town of D—, which was about two miles from Elmwood, the seat of the Lumleigh family; and leaving his trunk at the inn, he proceeded on foot toward his home. During the few months he had been at Oxford, a visible change had taken place in his appearance: the clear, transparent bloom of youth had fled, and his cheek was ashy pale; his step, no longer swift and firm, was slow and faltering, and his fine form appeared weakened and attenuated by disease. In truth,

he *was* ill, and on this account he had been permitted to return during the time devoted to study; but in his letters to his mother he had slightly mentioned it, and this instance evinced his constant attachment to a beloved parent, in his endeavours to conceal from her the illness that was slowly consuming him. The path to Elmwood lay over a high down for nearly half a mile, and then wound round the side of the hill, by many a picturesque lane and leafy avenue, to the lodge of the Lumleigh residence. Charles was not sorry when he reached the entrance of the pleasant road, which was partly shaded by the young leaves of April. The sun, though early in the spring, shone with fervour, and he felt exhausted by the heat ere he had half crossed the sandy common; but in this cool retreat he felt no alleviation of his fatigue, and from extreme weariness threw himself at the foot of a large oak on the borders of the lane, and in a few moments fell into a broken and uneasy slumber. How long he had slept, he knew not, but the loud barking of a dog awakened him. He hastily unclosed his eyes, and beheld his faithful and attached Cæsar leaping around him, and by various gambols endeavouring to call his attention. He half arose, and extending his hand, the shaggy Newfoundland dog was instantly in his arms, and almost overpowered him with his caresses. At this moment, a sportive laugh reached his ears, and, looking up, he beheld two fair, youthful countenances peeping at him cautiously through the branches of the hedge, and both beaming with sisterly affection. “Dear, dear girls, how long have you been waiting for me? I am

quite ashamed that I should have slept here; but indeed I could not help it," said Charles, as he assisted them to descend the bank. The sisters assured him they had not waited long; but Caroline, the eldest, exclaimed anxiously, "It was wrong, very wrong, dear Charles, to lie on the damp ground; see, the dew still remains on the grass, and you have left the print of your arm on that wet moss. I find," she continued, smiling, "I must watch my careless brother narrowly." The happy trio resumed their walk, beguiling the time, by inquiries and replies respecting the dear inhabitant of Elmwood, which was soon reached, and in the warm embrace of his mother, Charles forgot his laborious studies, and consequent illness.

On the following morning, Mrs. Lumleigh questioned her son about his health, with that minute attention which a tender parent only can feel and describe. Charles strove, as far as he was able, to calm those emotions which it was evident his mother felt, and laughingly pointed to his glowing face, and asked if that savoured of illness. Mrs. Lumleigh shook her head, but did not reply: she knew too well that the crimson hue on his cheek was not that of health, and in spite of her son's remonstrances, a messenger was despatched for a physician from D——. Dr. R. did not arrive until evening, when Charles, who had fatigued himself in rambling through the grounds with his sisters, was stretched languidly on a couch, and vainly endeavouring to sleep, which seemed, when courted, to fly from him. The worthy physician was visibly affected at the sight of his patient, and in a broken voice, after mature reflection,

said, that every attention must be paid him, in order to stay the progress of the disease, which had arrived at an alarming height; then promising to visit him the next day, with a sorrowful heart departed.

Mrs. Lumleigh, who had long known Doctor R., was convinced that he felt more than he expressed; and, with an aching heart, she knelt in fervent prayer to Him who alone can calm the troubled spirit, and heal the wounded breast. She knew that He could raise her child from the bed of sickness, or take him to his own kingdom, and she bowed in resignation to his dispensations, whatever they might be.

A few days had elapsed, and no change had taken place in the disorder of the youthful sufferer; but his mother and all the inhabitants of Elmwood were fearful that he was hastening to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." On the ninth day there was a fearful alteration in his appearance; his eyes were sunk, and scarcely could he be raised in his bed; whilst his deep, hollow, and frequent fits of coughing, were the only sounds that echoed through the mansion. Sleep alone afforded a transient cessation from pain; and during a short slumber Dr. R. visited him. His entrance awoke him, but he continued silent, and listened to the conversation of those around. The voices of the speakers were so low, that he could only hear a few words: this sentence distinctly reached him: "He never can recover; he may linger for some time, though I should think not more than a few weeks." The voice then ceased, and Charles feebly

called to his mother, who, with Dr. R., instantly approached the bed. He extended his hand to the latter, and in a tremulous voice said, "Sir, I thank you for what I have just heard; I will not deceive you, I have not slept, and your assurances that I shall never recover have been listened to with greedy attention by me. I again repeat, I am thankful to you for informing me of my danger. Until now, I had a few faint hopes that I might have lived some years longer. I know I have too fondly clung to this world, when I should have fixed my thoughts on another; but God, in his infinite mercy, will, I trust, forgive the sins of a guilty, erring mortal like myself"—here a severe fit of coughing precluded the possibility of his farther speaking, and he sunk exhausted on the pillow. Still his thoughts returned to the words he at first heard, "Then I *must* die," he mentally exclaimed. "Never again shall I behold the friends of my youth—never, never! Oh, what a sense of dreariness does it convey to my heart!" and a few, a very few tears fell at the idea. "But what am I grieving for? Do I mourn the separation from this world, and the deprivations of its pleasures—its few transient pleasures? No, no! it is not *that* I care for. Wherefore then do I mourn? O God! look down on me, thy guilty creature, and shed the light of thy merciful countenance upon me, to enable me to withstand the temptations that now assail me." This short, though fervent prayer, calmed his perturbation, and he fell into a slumber, which lasted for many hours.

It was late in the evening when he awoke, and softly

withdrawing the curtain, beheld his mother watching by the side of his bed: in her hand she held a watch, and a glass of medicine stood by her. She tenderly raised it to his lips, at the same time saying, "It will do you much good, dear Charles; Dr. R. assures me it will ease the pain that torments you." Her son unhesitatingly swallowed it, and when he had finished it, replied,—“To oblige you, my dearest mother, I will take any thing; but it is all in vain: it is like fanning a few expiring embers, which, though they burn for a time, are quickly quenched, and soon die away.” The soporific draught he had taken he soon felt the influence of, and, with a languid smile, said he could talk no longer. His sleep now lasted until the sun had risen far above the horizon, and shed streams of golden light through the closed shutters of the apartment. Caroline Lumleigh was seated near the bed, and wept tears of unfeigned joy when she heard the cheerful sound of her brother's voice. He spoke now in a clear, firm tone, and expressed a wish to be moved to a sofa in the next apartment; but this request was not deemed prudent to be complied with, until the arrival of Dr. R. Impatiently Charles waited the physician's visit.

At length his well-known step was heard entering the room, and the patient was satisfied at being allowed to quit his bed. Supported by his mother and Dr. R., he was placed on a couch, which was drawn near the open window. It was a beautiful afternoon in May, and the odour of a thousand blossoms stole heavily through the casement. "What a lovely world is this!" exclaimed

Charles, as, resting his head on his mother's bosom, his eyes wandered over the scene; "but its beauties are trifling when compared to those of that heavenly kingdom which I am fast approaching. Nay, do not weep, dearest mother," he continued, as her warm tears fell rapidly on his face; "grieve not for me; I am resigned to die. I did once hope that I might live to be a comfort to you and a friend to my dear sisters; but Henry, I know, will never forget them. In his breast the seeds of virtue have, I trust, taken such deep root, as time will not speedily eradicate. Tell him, from me, as my last request, to remember the doctrines of our blessed Lord; for through the knowledge of his laws, and a desire to walk in his paths, can we alone hope to rise to the life immortal in heaven." He was here interrupted by the entrance of his two sisters. They had been wandering through the grounds, by their brother's wish, to find a few early roses. The invalid received them gratefully; but he soon relapsed into silence, and appeared intently watching the departure of the sun behind the mountains of his native county. When it had sunk from his view, he turned to the dear relatives who sat by him, and said, "I shall never see that bright luminary rise again. Death approaches; but I do not tremble. My sisters, I have a very foolish wish, still I know it will be gratified; it is, that you place a rose upon my grave, whilst they remain in bloom. And now, farewell! Bless you—bless you all!"—A faint smile illumed his lips, which moved as if in prayer;—they were soon stilled—the blissful soul had fled!

For nearly half a century, a cluster of blushing roses were, during the summer months, thrown across the urn that marked the grave of Charles Lumleigh; but the flowers themselves, and the hand that placed them, are returned to dust, like him who sleeps beneath the sod.

Combe Royal, Devon.

SONNET TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

MAIDEN! the blooms of happiness surround thee;
The world's bright side, like thy young visions fair,
Gay and unclouded, smile in raptures round thee,
With joys unconscious of encroaching care;
The poesy of life hath sweetly found thee—
Ah! would thy sunshine had no clouds to share,
And the young flowers with which her joys have crowned
thee,
Would they were dreams as lasting as they're fair.
But Nature, Maiden, hath its winter;—Care,
Or more or less, in ambush waits to wound thee.
Then cheat thy gentle heart with no frail token
From witching Hope—far better joys pursue;
I know her closest bonds are easy broken,
And feel the picture I have drawn too true.

JOHN CLARE.

ODE TO THE RUINS OF ITALICA.

[From the Spanish of Rioja.]

FABIO ! these plains, so desolate and drear,
And this antique rude hill, was once renowned
Italica the Glad ! Established here
Was Scipio's conquering colony. Look round :
Nought now but crumbling fragments strew the ground ;
Fallen lies the pomp of her feared wall, the last
Sole piteous relic of her people, classed
With gods in war ! What trophies now but tombs
Survive their memories, 'midst whose ivied glooms
Shades of high title wander ? This lone plain
Was once a square,—a temple towered on that,—
Of both, the dim foundations scarce remain :
The sumptuous baths are ashes ; every gust
Whirls them away with the gymnasium's dust ;

And towers that mocked the storm in haughty state,
Have long since sunk beneath their own vast weight !

This shattered amphitheatre, that rose
In impious gratitude to gods, whose shame
The odious elder and rank weed proclaim,
Now to a tragic stage transfigured, shows
A fairy fable—a romance. How grand
Was once its glory, and how absolute
Its ruin is ! How wild a waste of sand
Fills its void circus ! Whence the loud salute
Of multitudes ascended, glides the brute
To its accustomed lair.
But where's the naked gladiator ?—where
The mighty wrestler ? Vanished ! and the hymn
Of joyous crowds is changed for silence dim.
Yet here, e'en here, fierce Time exhibits still
Scenes that with such amaze the spirit fill,
That, whilst the present awes the gaze, it hears
Voices of sorrow breathed from by-gone years !

Here was that bolt of battle born to Rome,
The father of his country, pride of Spain,
Trajan, the happy and the good ! to whom
The mute earth bowed, rejoicing in his chain,
From the sun's eastern cradle to his grave
In the far West, beyond the Gadite wave.
The ivory cradles that but yesterday
Rocked Theodosius at his birth asleep,

Adrian and Silius, now are worn away,
And o'er the spot funereal ivies weep.
Of roses, laurels, and sweet jasmines then
Gay looked the gardens, where the dead morass
Now stagnates, and the gadding brambles creep :
The palace built for Cæsar, lies, alas !
Roofless, and wide o'er capital and frieze
The lively lizard suns itself at ease :—
Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are fled,
And even the stones on which their names were
read !

Fabio, if yet thou weep'st not, cast thine eye
Down those void streets, these shattered marbles
mark—

Column, proud statue, and triumphal arc,
Hurled down by Nemesis the strong, to lie
Where deep unwhispering silence and chill gloom
Their lords of old celebrity entomb.
Even thus I figure, in her storied fall,
Troy the divine, e'en thus her heaven-built wall
Rent like a garment ; and thus thee, proud Rome,
Land of brave heroes and great kings, to whom
Scarce the name stays ; and thus I picture thee,
Whom equal laws availed not, darling pile
Of Pallas, wisdom-loving Athens !—ye
Were yesterday the envy of all states ;
To-day—woe, woe the while—
Ashes and mighty solitudes !—the Fates

Reverenced you not, nor aught availed you then—
Athens, thy sophists ! Rome, thy mailed men !

But why should fancy rove so far to seek
Fresh food for sorrow, better furnished here ?
This less example will suffice to speak
Of wail and weeping : to her sight appear
Still on this haunted ground the smoke, the blaze,
Altar, and victim ; still hoarse accents drear,
Breathed by its Genius, people all the place
With hoary tales and superstitions gray :
The neighbouring shepherds oft at midnight hear
A mournful, melancholy voice, that cries—
“ Fallen is Italica ! ” — “ Italica ! ”
The weeping echo of the wood replies,
“ Fallen is Italica ! ” and sad, they say,
The name of fair Italica o’erthrown,
’Midst the lone ruins wakes the hollow groan
Of thousand shades illustrious, till their fears
And holy horror yield to pitying tears.

Forlorn Italica ! this cypress crown,
Which as a grateful visiter I owe
Thy sacred manes, to thy past renown
I consecrate with weeping : so may’st thou,
For the funereal ashes in whose praise
This sweet scene’s mournful elegy I raise,
Receive the pious tribute I bestow ;
For my fond complaints kind usury allow :

Grant me to see Geruncio the divine,
Thy martyr's holy bones ; ah ! show some sign
Of his dear tomb, and I with pious pride
Will strew with tears and flowers the rocks that hide
His blest sarcophagus ! But no, my prayer
Asks the sole solace which thou shouldst not spare,—
The only bliss stern Fate would not destroy.
His lovely relics and thine own enjoy,
For the world's envy, and respect of all
Who, like me, visit, to deplore your fall !

W.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary."

ST. MATTHEW, Chap. xiv. Ver. 24.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, Be still!

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood,—
Oh ! send thy Spirit forth in power,
O'er our dark souls to brood !

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil,—
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say,—Peace, be still !

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

WHEN the French Revolution broke out in 1789, I had just completed my 21st year, and left the academic bowers of Cambridge to travel for a few years over the Continent. Proud of being a native of the only free country in Europe, my mind full of the early deeds of Greece and Rome, and my imagination seduced by visions of ideal perfection and happiness, I hailed with transport what I then conceived the first dawn of liberty in France, and giving up all thought of travelling farther, immediately set off for Paris, there to watch and study the mighty workings of a people I had pictured to myself as shaking off, by one sudden and sublime effort, the rivetted chains of despotism and ignorance.

The numerous letters of introduction I was furnished with, procured me an admittance into the best society, and I had full opportunities of becoming acquainted with the feelings of the different parties which then divided the capital. The majority of the nobility and clergy I saw were panic-struck. The incredulous derision with which

they treated the first demonstrations of public feeling, soon gave way to that abject fear and fatal irresolution which marked their conduct during all the stages of the Revolution; injudiciously making a faint resistance one day, and the next giving up every thing as lost, when a moderate and cheerful compliance in the beginning, joined to a becoming and dignified firmness, would have preserved them against farther encroachments. The minority, consisting mostly of men who, in the old "regime," would have lived out their luxurious and useless life unnoticed, now courted popularity and fame at the expense of their privileges: yet a few were sincere. Some of the "haute noblesse" felt real, not affected, sorrow for the situation of their monarch, and did not cloak, under an hypocritical zeal for the throne, their regret at losing those oppressive privileges which they had looked upon as theirs by divine and unalienable right. They boldly rallied round their king, and with praiseworthy, though ill-judged warmth, hurried him and his family into measures which proved their ruin. Many, on the other hand, joined the ranks of the people from a heart-felt love for liberty. Some of these it was my good fortune to know. With anxiety have I watched their brilliant, but short and stormy, career; beheld them the idol, then the scorn of the mob; generously sacrificing distinctions and fortune at the altar of liberty, and then polluting it with their blood. But none excited in me such sympathy as the young Count Eugène St. George. I met him first at the house of one of the leading members of the Constituent Assembly, where I heard him exposing, with all the force of truth and

eloquence, the abuses of government, tracing despotism through all its stages, and firing every bosom with the flame which burnt in his own.

Since that time 36 years have rolled over my head, and left traces of their passage. The changes which I have seen, and the vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, have sobered my feelings; but though made much wiser now by sad experience, I must say that never, no, not even in the days of my childhood, under the shade of the paternal roof, did I spend such a delightful year. The visions of my youth were about to be realized; I saw a great nation happy and free, possessed with new powers; I saw all France, as I thought, uniting with one soul to lay the eternal foundation of future prosperity. In this feverish state of existence, I forgot parents, friends, and country, and drank deep of the intoxicating cup that threw a whole people into a frantic and delirious joy. But that happiness was short as it was vivid. I saw my friend become one of the leaders of the popular party, and enjoyed his triumph as if it had been my own. But soon the bright perspective we had conjured up began to lower: division, ambition, and party-spirit, soon undermined the fairy fabric which was to have stood for ages. But why repeat what I wish I could forget for ever. Three years passed away, and the next saw the king of France a prisoner, and his life at the mercy of an infuriated and misled mob. My friend made a last and noble, but unavailing, effort to save him; he pourtrayed with almost prophetic spirit, the evils which threatened his country, the days of

error and blood which were to follow; but the yells of blood-thirsty monsters drowned his voice.

The king's blood was shed on the scaffold, and soon after the prisons closed upon his defenders. My friend was shut up in St. Pelasgie; there I saw him still burning with the same love for his country, but a profound sadness filled his heart, and having lost all hope of being the restorer of liberty, he only aspired to the glory of being one of her martyrs.

Around him I met the men I had once admired in the brilliant circles of Paris. With them I spent many a sadly pleasing hour, and sometimes almost forgot we were in a prison. But they dropped off one after another. Eugène's turn came, and he was subjected to the mockery of an ignominious trial in the very hall where his name had once been repeated with peals of applause.— He spoke, and for a moment, the manly tones of his voice, his powerful appeal to the better feelings of the multitude around him, seemed to awe his judges and suspend his fate. But it was only for a moment. He heard his condemnation with indifference, and gathering up all his energy into one last burst of eloquence, he drew a terrific picture of the reign of anarchy and blood which had blasted all the hopes of liberty, and made his country desolate: for now he became in his turn a judge,—he denounced to the sanguinary tyrants of France the signal retribution which awaited them, and vowed them to the execration of posterity, and to the vengeance of God, whose altars they had overthrown.

I went to the prison early the next morning: he received me with a cheerful look. "I have now paid my debt to my country," said he, "and I die content. I now see my error. The French were not made for liberty. May they soon repent, and return to those wise institutions and wholesome political restraints, without which anarchy will ever reign under the name of freedom, and deluge the land with blood. I have long expected my fate, and might have avoided it by seeking a refuge in England; but I could not live out of my country. Go, leave this guilty, this unhappy land: return to your own country: my only regret in dying is, not to have made mine what yours is—great, glorious, and free."

It was the custom, during those unhappy times, when a victim was to be executed, for all the inmates of the prison to meet, and endeavour to forget, in the festivity of a banquet, the fate of the friend they were about to lose, and the uncertainty of their own. The gloomy walls of the prison were now decked with flowers, and a large table was covered with the few luxuries which the avarice of the jailer had been bribed to procure. Eugène was seated at the head of the table. It was affecting to see those prisoners, of every age and sex and station, all striving, by delicate and affectionate attentions, to cheer the last hours of his existence. In spite of their situation, the national vivacity burst through the clouds of sorrow, and their pale and furrowed cheeks were illuminated by transient beams of gladness. Instead of a funereal repast, it seemed as if a feast was celebrating to

welcome the return of a dear and long-lost friend. Sallies of wit, songs, and music, made the hours fly quickly, in a manner inconceivable to those who have not been eye-witnesses of the recklessness of death which the victims of the Revolution unhappily almost always manifested.

The hour of separation came. Eugène, who had till then been the life of the party, and whose vivacity had at times betrayed even me, an Englishman, into a momentary forgetfulness of his impending fate, assumed the air of meek resignation which became such a moment. He bade farewell to all with affection, gave a few commissions, distributed some money among the servants and surly turnkeys, who forgot for awhile the brutal cant of the patriots of the day, and sobbed aloud as he stepped into the condemned cart. I asked and obtained leave from the municipal officer to accompany him. I endeavoured to imitate the cheerful look of resignation of my friend, and to check my tears till he should no longer be there to witness them ; but a trial severer than death awaited him. We had just left the prison, when we heard the shrieks of a female struggling in the midst of a troop of men and women, who, in their own coarse but well meaning way, endeavoured to quiet and console her. But, bursting loose from their hands, and rushing to the cart, she sprung upon it, and clung to St. George. It was his sister. She had left Paris to go to England, hoping her brother would soon follow her. He had often said to me, that the thought that by this time the sole surviving relic of his house was safe, had taken away all the bitterness

of death. But she heard that her brother had been arrested ; she flew back to Paris, and having vainly applied at the prison for admission, she had, with the resolution of despair, waited for several days, watching for her brother, near the gate, at the hour when the condemned cart usually went to the place of execution. That day she had as usual placed herself there, and recognising her brother, she had rushed toward him, and now clung convulsively to him.

So unexpected an interruption to the gloomy silence which usually reigned during these processions, softened the rugged features of the soldiers. The women too, who seemed to have preserved of the feelings of their sex none but a susceptibility of instinctive and sudden bursts of sensibility, often expressed in a coarse but energetic language, now took her part, saying, that though she was the sister of an enemy of the people, she was too young and too beautiful to go to the guillotine.

St. George gazed upon the lovely form of his sister, who had almost fainted in his arms ; all his fortitude forsook him, and, sobbing like a child, he entreated those around him to take her off. They attempted to pull her away ; but she clung to the cart with the energy of despair, and then throwing herself in the mud at the feet of the sordid wretches who composed the escort, she embraced their knees :—" Oh ! save him ! save him !" she cried ; " but no ! his fate is fixed : then let me die with him !" The municipal officer told her, she could

not be guillotined, as she had not committed any crime. "Then," said she, "I will force you to let me die with him," and she immediately filled the air with cries of "Vive le roi!" At this detested name, the momentary interest she had excited, vanished. She was loaded with the most revolting abuse by the same degraded women who before had taken her part. The melancholy procession again moved on. She threw her arm round her brother's neck, with a look which a stranger to the scene might have mistaken for that of joy.

In those days of terror, Paris presented the aspect of a large city rendered desolate by some dire pestilence, or deserted by its inhabitants. Every window, every shop was closed on the way to the guillotine. No sound was heard; no being was seen to disturb, by the noise of his steps, the death-like stillness of those forsaken streets. The appalling silence was interrupted only by the ferocious and abandoned creatures who daily attended, with curses and execrations, the victims to the scene of their last suffering. These now thronged round the cart, and with savage joy insulted the prisoners as they, one by one, ascended the steps which led to the scaffold. One of these monsters spit in the face of St. George's sister, and rudely tore off the handkerchief which covered her neck. A faint blush passed over her pale features: she turned to the woman, and, with a smile of angelic sweetness, said to her, "My good woman, insult me if you will; but do not expose my person: give me back the

handkerchief." The fury was awed by her mild dignity, and, without saying a word, replaced the shawl on her shoulders.

When all the prisoners were on the scaffold, they embraced each other. St. George wrung my hand in silence: his sister gracefully presented to me hers, which I pressed to my heart. A film came over my sight—I saw no more: but Oh! that sound!—methinks I hear it still; it was that of the axe which terminated their existence. I heard no more, but felt myself covered with their blood. I grew dizzy, and reeled back with horror, and should have fallen, had not a soldier, more humane than the rest, supported me. A flood of tears came at last to my relief,—I recovered the consciousness of my situation,—I flew away from that horrible spectacle, and the next day quitted for ever a land where Liberty was outraged by every sort of crime committed in her name.

T. E. S.

Ballitore.

SKETCH OF AN EVENING SCENE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

The summer breeze is hushed—the light waves sleep
On the smooth bosom of the silent deep ;
Its boundless flood expanding far and free,
Meet symbol of a blest eternity !
Bathed in the lustre of the sinking beam,
Far as mine eye can reach, the waters gleam,
Unnumbered dyes of ever-changing hue,
Still intermingling with the clear sea-blue ;
There the sweet sapphire's violet hues are seen,
The pure resplendence of the emerald green ;
And there the amethyst's pale purple glows,
The ruby there, a flood of crimson, flows.
Ah ! who could deem, amidst so soft a scene,
That storms could ever vex that sea serene,
Pure as the prayer of infancy, and mild
As the calm slumber of a sleeping child ?

Mark where the waning orb, with golden fire,
Hath tinged the hamlet's lightly tapering spire,
And through the grove of dark sepulchral yew,
Showers broken sunbeams on the flowers that strew
The fresh green sod, and there spontaneous shed
Their native fragrance o'er the rustic dead.
Here pause to ponder o'er the grey grave-stone,
And in the doom of others, read thine own :
Yon lowly mound, which sad affection rears,
And hallows with the sacrifice of tears,
Is all that points where youth or beauty's bloom
Rests in the drear recesses of the tomb—
Sleeps the deep sleep, where all that charmed before
Is known no longer, and beloved no more.
Yet hush, pale mourner ! cease thy frantic prayer,
To share *his* grave, whose heart thou canst not share ;
If all in vain the sun of nature glows,
To break the torpor of that chill repose,
A brighter Sun diviner beams shall shed,
Pierce the dull tomb, and burst upon the dead.
To light and life the slumberer then shall start,
Fire in his eye, and rapture in his heart,
And soar on seraph wing to realms more fair :
Live as *he* lived, and thou shalt meet him there.

Now the broad sun declining, slowly dips
Beneath th' horizon, in a last eclipse,
As if he longed to rest his burning head
On the cool pillow of his ocean bed ;

The clouds that wandered o'er the expanse of heaven,
By the light breeze in fair disorder driven,
Their canopy of brightness round him fling,
A last due homagè to their parting king.
As if reluctant to resign his sway,
A moment lingering ere he fades away,
He beams his bright farewell o'er ocean's breast,
Eludes the straining gaze, and sinks to rest.
So pass thy glories, Earth : like that pure ray,
Art, valour, genius; dazzle and decay.
And while again that radiant sun shall rise,
And re-assume the sceptre of the skies,
Thou, short-lived man ! thy dream of splendour o'er,
Shalt sink and set—to rise on earth no more.

THE CAPTIVES' SONG.

Paraphrased from the 137th Psalm.

BY HENRY NEELE.

We sat us down by Babel's streams,
And dreamed soul-saddening memory's dreams ;
And dark thoughts o'er our spirits crept
Of Sion—and we wept, we wept !
Our harps upon the willows hung,
Silent, and tuneless, and unstrung ;
For they who wrought our pains and wrongs,
Ask'd us for Sion's pleasant songs.

How can we sing Jehovah's praise
To those who Bäl's altars raise ?
How warble Judah's free-born hymns,
With Babel's fetters on our limbs ?
How chaunt thy lays, dear Father-land,
To strangers on a foreign strand ?
Ah, no ! we'll bear grief's keenest sting,
But dare not Sion's anthems sing.

Place us where Sharon's roses blow ;
Place us where Siloe's waters flow ;
Place us on Lebanon, that waves
Its cedars o'er our fathers' graves ;
Place us upon that holy mount,
Where stands the temple, gleams the fount ;
And love and joy shall loose our tongues,
To warble's Sion's pleasant songs.

If I should e'er, earth's fairest gem,
Forget thee, O Jerusalem !
May my right hand forget its skill
To wake the slumbering lyre at will !
If from my heart, e'en when most gay,
Thy memory e'er should fade away,
May my tongue rest within my head,
Mute as the voices of the dead !

Remember, O remember, Lord,
In that day Edom's race abhorred ;
When once again o'er Salem's towers,
The sun of joy its radiance pours,
Forget not them whose hateful cry
Rose loud and fiendlike to the sky,—
“ Be that unholy city crushed,
Raze, raze it even to the dust ! ”

Daughter of Babylon, the hour
Is coming that shall bow thy power,
The Persian sword shall make thee groan,
The Mede shall fill Belshazzar's throne :
Blest shall he be who bids thee sip
The cup thou held'st to Salem's lip,
And mocks thee, weeping o'er the stones
Red with thy children's bleeding bones.

THE LARK.

SEE how the lark ascends on high,
And tunes his little throat to pay
His tribute to the morning sky,
His welcome to the orb of day.

The dews fall lightly on his wings,
And all their soothing influence shed ;
And Nature hails him as he sings,
While rising from her mountain bed.

May joy like yonder lark's be mine,
The joy of heart that knows not sorrow ;
Reposing with the day's decline,
And gaily waking with the morrow.

G. S.

VISIT TO AN IRISH CABIN.

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys.—”

GRAY.

THOSE who have never visited Ireland, can scarcely form a correct idea of an Irish cabin. To me, an Englishman, born and educated in one of the most plentiful and happy counties of my country, there appeared so vast a difference between the cottages to which I had been accustomed, and those that came under my notice during a recent visit to the sister land, that for a time I could scarcely conceive it possible for comfort or contentment to dwell within their walls. But there exists no evil without its counterbalancing good; and the inhabitants of those clay-built huts have many sources of enjoyment to make amends for the distresses and difficulties that press with peculiar hardship upon them. Education, and—what is of such vital importance—*religious* education, is rapidly increasing among this light-hearted, unreflecting people,

and until their amusements become more rational, we may be well satisfied that they remain harmless.

About thirty miles to the west of Cork, is a beautiful and romantic glen, called "The Leap," which in the history of the county has long been remarkable. It was of old, and is still, in some degree, the boundary between the savage and the civilized; for the adage even yet retains its force—"Beyond the Leap, beyond the Law." For the space of two miles along the valley, one side of the road is shadowed by a thick forest of oak, forming a strange but pleasing contrast to the high and barren hills which rise upon the other; and after passing the bridge, situated at the extremity of the dell, the traveller is instantly struck by the wildness that increases at every step. But, wild as it appears, it has its peculiar charm; and though, over a plain of miles in extent, little is to be seen but bogs and morasses, yet it is so interspersed with numerous lakes, some of them highly picturesque, that, to the eye of the poet, or a painter, the prospect must be one of interest, if not of beauty; and the political economist only would exclaim, "all is barren!" To the traveller, its charm is heightened by the change from the gloom of the dark forest; while a few broken relics of some old castles, o'er parts of which

"The plough has passed, or weeds have grown,"
serve as a relief to the sameness of the view, and afford subjects for meditation as he travels onwards. In the distance, he beholds the high hills rising above the valley in rude magnificence; with here and there a little culti-

vated spot, on which its smoke only enables him to distinguish the clay-built cottage from the rocks around it. Those hills are overlooked by mountains, whose summits are hid in clouds.

A road to the left, toward the sea coast, leads to the village of Glandore; but it is little better than a footpath, totally impassable to carriages of every description, and dangerous even to horses. The way, however, is not altogether cheerless, for, on one side, Brade, and the beautiful demesne of Lord Kingston; and on the other, the old mansion and rookery of Castle Jane, give a pleasing and romantic cast to the landscape; while the river is seen at intervals, between the thick wood that slopes from the road to the shore. In a valley, surrounded on all sides by high, but well cultivated hills, is situated the village, consisting of a number of straggling cottages built along the strand, with the potato garden behind each, and fronted by the dunghill, formed as a sort of wall on either side the door. It was evening when I first approached it; an evening in Autumn, and the sun was setting in all its splendour, an image of that Eternal, whom, though we cannot gaze upon, we feel. The villagers were assembling to pass it, according to their frequent custom, when the labours of the day are over: and I had to encounter the inquisitive gaze of many a country lass, sitting at her cabin door, folding her tresses, and arranging her rustic finery, in preparation for the evening dance. A countryman, who, if he were not going my way, made it his, addressed me with—"It's a fine evening, your honor, God bless it!"

This blessing is the general accompaniment of the Irish, to every thing they admire, or wish to be admired. I have frequently heard it bestowed on things animate and inanimate,—and “that’s a fine cow, God bless it!” or “it’s a beautiful tree, God bless it!” are constant and favourite expressions. My companion, for he became so, was an old and weather-beaten sailor, who had visited one half the globe, and knew something of the other: he seemed not a little vain of his superiority over his fellow-villagers; and it was with some difficulty I prevailed upon him to forget the Esquimaux and the Hottentots, and to leave St. Lawrence, and the Table Mountain, for the Glandore hill and river. At length in his own dialect, half seaman, and half rustic, he commenced his account of the neighbouring villas, and their inhabitants, and continued to point out to me the attractive scenes, as we walked along. “Do you see that house upon the hill yonder? That’s Mr. R.’s. Oh! he’s a hard man to the poor: ’tis a bad life his tenants have of it: I’d as live be a slave in an Algee rover; and I was once, and by the same token I’ll remember it to my death. We fought hard, but they shot away our jib-boom, and so took us. And that little island that runs away from the shore, like the deserters at Madeira,—that’s Mr. M.’s,—that is, it isn’t now, for he’s dead, and the only land that’s left him is in the church-yard, fore’nent you. Och! it’s he was the good man in his day, any how! Never a cratur pass’d his door without the bit and the sup, barring the guager, the blackguard that tuck his potheen, and kilt his illegant little bit of a

mare: Oh wisha! every bad luck to him for that same. Look at that ould castle upon the grey rock; that's Mr. O.'s; him that wrote a will, and made his dead uncle put his name on it, by holding the corpse's hand; and then he swore he had life in him at the time; and troth so he had, for he put a live worm in the dead man's mouth. And that house in the glen yonder, that's the Clargyman's; with sixteen Protestants in his rich parish; never a one more!"

By this time we had reached the middle of the village; and my companion, thinking it now necessary for me to give some account of myself, were it but in gratitude for his confidence and communications, questioned and cross-questioned me, though to no purpose. After having borne patiently the examination of my companion like a shrewd witness before a long-headed barrister, who thinks before he opens his lips, and never replies until he has well conned his answer, I pointed toward one of the cottages, round the door of which, a number of the peasantry were assembled, and asked him what was doing there. "It's the *pattern*, your honour. May be your honour would like to see the gossoons dancing; and sure now there'll be many a nate girl and boy tripping it there, when blind Jerry, the piper, that's on the hill yonder, is to the fore." We advanced toward the house,—it was the village tavern, over the door of which was a large sign, with a grim figure of Saint Patrick, mitred and clad in his robes, bearing a cross in one hand, and a book in the other: before him were toads and serpents, in abundance, creeping out of the

way of his curse, while one or two, more courageous than the rest, had ventured to turn round and hiss at the holy man who was thus dispossessing them of their territory.

We entered the cabin, and the attention of the company was divided between the strange gentleman, and Jerry the blind piper, who arrived at the same moment; the squeaking sound of his music, as he filled the bellows of his pipes, immediately set the party in motion. A stranger never requires an introduction, and is always sure of a welcome. A seat was handed to me, and I accepted the invitation—"will your honour be pleased to sit down?" "Its little the likes of us has to give your honour," said a sturdy, rough fellow, the owner of the house; "but the quality likes the mountain dew, as they call it, and here it is, nate and beautiful, sure enough." Some whiskey punch accompanied the recommendation, in a sort of mutilated tumbler, tied round the top, (which a large crack made necessary,) by a piece of tarred string: "It isn't the best glass, but it's the largest, sir," said the man who presented it to me, and added with a wink and a smile, "your honour isn't an officer?"—thus sufficiently intimating that the liquor had paid no duty to the king. I had now leisure to make my remarks on the group around me; they were principally gazing on the four dancers, and, by a "well done, Paddy!" or, an "illigantly danced, Judy!" applauding the endeavours of the young peasants, who certainly footed it with all their hearts. Among the lookers on, the old people, of whom there were but few

present, only had seats ; the rest were either standing, or sitting cross-legged around the ring. The room was crowded ; and I never saw a more apparently happy group ; for there was not a single countenance among them that bore any traits of care.

The evening was like one of those green and fertilized spots on their barren mountains, which appears more beautiful and more cheering because of the surrounding gloom ; and I felt, that if the Irish peasantry did not at times enjoy such, their lot would be indeed one of wretchedness and misery.

While the merry villagers were thus engaged, a man burst into the room, exclaiming, "The ould ferry-boat is gone down, and they're all lost!" The music instantly ceased, and the whole party hurried toward the shore ; where we found that the boat had indeed gone down, but that the passengers were not all lost. On the beach, men and women were running, and eagerly asking intelligence of all they met, each fearing to hear of a husband or a brother among the victims ; while the joy of those who clasped their faint and dripping relatives, was scarcely less agonizing than the fearful anxiety of those who as yet knew not the fate of their own friends. I soon saw my former companion, and his wet clothes witnessed for him that he had not been idle ; three times he had plunged into the waves, and as often had he returned bearing a fellow-being from the waters. Others had exerted themselves with equal success ; and one only of the hapless party was

brought lifeless to the land. A few drops of blood issued from a wound on the temple of the young man; and he must have received a fatal blow when the boat upset. To the house where, but a few minutes before, they had been so gay and happy, the party returned, slowly and mournfully following the body of him who had been thus cut off in the April of his days. It was dark; but I heard deep sobs from the midst of the crowd; and I knew he was not the only being to be wept for. The corpse was laid on a table in the room where the dance had so lately been; and there were two female figures standing beside it—the mother and sister of the dead youth. The young girl was moaning and weeping bitterly; while the crowd stood sorrowfully by. One of them tried to sooth her, with “Mary, Mary dear! ’tis God’s will!” She turned toward the man who had spoken, and pointed to the body: then with the action of frenzy, she shook the pale corpse, shrieking, “Tom! Tom dear! why won’t ye wake? Oh, wake, wake!” and she fell senseless on the floor. The noise roused the mother, who had been wiping off the chill damp and the drops of blood that still oozed from the forehead. Her sorrow was “too deep for tears.” “I tell ye, Mary, he’s dead!” she murmured, when she heard her daughter’s voice, “and will never wake again!” And she bent listlessly over the body, while her hand was laid upon his pale brow; and she muttered, as if unconscious of the presence of any except her dead child, “You were a good son, agra! how like his father he is

now, when I saw him last, before they put him in his cold grave!—What'll Mary do when I'm gone? God be with her! and him that's dead, him that's a corpse before me, and I not by, with my blessing for him!" Most of the villagers had left the scene of sorrow, and, as I saw that those who remained were all the young man's relatives and friends, I departed also, with an aching heart, to reflect on the melancholy close of the evening of gaiety and joy; and, once more, to bear testimony to the truth of the words of the poet—that pleasure and happiness are, too often, but

"The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"

L. A. H.

THE GREEN OF THE DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LABOURS OF IDLENESS," &c.

'Tis a green spot of time in the even-tide, when,
The sleepy-head flowers are winking,
And the cuckoo's sweet hiccuping down in the glen,
Tells of the dew she's been drinking.

When the blackbird is filling the reed in his throat,
The wood-nun her vespers beginning;
And the hedge-piping wren with her minikin note,
Sings to the housewife a-spinning.

When the silver-wing'd bee from his travels return'd,
What tale he shall tell, hummeth over;
What sights he has seen and what facts he has learn'd
While abroad he has been, and a rover.

Then to lean o'er the stile, and look down o'er the meads,
Where the woods in wet sun-beams are smoking,
And the quarrelsome crows are all making their beds,
And cawing, and craving, and croaking.

Now they settle, and swing in their hammocks so high,
Safe as halcyons sleep, and as quiet;
Till a friend steals a straw,—when up! up! and the sky
Is all wings, and the wood is all riot.

Down again, and to rest. — But the petulant stream
Murmurs on, murmurs on its wild journey;
And the gnats sparkling swift thro' the rich yellow beam,
Buzz as bright by your cheek as they'd burn ye.

Gentle Eye comes apace—gentle eye with a veil
Dew-besteep'd, that falls balm in a shower,
If its grey fleecy folds are but puffed by the gale
That would scarce move the wing of a flower.

O 'tis sweet to the heart, and 'tis sweet to the ear,
At this hour of tired Nature's reposing,
The hush that runs o'er the wide woodland to hear
As her dim dusky eyelids are closing.

No roar from the valley, no moan from the grove,
No noise that the noon-season numbers;
But a low stilly sound, such as Psyche's own Love
Might fan from his wings o'er her slumbers.

ON A DOVE,

Flying into a village church, and alighting on the pulpit, just as the Clergyman was announcing a Sermon to be preached for the benefit of Missions.

WELCOME, soft messenger of peace !
Let Faith and Hope the omen hail ;
The moral deluge soon shall cease,
And Truth's eternal Rock prevail.

'Twas thine with new-born hopes to fill
The sad survivors of a world ;
And Fancy 'mid thy plumage still
Sees the bright arch of heaven unfurled.

Shrouded in *thee* from mortal sight,
The Spirit hallowed Jordan's tide,
When with the sinner's healing rite,
The sinless Son of God complied.

'Twas on thy rushing pinions sped,
The same all-conqu'ring Spirit came,
When wond'ring thousands saw with dread
The mystic tongues of living flame.

Who then shall blame, if Fancy seize
A presage hallowed by the sky,
When, wafted on the joyous breeze,
The Spirit's type thus meets her eye?

She marks it, with confiding wing,
Settle on Truth's immortal shrine;
While hosts unseen of angels sing—
“The nations, Lord! shall yet be thine.”

S.

ON FRENCH OATHS.

[Written in the Year 1815.]

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

AMONG the many baneful effects of the French Revolution, the disregard of oaths which it has produced in France, is the most deplorable. On every new revolution there was a new oath. This seems to have been the grand resource of their politicians, the favourite amusement of their populace, till at last the words "*I swear—We swear!*" repeated so frequently by the French on every change of government, or caprice of political fashion, have lost all power, all use, all meaning. In the Champ de Mars, at the commencement of the Revolution, at what they called the Grand Federation, they took an oath to be faithful to their constitution and their king. How this oath was kept, we too well remember! Then a new oath was taken to the Directory, another to the Consulate, another to the Emperor—to the great Emperor of the French, and to the little King of Rome! When Bo-

naparte was defeated and dethroned, and Louis the Eighteenth—Louis le desiré, returned, fresh oaths were eagerly sworn to their legitimate sovereign, and he was hailed as the best of kings; and to all the Bourbons fidelity was vowed voluntarily and vehemently. But no sooner did Bonaparte return from Elba, than all their oaths, though made with the most theatric enthusiasm, the most tremendous adjurations, were all violated and forgotten. Those very persons who had sworn to devote themselves to die in defence of their lawful sovereign—to stand to him to the last—to spill the last drop of their blood in proof of their loyalty—deserted him at his utmost need. Princes, dukes, marshals, senators, soldiers, all hurried to give a new oath of fidelity to Napoleon; and now the emperor himself has been called upon to take an oath of adherence to the constitution, and Bonaparte swears to Carnot, and Carnot to Bonaparte, and the whole nation resolve to act the old disgusting farce over again. “Because of swearing, the land mourneth,” said the prophet; but the Parisians find that because of swearing the land rejoiceth. Formerly they all swore on the Champ de Mars, and now they have all sworn on the Champ de Mai; and, according to their own fulsome phraseology, “they that day presented a scene truly touching—they formed a grand and imposing spectacle for the stranger and for all Europe.”—Yes, on the Champ de Mai, at a fête at the Champs Elysées, in the midst of princes and monarchs, and belles, and beaux, and eagles, and flowers, and amphitheatres, and booths, and fountains flowing

with wine, and orchestras for music, and stages for singers, and stages for dancers, and stages for amusing philosophy, and feats of horsemanship, and rockets, and balloons, and combustibles, and confectionary, and pâtés, and pullets, and sausages, and geese, and turkeys, and soaped ropes, and Merry Andrews,—the united people interrupted their emperor's speech with cries of—"We swear!"—cries of "We swear!" a thousand times repeated,—cries universally prolonged of "We swear!" resounded throughout the assembly; and the great nation have sworn by all that is absurd and by all that is sacred,—by that honour which is dearer to Frenchmen than their lives,—by that liberty which they never knew how to use,—by that English constitution which none of them ever understood,—by that God in whom few of them believe. All this would be ridiculous, if it were not abominable. It is truly abominable to see a nation, even of our enemies, so degraded. There is no word but a word of their own invention, that can describe their condition: *demoralized*, thank Heaven! is a word scarcely understood in England. It describes a situation hardly to be comprehended by Englishmen. To the people of France, an oath has lost its sanctity, and with its sanctity, its power and its utility. It is no longer awful as an appeal to Heaven: it is no longer binding as a contract between men: it is no longer useful as the bond of society; that great bond is broken and gone.

The good and the wise in France—(that there are both, we believe: we do not, with vulgar prejudice, involve

the whole in the folly and guilt of a part of a nation)—the good and wise in France feel as strongly as we can do, the disgrace and peril of the situation to which their country is reduced ; peril greater than the perils of war—disgrace to which no foreign enemy, no defeat in arts or arms, could have reduced any country—from which no victory, no triumph, can in our days redeem their people as to the past, or secure them as to the future. The want of national morality and national religion—the want of the grand social security of an oath—cannot be repaired by armies, nor by battles, nor by edicts, nor by constitutions, nor by the wish or will of any man, or set of men, upon earth. The belief of the truth of asseveration, no human power can impose on the mind. The violation of the sanctity of oaths cannot be forgotten at pleasure ; nor can the last solemnity of an oath be suddenly restored by any ceremonies or by any form of words. When once the people have been taught, as the French people have been taught, by notorious precedent and frequent example, to think lightly of perjury, what can afterward touch their conscience ?—what shall restrain their conduct ?—what can ensure respect to any laws, or fidelity to any government ? This generation must pass away,—a new generation, better educated, with principles of virtue and religion, must be formed,—before there can be hope or security for public faith or social order and happiness in France. And years must pass away, and examples of stability of principles—of regard to their political engagements—must be given to the neighbouring nations, before

France can, with them, re-establish her national character.

At this moment, we ask—and we ask the question not in the spirit of reproach or reviling—Is there any country in the civilized world, who would willingly change national character with France? Would England?—would Ireland? Would any Englishman—would any Irishman accept for his country all the treasures which France has been permitted to accumulate in her days of conquest?—the far-famed Venetian horses, the Apollo, the Venus, or all the statues and all the pictures which her rapine could wrest from the despoiled countries of Europe—would he accept of them all, upon condition that England should take with them the disgrace which France has brought upon her national character, or stand the hazard of that peril, political and social, moral and religious, which she has incurred? Every Briton would, we believe, scorn the offer, and ask or feel, “What are all these? Baubles, compared with our reputation for good faith, our integrity, our moral and religious character, the real strength and security of a nation.” Long may such be the warm feeling, and, better far, the steady principle of our countrymen! And that it may be, let us strengthen our respect, our reverence for oaths, by all the combined powers of education, law, opinion, and, above all, religious observance.

To contribute somewhat to this great effect, is in the power of every individual in this country, whatever his fortune or his poverty, his rank or his humble situation

may be: for the poorest man in the land may show his respect for an oath, and support that respect by his example, as well as the richest: he has temptations which the rich have not: he has opportunities which the rich have seldom: his evidence, for or against his neighbour, is, in this country and these times, frequently called for. Much rests upon a poor man's oath.

The violation, the invasion of an oath, is, if possible, more criminal, more disgraceful, the better the education; the higher the means of information, the greater, the safer the opportunities of fraud enjoyed by the individual. Let this consciousness press, in public and private, strongly upon those, in whatever rank of life, who are called upon to take what are called oaths of office—custom-house oaths—oaths of form even. Let all consider, that mental reservation in taking an oath, is fraud to man and falsehood to God;—that it is in vain that they try to excuse themselves in this sacrifice of principle to interest: their conscience will upbraid them—the small, still voice will be heard. In vain they screen themselves from the temporal obloquy, by a quibble, or the construction of words—by pleading custom, or looking to numbers who share and countenance the guilt. There must be no paltering with an oath. The example of the strictness of integrity, in taking and abiding by oaths of office, would in every country—in this country of Ireland—be of more efficacy, more real advantage to the good order and prosperity of the kingdom, than any who are accustomed to merely fiscal calculations, than all who

are not habituated to large, moral, and political views, can possibly believe or comprehend.

But it is not only to those who take oaths—rich or poor, high or low—whom we should most anxiously adjure upon this important subject: when we spoke of guarding our reverence for oaths by law and institution, we looked to those who form the institutions and who frame the laws of our country. Let them consider well the importance of their task—the responsibility of their situation. Instead of multiplying restriction upon restriction—penalty upon penalty—oath upon oath—let them so legislate as to avoid, as far as possible, holding out to the poor the temptation, the opportunity for evasion or fraud. Let them consider, that multiplying oaths is multiplying, certainly, the possibility, and too frequently the probability, of perjury. Let them consider, that the respect for an oath is necessarily diminished by their frequency;—that their power is inversely as their number;—that their solemnity is lost, if they are brought down from the high to the low concerns of life;—and that it is well worthy of the legislator and the moralist—perhaps also of the financier and the politician—to sacrifice even excise to morality, and revenue to religion!

RESOLVES.

BY L. E. L.

GLIDE thou gentle river on,
But not until I write on thee,
Much of changed, much of good,
That henceforward I will be.
By thy swift and silver stream,
Prayers and blessings will I send,
On to yonder glorious haven,
Where I see thy waters blend.
Careless river, thou hast lost
All I trusted to thy wave ;
All my best intents, and hopes,
In thy depths have found a grave.
Thus it is the waves of time,
Bear the heart's resolves away,
Useless all, and life's best part
Thus becomes the spoiler's prey.
Woe for man's weak foolishness,
Playing thus the infant's part ;
Writing that upon the wave,
Which he should grave on his heart.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARAH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.

“ And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink ?

“ And he cried unto the Lord ; and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.”—Exod. xv. 23—25.

WHERE is the tree the prophet threw

Into the bitter wave ?

Left it no scion where it grew,

The thirsting soul to save ?

Hath Nature lost the hidden power

Its precious foliage shed ?

Is there no distant eastern bower,

With such sweet leaves o’erspread ?

Nay, wherefore ask ?—since gifts are ours,
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with showers
Of Heaven's own balmy dew.

Oh ! mingled with the cup of grief,
Let faith's deep spirit be,
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that blest healing tree !

ZION'S DAUGHTERS.

BY J. ROBY.

DARK as the bounding waters
When storm-clouds o'er them roll,
The face of Zion's Daughters
Reflects the storm-swept soul.

But light is sown in sadness,
And hope with anxious fears ;
Yon clouds shall break in gladness,
And doubts dissolve in tears.

STANZAS.

BY H. C. DEAKIN.

IF yonder radiant sphere of bliss,
To which the eye oft turns at even,
Yon glorious sphere that smiles on this,
Be where young seraphs gaze on heaven,—
O waft me on some starry wing,
That I may view that world above ;
With beauteous seraphs joyous sing,
In one rich, boundless burst of love !

O bear me to those “ cloud capt towers,”
That ceaselessly my soul invite,
Where time impedes not, and the hours
Are burning with excess of light ;
For I would quit this gentle earth,
And wander to yon sky divine :
Ah ! happy is a seraph’s birth,
To worship from so pure a shrine !

Ye unseen spirits, who around
Me float like dew beneath the stars,
O let me hear the angelic sound,
Which thus my fevered soul unbars ;
O waft me there on wings of fire,
Such as to blessed ones are given,
That I may, with that seraph choir,
Exalt my strains with theirs to heaven !

PERISHING BEAUTY.

BY MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

AH ! boast thee not of thy beautiful eye,
And its lustre of languishing blue ;
For know, the beam of its brightness must die,
As the flower that is lost to the view.

Ah ! boast thee not of thy beautiful hair,
As in ringlets it falls on thy breast ;
For its auburn tints one sad doom must share
With the leaves of the forest at rest.

But boast of thy soul in purity bright,
As at first from thy Maker 'twas given ;
'Tis the only flower can survive the night
Of death, to awaken in heaven.





THE FAMILIES OF RAILROADS.

THE CHILDREN OF RAVENDALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DUKE OF MANTUA."

"I'LL go no further. Old Hildebrand has some dirty matters on his hands, that he wants to thrust into our fingers. A bad business quits best at the beginning. If once we get into the middle, it were as well to go on, as come back; like Old Dobbs, when he swam half way through the mill-pond, and then, being faint-hearted, swam back again."

"Look thee, Anthony, thou art a precious ass; thou wouldst be a wit without brains, and a rogue, aye, a very wicked and unconditional rogue, without courage. Tut, that same cowardly rogue, of all villains, is verily the worst. Your liquorish cat, skulking, and scared with a windle-straw, is always the biggest thief, and has the cruellest paws, for all her demure looks, and her plausible condescensions.—Come on."

"I don't care for thy jeers, Michael."

"What! thy beast riding at anchor already? 'Tis well, I shall on to Ravendale Castle with all speed, if 'twere

only to inform one Hildebrand Wentworth of this sudden qualm. Likewise, I may peradventure remember to tell him of another little qualm, once upon a time thou wast taken with, at the sight of a score of his fat beeves: a little bit of choice roguery played off upon him by honest Anthony with the tender conscience. Look to it, comrade, he shall know of this, before thou canst convey thy cowardly carcase out of his clutches. An it be thou goest forward, mum! Backward—Hah! have I caught thee, my pretty bird?"

At the conclusion of this speech, with the malice of a fiend urging on his hesitating victim to the commission of some loathed act of folly or of crime, the speaker lashed his unwilling companion's beast into a furious gallop, and they were soon threading the intricate mazes across part of that vast chain of moorlands and forests, which, long ago, skirted the northern boundaries between York and Lancaster.

The horsemen were evidently of that dubious class, named "Knights of the Post,"—highwaymen, deer-stealers, or cattle-harriers; all and every of which occupation, they occasionally followed.

The present owner of Ravendale Castle, whom it appears they had beforetime befriended in virtue of these several callings, had sent for them in haste, having occasion to employ them, it might seem, in some business relative to their profession.

For some hours they travelled with considerable speed. Day was just brightening in the east, as, emerging from

a more than usual intricacy of path, they pushed through a thick and overhanging archway of boughs. Suddenly a green knoll presented itself, sloping gently toward a narrow rivulet. Beyond, a dark and partially fortified mansion stood before them. Here and there, a turret-shaped chamber, lifting its mural crown above the rest, rose clear and erect against the glowing sky, now rapidly displacing the grey hues of the morning. The narrow embrasures, sharp and beautifully distinct, but black as their own grim recesses, stood in solemn contrast with the light and flickering vapours from behind, breaking into all the gorgeous tints betokening a heavy and lurid atmosphere.

The two horsemen crossed a narrow bridge, and the clattering of their hoofs was soon heard in the court-yard of Ravendale Castle. They had evidently been for some time expected.

“So, masters, if it had not pleased your betters to have built so many hostels and roosting places on the road, I might have been snug in my bed-linen four hours ago, I’m a thinking.”

The personage who thus accosted them, was dressed in a plain leathern cap and doublet, with a pair of stout hose that would not have disgraced a Dutch Vrow of the first magnitude. His short and frizzled beard was curiously twirled and pointed, we may suppose after the choicest fashion of those regions. His appearance bespoke him as some confidential menial belonging to the establishment. His whole demeanour had in it an air of impertinent authority. His little sharp eyes twinkled in all the plenitude

of power, and peered in the faces of the travellers as they alighted to render him an unwilling salutation.

“We have made the best of our road, Master Jeffery, since we left our homes in Netherdale. But in troth, it’s a weary way, and a drouthy one into the bargain. I have not wet even the tip of this poor beast’s nose since we started.”

“Go to,—an the beasts be cared for; thine own muzzle may take its chance of a swill. Darby, see to the horses. Now for business. Master has been waiting for you these three hours: make what excuse yqu may. Heigh ho! my old skull will have the worse on’t soon with these upsittings.”—Taking a lamp from its niche, he commanded the strangers to follow. A wide staircase led to the gallery, from which a number of low doors communicated with the sleeping apartments. Entering a narrow passage from an obscure corner, they ascended a winding stair. The sharp and capacious spurs of the intruders struck shrilly on the stone, mingled with the grumblings of Master Jeffery Hardpiece. A continual muttering was kept up from the latter, by way of running accompaniment to the directions which ever and anon he found it needful to issue.

“There—an ass, a very ass—keep thy face from the wall, I tell thee, and lift up thy great leathern hoofs.”

Another series of inaudible murmurings, mingled with confused and rambling sentences.

“This stair is like old Giles’ horn—it’s long a winding. Now—thy spurs, is it? Beshrew me, knave, but thou

art like to frighten the children with their clattering. They are up, and are ready for their trip. Maudlin will stitch a pillow to your pummels, and they'll ride bravely, the pretty dears. Stop there, I tell ye—I'll first crave an audience with my master, and return."

Old Hardpiece tapped gently at a small door which now stayed their progress. It was opened hastily to admit his entrance, and but a few moments elapsed ere Master Jeffery's cunning face was cautiously extended out of the narrow opening. He beckoned to his companions, and at once ushered them into a low chamber. A lamp, half extinguished, stood on the floor. The walls were nearly bare, and streaked in a variety of colours with the damp ooze filtering from the roof. A curiously carved oak table standing in the middle, and two or three stone benches, comprised the furniture of the apartment. A few rusty swords, with two large pistols nearly falling from their holsters, hung from the wall. In one corner lay some halberds, reposing in *otium cum dignitate* with several unmatched pairs of mildewed boots. Near to the window, or rather loop-hole, heaped up in a most picturesque attitude of disorder, lay a score or two of rusty helmets, their grim attirings mostly broken and disjointed.—Pacing to and fro through this uninviting chamber of audience, was seen a figure of about the middle size, attired in a loose upper garment. His head was nearly bald; a few thin locks only, hung from the lower part of his poll; and yet, his age did not appear so far advanced as the scanty covering of his forehead might seem to intimate. He stayed not

on the entrance of the visitors, but, during the greater part of the succeeding interview, persevered in the same restless and abrupt gait, as though repose were anguish, and it was only by a continued change of position that he soothed the rising perturbation of his spirit.

“Is this your haste, when my commands are most urgent?”

He turned sharply upon them as he spoke. His eyes grew wild and keen; but still a heaviness and languor, as if from long watching, seemed to oppress them.

“We could not——” Michael was stammering out an apology, when thus interrupted.

“Enough; I know what thou wouldst say. Let thy comrade remain below. Jeffery, conduct him to thy refectory,—Michael abides here. Haste, and let refreshments be prepared.”

What was the purport of the conversation that ensued between Hildebrand and this fitting agent for deeds of death and rapine, can only be surmised from the following history.

Old Hardpiece, grumbling the greater part of the way, led his companion through a labyrinth of stairs and passages, to a small room, where a huge flagon of ale, with cold beef and other substantial articles for breakfast, were about being displayed. Anthony, nothing loth, threw aside his cap, and unbraced his girdle for the more roomy stowage of such savoury and delicious viands. A heavy pull at the tankard again elicited Master Jeffery’s under-spoken oratory. Anthony’s tongue grew more vo-

luble, as his appetite waxed less vigorous. He asked sundry questions touching the business which called for them at Ravendale in such haste.

“The orphan children of Sir Henry Fairfax, are to be conveyed to some place of concealment for a short period. Master says, he has had intimation of a design on the part of the late Sir Henry’s friends to seize them perforce: which act of violence, Hildebrand Wentworth, being left as their sole guardian, will do all in his power to prevent.”

“The children of the late Sir Harry Fairfax, who was killed in foreign wars?” inquired Anthony.

“Ay, ay,—poor things! Since their mother drowned herself——”

Light footsteps were now heard bounding along the passage, and the door was suddenly burst open by two rosy, laughing children—the elder a boy of some four or five years’ growth, and his sister scarcely a twelvemonth younger.

“Master Jeffery, Master Jeffery,” lisped one joyous urchin, “hide me, here is Alice, she’ll not let me go: so nice a ride, with two gentlemen on great horses, and I must have a sword, and sister Julia must have a coach.”

Here nurse Alice made her appearance. She had been weeping. Tears and entreaties were vain; she was not permitted to accompany them, but, with a frown, Hildebrand Wentworth had chidden her from his presence. Since the melancholy loss of their mother, and almost from the time that the news arrived of their father’s death, which hap-

pened a little while before the birth of Julia, she had acted a mother's part to her charge, and had it been permitted her, she would gladly have served them without fee or reward. Fearful of quitting them, she had followed hastily into the room. With a searching glance she eyed the stranger for awhile, then suddenly turning to the children, she solemnly exclaimed—

“Harry, you have not said your prayer this morning. Do you think God will take care of you to-day, if you do not ask him?”

Here the rebuked boy grew serious, and with a suffused eye ran to his nurse, whilst in her lap he poured out his morning orison. It was a simple, but affecting request, beseeching from their Almighty Father, preservation from evil, and a special protection from all the dangers to which they might be exposed. Julia knelt also, and Alice, laying a hand on each, blessed the children—“God of their fathers, I commit them to thy care!” She could say no more, loud sobs checked her utterance, and leaning over them, convulsively clasped them in her embrace.

Old Hardpiece grew unusually busy about the breakfast materials; and the hard-featured trooper was seen to brush his brows, as though some unpleasant surmise had crossed his brain. He raised his arm as he gazed on the children, slowly muttering, as he clenched his hand—“If he dare!” He then carelessly examined his sword, and returned it quickly into its sheath, as the pious Alice drew away the children to her own apartment.

Old Jeffery now grew more talkative. Leaning his chin upon his hand, and his elbow on the table, he thus proceeded :

“ It’s four long years come St. Barnabas, since Sir Henry’s death ; and my lady, rest her soul ! went crazy soon after belike. Every thing he died possessed of was bequeathed in trust to my master, Hildebrand Wentworth, who was a great friend of Sir Henry’s, and accompanied him as his secretary or purse-bearer, I forget which. No matter ; all the property, I say, was bequeathed in trust for Sir Harry’s wife and children. Hildebrand brought a will from Sir Henry to this effect, and poor Lady Fairfax never looked up afterward. She moped about, and would see nobody, and then it was they said she was out of her wits. Not long after, her head-gear and mantle were found by the river side, just below the old bridge you crossed ; but her body never.”—Here the entrance of Michael cut short the old man’s discourse.

“ Belike thou hast not lacked a cup of warm sack and a whey posset with my master in the west turret,” pertly exclaimed Master Jeffery. Michael looked surly as he replied—

“ Old Gabergeon, let us have a draught of thy best—a stirrup cup : breakfast I have settled above stairs.”

“ Marry, take your swill, Mr. Saucypate,” tartly replied Jeffery. “ And so because you have eaten and drunk with my master, it is ‘ Old Gabergeon ! ’ else had it been ‘ Good Master Hardpiece ! ’—‘ If you will, Master

Jeffery !' Out upon such carrion, say I, that think themselves good live meat, when they are but fly-blown."

"Old Jeffery," said Michael, coolly, "we'll settle our rank at some more fitting opportunity: just now I'll thank thee for the flagon."

"It's in the cupboard," growled Hardpiece. "Verily do these old arms tingle. But I am old, and that same Michael a surly brute: no beating would mend him. An ass of most vicious propensities—he will bite forwards and kick backwards: friends get the benefit of his teeth, and foes the favour of his heels."

Thus did the old man console himself for the rude impertinence he had suffered. It was not long ere a summons hurried them to the court-yard. They found their beasts equipped, and ready to depart,—Harry and Julia looking joyously on, with each a tiny whip, and vastly amused with the horses' accoutrements. Hildebrand stood by the gateway, looking round at the sky for a prognostication of fair weather. Alice, full of sorrow, stood with a few cakes and other refreshments, which were stowed in the wallet. The journey was but short, and an hour's ride that fine morning, Michael said, would bring them to their destination. Hildebrand forbade him to mention the place of their concealment, lest it should be known to their iniquitous relatives.

Already seated, each horseman, with a child before him, slowly passed the outer court, at the entrance of which Alice disappeared. The iron tramp of the steeds rang shrilly from underneath the arched gateway. Beyond

this, where a beautiful urn of foreign workmanship rested on a pillar by the garden terrace, stood Hildebrand: he bade them good speed. Anthony passed first. Michael checked his horse for a moment: Hildebrand took the hand of the boy, and pressed it; but one portentous look, as at the recognition of some sinister purpose, passed between Michael and the old man, unobserved by his colleague. Hildebrand raised his hand above his mouth, and slowly whispered—"Remember!—the gulf underneath the waterfall!"

The horsemen departed. Passing the bridge, they were just rising over the green slope, when the children recognized Alice upon her late mistress's little palfrey. They screamed after her; but she was riding in a contrary direction, and soon out of their sight.

The narrow glades of the forest suddenly encompassed them. The morning was pretty far advanced. The joyous birds twittered in their dun covert, brushing the dew-drops from the boughs with their restless wings. The thrush and blackbird from afar poured forth a more melancholy note; whilst the timid rabbit, scared from his morning's meal, rushed by, and sought his burrow. The wood grew thicker, and the sunbeams which had previously shot in broad slopes across their path, soon became but as lines of intensely chequered light piercing the grim shadows beneath. The trees, too, put on a more sombre form and character; and the sward appeared choked with rank and noxious weeds. It seemed a path rarely

trod, and only to be recognized by occasional openings through the underwood.

They travelled for some hours. Michael had taken the lead, and Anthony, with his prattling charge, rode carelessly on. Looking round, the latter suddenly checked his horse: a momentary alarm overspread his features as he cried—

“Michael, you have surely mistaken the path. An hour’s ride should have brought us to the end of our journey, and our beasts have been footing it here these three hours.”

“Heed not, comrade; this is our path, and thou wilt soon find we have the right track before us: we shall be through the wood presently.”

“Why, this is the road to Middleham Tower, if I mistake not;—yonder is the roaring of the waterfall.”

“Right; we shall be on the road to Bolton Castle shortly.”

They travelled on more silently than before, until the brawling of the torrent they had heard for some time, increased into a roar with rapid intensity. The road now widening, Anthony spurred on his beast by the side of his companion, who slackened his pace, as if to afford an opportunity for further parley.

“Whither are we bound?” inquired Anthony.

“Where the children will be well cared for.”

A dubious expression of countenance, which Anthony but too well understood, escaped Michael as he uttered

these words; and villain was written, legible and not easily mistaken, with every change and inflection of his visage. Anthony, though not of the most unsullied reputation, and probably habituated to crimes at which humanity might shudder, pressed the little victim closer to his breast. The prattle of the babe had won his heart; and the morning scene with Alice had so softened his spirit, that he could have wept when he thought of the remorseless nature of his comrade, to whose care they had been entrusted.

The roar of the torrent grew louder. Suddenly they entered upon a sort of irregular amphitheatre—woods rising above each other to the very summit of the hills by which they were surrounded. A swollen waterfall was now visible, below which, one single bare and flattened trunk, whose boughs had apparently been but just lopped, was thrown across the torrent. A ruined keep, or donjon, was seen rising above a line of dark firs, crowning the summit of a steep crag rising abruptly from the river.

“This is our half-way house,” said Michael, pointing to the grim fortress. “The children are tired, and have need of refreshment. Tarry here with the horses, whilst I carry them over the bridge.”

“We have refreshments in the wallet: what need we to loiter yonder,” replied Anthony, eyeing the other with an evident expression of distrust.

“The children want rest,” said Michael, “and we shall there find shelter from the heat.”

“If rest be needful,” was the reply, “surely this dry

sward, and these overhanging leaves, will afford both rest and shelter."

"The children are in my keeping," said Michael, fiercely, "and I am not to account with thee for my proceedings. Alight, and give me the child."

"I will not. Michael, I have watched thee, and I know that thou art a villain! Aye, draw, and I have weapons too, comrade."

Fast and furious grew the combat, whilst the terrified children made the woods resound with their shrieks. The result did not long seem doubtful. Michael soon proved himself the better swordsman; and his antagonist stumbling from fatigue, broke his own weapon in the fall. Defenceless and exposed, the uplifted sword of his adversary was raised for his destruction—when suddenly the arm of the ruffian was arrested, the sword snatched from his grasp, and a female figure, habited in a dark and coarse vestment, stood between the combatants. Her brow was bare, and her dark full eye beamed on them with a look of pity and of anger. Her naturally pale cheek was flushed, but it betrayed not the agitation she endured. Erect, and unbending, she stood before them, and the quailing miscreant crouched at her feet.

"Away!—To thy master! Thy blood, too worthless even for thine own steel!"—She hurled away the weapon as she spoke.

Burning with revenge at his late defeat, Anthony flew after the falling brand: seizing it, he renewed the attack. Michael fled toward the bridge. With the bound of a

bereaved tiger, Anthony sprung upon his prey. Just where the root of the trunk rested on the bank, they closed, after a desperate lunge parried by the unprotected arm of Michael. It was disabled, but he still clung to his enemy. Anthony strove to disengage himself; but the other, aware that life and death depended on the issue of that struggle, hung on him with a convulsive tightness that rendered of no avail the advantage he had gained. The sword was useless: Anthony threw it into the boiling gulf at his feet. Both hands being now free, whilst that of Michael yet hung at his side bleeding and useless, gave the former again greatly the advantage. He wrenched his enemy's arm from its hold, lifted him from his narrow footing-place, and with a malignant shout of triumph shook him over the abyss. One startling plunge, and the villain sank in the rolling waters. An agonizing yell, and but one, escaped him, as he hung quivering over that yawning portal to eternity,—the next cry was choaked by the seethe of the boiling foam. The waves whirled him round for a moment, like some huge leviathan tossing its prey;—he sank into its gorge, and the insatiate gulf swallowed him up for ever. Anthony hastily drew back. He turned from the horrid scene with some yet lingering tokens of compunction, in the expectation of rejoining his companions, but in vain—the babes and his deliverer had disappeared!

Morning had risen bright and cheerful into the chamber, ere Hildebrand Wentworth awoke. He stamped thrice, and immediately the half-knave, half-fool countenance of

Master Jeffery Hardpiece was seen within the chamber.

—"Master," said he, "a messenger arrived last night"—

"A messenger! From whom?" eagerly demanded Hildebrand.

"Unluckily," said Jeffery, "it chanced shortly after your commands for the night, not to be disturbed. I durst not then trouble you with the message. Marry, it's not the sort of news one likes to be in a hurry to tell"—

"Go on, varlet."

"Why," continued Jeffery, as if about to reveal unpleasant tidings, and drawing back as he spoke, "the bearer is in the train of some herald or pursuivant, come from over the sea to our court, about exchange of prisoners, and the like. This man has a message from Sir Henry Fairfax——"

"He lies! I'll have his tongue bored," furiously cried Hildebrand.

"Nay, but listen. He says, Sir Henry, whom we all thought dead, is now alive, and a prisoner in the fortress Hermannstein."

During this recital, the astonished Hildebrand clenched his bony fingers, with a look of awful and impotent rage. Hardpiece continued:

"This coxcomb says, he was sent specially by Sir Henry to obtain from you some document of mighty importance, which will ensure his immediate release. He bears Sir Henry's signet, and the knave has no lack of assurance."

"Has this fellow had free communication with the

menials, Jeffery; or hast thou done me the service to keep him and his message to thyself?" anxiously inquired Hildebrand.

"Why, as touching that, Alice, somehow or other, (for these women are always about any body's business, save their own,) wormed out his message in part, before I was aware of the drift of the crafty jade's discourse."

"Alice!—Hah—that viper,—again across my path! Bid this messenger attend."

When Jeffery returned, he was followed by a short, muscular-looking personage, attired in a foreign garb. A military cloak, and slouched hat garnished with a broad feather, gave him altogether an air of importance, which the bare exterior of his figure might not have been so capable of sustaining. On entering, he made a slight obeisance. Hildebrand watched his bearing, as if he would have searched him to his heart's core. Not in the least disconcerted, the soldier threw himself on a seat. Preliminaries were waived by this unceremonious guest, who, evidently with a foreign accent, began the interrogatory as follows:—

"You were the private secretary of Sir Henry Fairfax?"

"I was," briefly replied Hildebrand.

"Know you this signet?"

"I do," again he sullenly answered.

"It was given into my keeping," said the stranger, "as a token whereby Hildebrand Wentworth should, in the due exercise of his fealty and trust, commit to my charge certain documents that shall immediately be set forth. But

first, and briefly, it may be needful to relate the manner in which Sir Henry recovered after your departure. On the day following the skirmish, wherein Sir Henry was supposed to be mortally wounded, he gave unto you, as his most valued and bosom friend, those solemn credentials, wherein, as a dying man, he invested you with full powers to proceed to England forthwith, and there give his last testimonials of unspeakable affection and fidelity to his dear wife and his beloved children: likewise, that you should act as their sole guardian and protector: all and every of the goods and effects of which he died the possessor, to be vested in your name, in trust, for the benefit of his wife and her infant offspring alone. I think I am right in this. In case of their death though, I believe the property reverted to you."

"It did."

"Such was the nature of the wound, that his physician believed a few hours only could intervene ere his dissolution must inevitably take place. He urged your immediate departure; shortly after which, the whole camp equipage, together with the sick and wounded, fell into the hands of your enemies. Driven off to a considerable distance up the Rhine at full speed, and without any other comforts or necessities than what his captors could supply; his wounds bleeding afresh, and every muscle racked with pain,—to the astonishment of all, he recovered; and from that time he has remained a close prisoner in the fortress. He has heard no tidings from his native shores: he knows not his loss. Yesternight only I heard of Lady Fairfax's

most lamentable decease; and how to acquaint him, I know not! In a cartel lately arrived for negotiating an exchange of prisoners, Sir Henry sends by me, secretly, as one of the envoys, for the papers I have before mentioned. His name not being included in the lists for exchange, has induced him thus to act. Nor has he much misgiving but that the credentials he will be enabled through me to present, will bring to pass this so much desired event, and restore him to his family and to his home. They are papers of great moment, and will set forth claims which cannot be overlooked; and I have most minute and special instructions to get them laid before the King's most gracious Council. These testimonies are deposited in a secret drawer of an Eastern cabinet of choice and costly workmanship, containing other records of great value. It is in the private chamber, where Sir Henry was wont to resort from the cares and turmoils attendant on his public duties."

"Hath Sir Henry sent no written message or letter to us touching this matter?" inquired Hildebrand.

"It is strictly forbidden to any prisoner," replied the other, "the use of tablets."

"Retire, and I will begin the search with all speed; but hold thyself in readiness for immediate departure. Thou wilt not have the worse thrift for a hasty dismissal."

The stranger withdrew, accompanied by Hardpiece. Hildebrand listened to their retreating footsteps. When the vaulted passages had ceased to give back their echoes,

—"Thou shalt not escape me now!" said he; and threw open the doors of the private chamber. Hildebrand had often searched through this same depository, but the place of concealment pointed out by the stranger, had hitherto escaped his notice. He soon discovered the secret drawer; but the papers of which he was in search were gone! The spirit of mischief was again foiled, but the promptings of his evil genius did not forsake him. He sat down, and, for purposes of the blackest malignity, forged a series of evidences, as a development of plans and proceedings, that would at once have branded Sir Henry as a coward and a traitor. These letters he sealed up, and calling for the messenger, committed the packet into his hands.

"You have Sir Henry's orders to lay these before the King?" said Hildebrand

"I have," replied the envoy.

"Then hasten to court, and so good speed.—Stay—when you meet Sir Henry Fairfax, offer him an old man's sympathy and condolence. Break the matter to him tenderly. And when he returns—I will say no more. Away—thy mission hath need of despatch."

The soldier made a slight inclination of the head as he departed.

Hildebrand Wentworth sat down to reap the fruits of this rich harvest of villany—his own right-hand planting. The full fruition of it he now seemed ready to enjoy. But days and weeks passed by, and still found him feverish and anxious. The fate of the children—whether the work

of destruction had, or had not been accomplished—was still to him a matter of uncertainty. He had often sent in search of the ruffians, but they had not been heard of at their usual haunts. Guilt whispered that all was not yet complete. Restless and oppressed by some undefined and terrible apprehensions, he resolved to end his doubts, and, if possible, procure an interview with the instruments of his crime. He expected to obtain some clue to their proceedings by a visit to Middleham Tower, hoping to find there some traces of their foul offence.

It was not far from the close of a soft Autumn afternoon, that he gained the rude bridge below the waterfall. He shuddered as the narrow trunk vibrated to his tread, and he looked upon the ever-tossing gulf beneath. The blackness of darkness was upon his spirit, and he flew, as if some demon had pursued him, climbing, with almost breathless haste, the steep and winding staircase that led from the bridge to the ruined fortress above.

From a ruined doorway he ascended a narrow stone stair, and he had penetrated far into the interior of that part of the castle which yet in some measure remained entire, ere, with a deep groan, he started into a consciousness of his situation. It was an appalling scene of solitude and decay. The realities to which he almost instantaneously awoke, might have startled a less guilty spirit than what abode in the bosom of Hildebrand Wentworth. A long gallery, upholden by huge pillars, dimly receded in the distance, which was terminated by a long and narrow casement. On each side, broken, but richly variegated

windows, threw down a many-tinted light, which, oppressed by the dark and covered arches, gave a strange and awful character to the grotesque reflections chequering the floor. Narrow streams of light flickered on the dense vapours, rendered visible by their gleam. Involuntarily did Hildebrand pass on. Impelled as if by some unseen but resistless power, he dared not to retrace his footsteps. Slow and fearful became his tread, as he traversed the long and dreary vista. Every sense was now in full exercise. His faculties rendered more acute by the extremity of terror he endured: his ear caught the slightest sound—his eye the least motion that glimmered across his path. Sometimes a terrific shape would appear to glide past: he brushed the cold and clammy damps from his brow, and it vanished!

Suddenly a door opened at the extremity of the gallery, and a faint light streamed from the crevice. Voices—children's voices—were heard in the chamber. He rushed onward. Rage, frantic and uncontroled, possessed him, as he beheld the very babes, doomed as victims to his fell avarice, in all the bloom of health and innocence, unconscious of danger, bounding through the apartment together, with their nurse and protector Alice! Goaded by insatiate revenge, he drew a poignard from his vest, and rushed on the unoffending offspring of his benefactor. Alice shrieked! She attempted to throw herself between them and their foe, but was too far off to accomplish her purpose; his arm was too sure, and his stroke too sudden: but ere the steel had pierced its victims, that arm was

arrested ! He looked round, and a female figure, loosely enveloped in a dark cloak, had again rescued them from death. It was the same form that had before interposed to snatch them from the fangs of their remorseless enemy. In the sudden spring she made, her garment flew aside. Hildebrand gazed, silently, but with a look of horror too wild and intense to be conceived. He seemed to recognize the intruder : his lips moved rapidly, as he made a convulsed effort to speak—

“Thee—whom the waves had swallowed ! Have the seas and waters given up their dead ?” he faintly exclaimed, almost gasping for utterance.

“Monster ! canst thou look upon this form again,” she cried, “and thine orbs retain their sight ? But I have done,” she meekly continued, “Heaven hath yet a blessing for the innocent ! But thy cup of iniquity is full—thy doom is at hand ! I have trusted thee, O my Father ! and I trust thee still.”

It was the much-injured and persecuted wife of Sir Henry Fairfax, who now stood before the abashed miscreant.

“Away !” she cried, “to Heaven I leave my vengeance and thy crime ! Hence—to thy home ! Thine, did I say ? Soon, monster ! shalt thou be chased from thy lair, and the wronged victim regain his right.”

Hildebrand, awed and confounded, retraced his path, deeply brooding over some more cunning plot to ensnare his prey. He had passed the bridge, and on attempting to remount his steed, his attention was directed to a cloud of dust, and a pale glimmer of arms in the evening light.

Two horsemen emerged, their steeds studded with gouts of foam, and in an instant one of them alighted before the arch hypocrite. It was Sir Henry Fairfax!

“Have I caught thee here?” shouted the knight. “What mischief hast thou been now perpetrating? Seize that traitor!”

In a moment was Hildebrand prevented from all chance of escape.

“Thy machinations are defeated—thy villanies are revealed—and now vengeance will make quick recompense.”

Hildebrand prostrated himself on the ground in the most abject humiliation, and besought his mercy.

“I will not harm thee, wretch!” exclaimed the gallant knight: “to a higher power I leave the work of retribution. Lead the way; thou shalt be witness to our meeting—wife, children, all! Our bliss will to thee be a punishment more miserable than the most refined tortures thy wretched body could endure.—On, on!”

Hildebrand, with imbecile agony, grasped at the very stones for succour. He then rushed towards the bridge, and, ere his purpose could be anticipated, with one wild yell, precipitated himself into the waters!

A few lines will suffice by way of explanation to this unlooked-for termination of their sufferings.

When Lady Fairfax fled from Ravendale Castle, in order to elude the search of her tormentor, who had the audacity to threaten by force to make her his wife, she threw off her cloak and head-dress, laying them on the

river's brink, that it might appear as though she had accomplished her own destruction. To the care of the faithful Alice she had committed her children, and likewise the secret of her concealment. Alice was in continual correspondence with her unfortunate mistress; and great was the joy and exultation with which she communicated the arrival of a messenger from her lord, whom she had long mourned as dead. Providentially no interview took place between Hildebrand and the stranger on the night of his arrival; and sufficient time intervened to enable Lady Fairfax to make a desperate attempt, in the hope of gaining possession of the papers for which he had been sent. She well knew Hildebrand would not give up credentials that might ensure his lord's return. In this attempt she succeeded, and with these she met the envoy on his return from the castle; and disclosing all the tortuous and daring villany of Hildebrand, committed the real documents into his care, instructing him at the same time to lay before her sovereign the narrative of her wrongs. Soon was the captivity of Sir Henry terminated; and joy heightened by the past, and chastened by the severity of their misfortunes, attended the remainder of their earthly career.—To a numerous posterity they left this motto—
“ Verily, there is a God that ruleth in the earth!”

THE WITCH'S ORDEAL.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY MISS E. ROBERTS.

Scene, the outside of a hovel, on the edge of a common. A village in the distance. A crowd of rustics assembled.

FIRST RUSTIC.

OFF with the witch, I say; we'll try the test—
I warrant me the hag will swim. The fiend
Will be at hand to help—come, neighbours, come,
Assist to hale her to the river's brink;
Then we shall see how like a cork she floats
Upon the rapid waters.

SECOND RUSTIC.

Down with her;
She has performed her wicked freaks too long.
The mildew hangs upon the corn; the earth
Teems with unwholesome damps; whole flocks of sheep
Are smitten with disease—and she has wrought
These deadly plagues. Beneath the waning moon
I saw her gather poisonous herbs, and heard
The spell she inly muttered. Off with her!

CROWD.

Ay, to the river straight; the witch shall swim!

ELLINOR.

Nay, nay, good people, hold your eager hands;
The poor old dame is innocent, indeed
She cannot harm you if she would,—so old,
So pressed by want. O, if she had the power
To work forbidden spells, she would not starve
Upon a morsel wrung from the cold hand
Of most reluctant charity: then pause,
Nor for an idle prejudice commit
This cruel deed.

THIRD RUSTIC.

She has been proved a witch,
A foul, rank witch. 'Twas but a fortnight since
She passed our door, and out of wicked spite,
Because the silly children set a cur
A snarling at her heels, to verjuice turned
A cask of stout October. 'Tis in vain
We nail the guardian horse-shoe o'er the porch,
And place witch-straws across the threshold, still
Our cattle die, and still the noisome blight
Destroys the labourer's toil, the farmer's hope.

ALICE.

I drove the canker'd beldam from my gate,
And straight a loathsome toad dragged its foul length,
And shed its venom o'er the rosemary,
The thyme, and sage, drying for winter's store.

MARGARET.

The hens break all the eggs, and we may churn
Until our arms drop off—no butter comes.
Strange cats, with glaring eyes, some of the brood
She nurtures in her hovel, roam abroad,
And dart at people's throats. She sends the owl
To hoot around our houses. Snakes, and frogs,
And slimy reptiles, birds of night, the bat,
The croaking raven, and the hedge-hog grim,
Creatures who fly from men, are with this hag
Familiar. And in her spite she sends
The will-o'-wisp to guide the wanderer on
To some deep bog: our hind was lantern-led
But yesternight, and came home scared to death.

ALICE.

She fears nor Heaven nor man; is never seen
At church or meeting: when she mumbles prayers,
She says them backwards. Out upon the witch—
Ay, to the river! Down with her, I say.

THE WITCH.

You will not be content until you have
My life, you greedy blood-hounds! Can I stir
A step without a gibe? Pitfalls are set
About my path, and I am sorely bruised
By sticks and stones cast by the village fry,
Whene'er I wander forth, Your imps are taught
To maim my cats. I soon shall be without
A shed to screen me from the sky—the roof

Is pulled about my ears. The murrain take
Your beasts—the red curse hang on all!

ELLINOR.

Stay! Stay!

Nay, do not curse, good mother. You should strive,
With meekness and with gentleness, to turn
Their stubborn hearts.

THE WITCH.

Turn stones and rocks, 'twould be
A task as easy. Preach not peace to me;
I hate the canting vermin, and I'll spend
My latest breath in railing. Blisters be
Upon your slanderous lips!—famine and pestilence
Feed on your vitals!

FIRST RUSTIC.

Peace, thou foul-mouthed witch?
Shall we stay tamely by, and hear her curse?
Seize her, good neighbours, drag her to the stream.

CROWD.

Down with the witch! down with the wicked hag!

(Enter, a Traveller on horseback.)

ELLINOR.

Oh, sir, for charity arrest the mad
And murderous purpose of these credulous,
Inhuman peasants. They will put to death
A poor old harmless creature, something given,
In truth, to evil speaking, but indeed

Most wrongfully accused. The charge they bring
Would be a theme for merriment alone,
Were they not bent upon a cruel test—
They'll drown their wretched victim for a witch!

TRAVELLER.

It were in vain
To reason with a crowd so obstinate
And mischievous in their intentions :—stand aside,
And I will strive to lead them to adopt
A better ordeal.—My good friends, restrain
This violence: there is no need to drag
Yon wretched creature to the river's brink;
You have a surer test within your reach—
You all have Bibles? In a Christian land,
'Twere sin to doubt it. Place within the scales
The sacred volume of the Scriptures, and,
However small, however light it be,
Nay, should one leaf alone remain, 'twill sink
Like lead to earth, while the convicted witch
Shall fly above the beam: but should the book
Be lightest in the scale, then be assured
That you have wronged this woman.—Who shall say
That she is guilty, if this holy book
Proclaim her innocent?

RUSTICS.

We'll try the test—
It must be true.

FIRST RUSTIC.

This Bible's somewhat large,
'Twill weigh the beldam down. Now, neighbour Giles,
You scales are handy.—We have been to blame ;
She has outweighed the sacred volume,—see,
It seems a feather in the balance.

TRAVELLER.

Friends !

Go to your homes, and ponder on the word
Of Him who graciously vouchsafed to give
That holy volume to a sinful world.
Oh, know ye not, that when the blessed Son
Of light and peace gave up his life for us,
The power of evil spirits was destroyed ?
Live not in ignorance of Him who chained
The fiends of darkness, and to all mankind
Offered a free redemption.

WITCH.

Has the Bible saved me ?

TRAVELLER.

The word of God has saved you ! O, repent,
And turn in humble thankfulness to him
Who will preserve your soul. You now rejoice
Because your wretched body has escaped
From present peril : but a nobler boon
Courts your acceptance. Flee away from sin,
And seek a blessed immortality.

ELLINOR.

Thanks, thanks, good sir ; it was a happy thought.

. TRAVELLER.

Lady, in this my pilgrimage I've learned,
In every evil chance of my sad life,
To seek for aid, for comfort, and for strength,
From holy writ. Study with humble zeal
This blessed book, and you will never need
Another counsellor. Those rustics feared
The word of God; and, Lady, may I say,
Your influence was weak, because they heard
Nothing, save worldly wisdom, to oppose
Their idle superstition.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GREENWOOD.

WHAT time the sun, at this sweet season,
The east with transient beauty stains,
Say, mortal, dost thou know the reason
Why the bird of morn complains?

“Day's bright mirror,”—thus he sings,
“To me a mournful truth discloses;
A night of life has spread its wings
And fled, while man in sloth reposes.”

PSALM CXXXIII.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

O, how goodly is the sight,
Israel! when thy sons unite;
When a sacred truce succeeds
Angry feuds and hostile deeds,
And as brethren, side by side,
Peacefully thy tribes abide!—

Like the holy unction shed
Upon Aaron's reverend head,
That with costliest odours blended,
Copious on his beard descended,
Thence distilling on his vest;—
Like the genial dews that rest,
Hermon! on thy pastoral heights;—
Spreads that peace its calm delights,
Shedding heavenly fragrance round:
Richest blessings there abound.
For where love His saints unites,
Peace, and heaven, and God are found.

THE MORNING RAMBLE.

BY THE REV. F. A. COX, LL. D.

WHOEVER has a touch of that romantic sensibility which so frequently imparts a charm to the sunshiny days of youth, and renders the mind susceptible of exquisite pleasure while contemplating the scenes of nature, can easily imagine the enchantment of a ramble through woodlands and groves and hills and dales, trodden for the first time and unexpectedly, by the solitary and musing stranger.

The morning was not indeed one of which poets sing : it was not one of those clear, cloudless, glowing seasons, which fill us with thoughts of primeval paradise, where there was no thorn in the path or in the bosom of innocent man, and no shade upon the brightness of his bliss. Still it was a day of spring, and overspread with a few welcome clouds which, after a season of drought, were ever and anon dropping down fatness upon the pastures of the wilderness. The little hills, covered with budding plenty and verdant smiles, were beginning to rejoice on every side. The snow-white blossoms of the thorn powdered every hedge-row ; the gentle breeze wafted a thousand

odours, and gave to languishing life the touch of renovated bloom and beauty ; the rustic swain went forth to his labour, and the wealthy idler to his amusement ; birds of varied note and wing poured forth their choicest strains ; —all was peace, melody, and freshness.

Although man is a social being by the very law and constitution of his nature, yet many of his choicest pleasures are to be found *out* of society. There is an excitement produced by the ordinary intercourse of life, from which it is occasionally desirable to escape ; as well to avoid the strain of continual effort, as the relapse into exhaustion and indifference. We are much affected by contrasts, and are subject to great mental re-actions. The most perfect solitude and destitution of real enjoyment is, perhaps, that which is created by the uninterrupted, ceaseless, and wearisome bustle of society, where the crowd of ideas prevents all thought, and the stir of life precludes all animation ; while the best and purest and most useful society is often that which the recesses of the wild or the wood furnish, where a kind of supernatural stillness bespeaks an all-present Intelligence, and prompts the spirit to hold a secret and mysterious converse as with the eternity of the past and the future.

It is curious, that when gratification is *sought*, even by the most legitimate methods and in the most promising objects, it is often missed ; and though you pursue the shadow, you can never overtake it. The regular plan and solemn determination to enjoy a fine prospect or a cheerful day, is commonly fatal to the result ; while the

good unsought and unbidden, will sometimes come like an unexpected but welcome visiter. This was precisely the case on the morning already mentioned, when, slipping from the social circle, for the simple purpose of a few minutes' recreation, I was entrapped, by a succession of attractive scenes, into a four-hours' walk.

Turning from a public into a private path, I was induced to follow its unknown direction. As it partly encircled the village, the hum of society for some time fell upon the ear, while the lowly dwellings and detached cottages of the middling and inferior classes rose into view. A few thoughts were naturally given to contentment, tranquillity, and uncorrupted life; which habitations of this class are *supposed* (perhaps with too little of truth) to prognosticate. What the Roman poet says of Death, as intruding alike into the tents of poverty and the mansions of wealth, may be affirmed with equal certainty of Disquietude and Discord; and this must ever be the fact while the spring of happiness or misery is to be found in the mind itself, and not in the good or evil of the external condition.

Pleased with the blooming hedge-rows and extending landscape, which a gentle ascent brought gradually before the eye, I proceeded beyond my purpose, and wandered from the beaten track into a wilderness of sweets. At length, a rural seat offered an accommodation of which the weary stranger readily availed himself. It was placed beneath the shadow of an embowering tree, and consisted partly of some of its felled branches. The hand of a dili-

gent cultivator had evidently laboured to produce picturesque beauty ; shrubs, plants, and vegetation of a larger growth, were trained into an arched form, to a distance beyond the means of ascertaining by the eye ; while the closely-shaven path below furnished a velvet carpet beneath the canopy of leaves and flowers. It resembled a subterraneous passage ; but the sunny gleams which broke into the silent recess here and there, producing a rich intermingling of light and shadow, proved its contrivance rather for the living than the dead. It was situated in the immediate vicinity of a magnificent dwelling, to the vast domain of which, this and the neighbouring wood, and many an adjoining field, belonged. Every part of this ornamented scene bespoke, not only the profuse liberality of the Universal Parent, in rendering the earth productive of whatever could gratify the senses, or supply the necessities of man ; but the power of property, which furnished so many means of rich and varied enjoyment.

The squirrel, with that alertness which is characteristic of the smooth-coated animal, was leaping from tree to tree, gliding rapidly along the most attenuated ramifications, running down the slippery stem in defiance of its perpendicularity, and springing again, with instinctive skill, to its former elevation ;—the busy insect was plying his task, and humming his accustomed tune ;—a thousand chirping, twittering, fluttering tenants were abroad in the grove ; while the blackbird, and birds of deeper melody, poured forth their voluntary and cheerful strains :—the woodpecker waked the echoes from some smitten branch

or stem ;—the raven croaked aloft ; or the kite sailed slowly and majestically above the topmost boughs, darting hither and thither his piercing eye in quest of his hapless prey ;—and the woodman at intervals made the forest resound with the blows with which he levelled the stately dwelling of some sylvan divinity. Anon, and there was a universal hush : it was the quiet of the grave, and meditation sat enthroned in her chosen and silent recesses : there seemed neither sound nor motion,—till at length the breathing gale produced a soft, stilly rush, resembling the tide of ocean when it breaks calmly upon a distant shore. To awakened fancy it appeared the great flood of ages, flowing by with an unruffled surface and a tranquil rapidity. On that stream, methought, how many vessels of gallant trim are borne along ; and how many successive generations are wafted into the boundless and fathomless deep !

It is natural to attach ideas of pleasure to scenes of magnificence. What is formed and arranged for the purpose of affording delight, we conclude must gratify ; and from a sense of enjoyment produced by such a scene as this, the feeling of secret congratulation, springing into envy of the lordly possessor, is soon enkindled. What sources of rich and varied pleasure could he call his own ! Here was beauty for the eye, fragrance for the smell, melody for the ear, rest for the wearied body, and peace for the troubled mind ! Here he could escape from society, or yonder he could enter it by a gravelled terrace, through attendant menials, to a splendid mansion ! Others were

intruders—he was at home: the groves were *his*, the birds were *his*, the green earth was *his*; and there is a charm in *property, possession, distinction, and power!*

When reflection languished, I started from my humble seat, and pursued my walk. At the end of this enchanting vista was a gate, which opened into a spacious park, the more immediate domain of the nobleman upon whose grounds I had intruded. As the eye, although looking over a surface of several miles, could discern no enclosure or fence, the mind received the impression of boundless extent, overspread here and there with coppices and tufts of forest trees, which offered a refreshing shade from the summer heat. The undulations of the land were peculiarly beautiful. At proper intervals, half concealed arches, grottoes, or sculptured gateways presented themselves, whose only purpose was to improve the idea of a grandeur already sufficiently excited without their aid. In some directions were flocks of sheep collected on some rising ground, to which the author of the *Farmer's Boy* so ingeniously and elegantly compares a peculiar arrangement of fleecy clouds, with which the admirers of nature never fail to be delighted, and which would make the lovers of Scripture and its inimitable phraseology, think of "the cattle upon a thousand hills." Here and there the spotted deer were to be seen, browsing the branches, or gathering in groups under the guidance of some antlered monarch, who marched majestically in the midst of them. In front of the mansion was seen a person of commanding appearance, pacing to and fro, and seemingly saying,—as the birds were singing

around him, and the animals were gamboling before him; and the gleaming light was illuminating his lofty brow, and pouring its softest radiance over the whole circumference of beauty and enchantment,—

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.”

How many looked up with kindling emotions of envy at one who was thus pacing the very summit of earthly enjoyment! The poor, wretched labourer, whose feebleness scarcely allowed him to endure the weariness of his way, bending beneath the weight of his burden, and the greater oppression of miserable decrepitude, seemed to heave a sigh of deep sadness at the melancholy contrast of his own condition; and to be ready to burst forth in the language of impassioned complaint at the unequal distribution of good and evil. Ah! he need not have done so: for while he looked upon the titled possessor of this domain, “clothed in purple and fine linen,” he beheld—full in the blaze of day, and in the centre of inconceivable magnificence——
a LUNATIC!!

WISHES.

BY L. E. L.

I

IT was a summer night,
And I looked upon the sky,
When suddenly a light
Flashed in its splendour by.
I watched the red flash pass
On its shining path of flame,
And a wish rose in my heart,
That mine might be the same.
It left its native sky,
And when it touched the earth,
There rose a pillar of fire,
As 'twere a spirit's birth;
And stronger grew my wish,
Till as I passed next day,
Where fell that radiant light,
But blackened ashes lay,
The forest oak was sear,
The grass had lost its green;
Reproof!—how could I wish
Such course for me had been.

It was one summer night
I sailed on the wide sea far,
And our pilot and our hope
Was the gleam of one pale star.
It had risen unmarked, what time
The red sun touched the brine ;
But a thousand rich clouds shone,
And it won no gaze of mine.
Now eve after eve I watched
That sweet star's guiding light ;
And my heart learnt a meeker lesson
From the quiet presence of night ;
And such I said be my fate—
A calm and a lowly one,
But passed in blessing and peace,
As that fair star has done.
Oh ! what is the brightest hour
That ever to earth was given,
To the beauty of that mild light,
Which is direct from heaven.

MESSIAH'S ADVENT.

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."
ST. JOHN i. 11.

HE came not in his people's day
Of miracle and might,
When awe-struck nations owned their sway,
And conquest crowned each fight;—
When Nature's self with wonder saw
Her ancient power, her boasted law,
To feeble man give way—
The elements of earth and heaven,
For Israel stayed—for Judah riven!

Pillar and cloud Jehovah gave,
High emblems of his grace;
And clave the rock, and smote the wave,
Moved mountains from their place;—
But judgment was with mercy blent—
In thunder was the promise sent—
Fierce lightning veiled his face;
The jealous God—the burning law—
Were all the chosen people saw.

Behold them—pilgrim tribes no more—
The promised land their own ;
And blessings theirs of sea and shore,
To other realms unknown :
From age to age a favoured line
Of mighty kings, and seers divine,
A temple and a throne :—
Not then, but in their hour of shame,
Woe, want, and weakness—*then* “ He came.”

Not in the earthquake's rending force,
Not in the blasting fire,
Not in the strong wind's rushing course,
Came He, their soul's desire !
Forerunners of his coming these,
Proclaiming over earth and seas,
As God, his might and ire :—
The still, small voice—the hovering dove,
Proved him Messiah—spoke him “ Love !”
Of life the way, of light the spring
Eternal, undefiled ;
Redeemer, Prophet, Priest, and King—
Yet came he as a child !
And Zion's favoured eye grown dim,
Knew not her promised Lord in Him,
The lowly and the mild !
She saw the manger, and the tree,
And scornful cried—“ Can this be He !”

TIME SHALL PASS AWAY.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

“ And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by HIM who liveth for ever and ever, and who created heaven and the things which therein are, and the earth and the things which therein are, and the sea and the things which are therein, that there should be **TIME** no longer.”

REV. x. 5, 6.

MORE awful than the rushing of those wings
Which in one night the pride of Egypt slew ;
More awful than the voice which burst the springs
Of hidden waters, when the tempest blew,
And black clouds, like a funeral pall, were spread
Over a world of dying and of dead.

TIME !—what a word is that ! It comprehends
All we have ever known, or can conceive—
Possessions, passions, relatives, and friends,
And all the feelings and the things which weave
The web of consciousness—these shall be past,
Changed, and for ever, for that one loud blast
Shall shut up all ! Time shall no longer be,
But henceforth measureless eternity !

How has it vanished !—gone the anxious strife
Of those who toiled for wealth or for renown,
The honours and delights of men, the frown
Or smile of mortals—even life,
With all its cares, how futile will it seem,
Passed like the swift departing of a dream !

Yes, shall the fair creation, fields and flowers,
Winter and Summer, Spring and Autumn, cease ;
Nor night nor day enwreath their circling hours ;
Nor sun awake the morn, nor moon increase ;
Nor longer shall those twinkling watch-fires keep
Their nightly guard o'er hill and vale and deep.

Then will the life of man indeed begin :
Here life is but a short and wintry day ;
Then will the soul her mighty powers display,
Surpassing all she ever yet hath been,
As night is distanced by the noontide day.

That certain, never-ending state should rest
Before us ever—that should be the end,
The first of all our thoughts—to that we tend ;
And we shall then be cursed or fully blest.
Thankful for all that gilds our lot to-day,
Oh ! let us strive to live, when TIME shall pass away !





Drawn by Perry Williams from a sketch by T. T. Crofton Croker Esq.

Engraved by Henry Wallis

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE BIRD.

A legend of the South of Ireland.

With some Remarks on Irish Holy Wells.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

THE chief amusement of an excursion which I recently made through the South of Ireland, was collecting from the mouths of the peasantry various legendary tales; and I found, on more than one occasion, that the most favourable opportunity afforded me of doing so, was at a kind of religious meeting termed a *pattern*.

This meeting was generally held in the vicinity of a well which had been dedicated to a *patron* saint, from whence probably originated the name. The belief that the waters of these holy wells possess virtues, which at certain seasons have miraculous operation, collects around them the most superstitious of the Irish peasantry, in the fond hope of receiving relief for their infirmities. The fifth chapter of St. John may be referred to in proof of the antiquity of the custom; and, no doubt, in the early ages of Christianity, at these natural fountains, converts received the first rites of the church, which excited a feeling of pious regard towards the spot.

The salutary exercise of a pilgrimage to such places of reputed sanctity—often, the medicinal property of the well itself, and, above all, the faith placed in the visit—effect cures which tend to keep alive the traditionary veneration for holy wells. If one in every hundred devotees receives any benefit, the miracle is soon noised abroad, with the usual exaggeration of oral transmission.

The annexed sketch exhibits the general character of the commencement of a pattern. As such assemblies are composed of those who believe in the performance of miracles through all ages of the world, legends of all descriptions, but more particularly those of different saints, are told more freely than under other circumstances, or in other situations. From several so related to me, I select the following, chiefly on account of the extreme simplicity of its diction. Indeed, such was the charm of this simplicity of style over me, that, at the time of hearing, I felt little inclined to question the truth of so marvellous a tale. The scenery around me may have had, and probably had, its influence. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and, weary with walking, I had sat down to rest upon a grassy bank, close to a holy well. I felt refreshed at the sight of the clear cold water, through which pebbles glistened, and sparks of silvery air shot upwards: in short, I was in the temper to be pleased. An old woman had concluded her prayers, and was about to depart, when I entered into conversation with her, and I have written the very words in which she related to me the legend of the Song of the Little Bird.

The tale, however, is not peculiar to Ireland ; a more florid version of it will be found in the "*Prato Fiorito di varj Esemj*," a collection of Catholic legends, where it is given as related by Henricus, in his "*Speculum Exemplorum*."

"Many years ago, there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a convent, and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of his monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose-trees of the garden, and there never was any thing that he had heard in the world, so sweet as the song of that little bird.

"And the holy man rose up from his knees, where he was kneeling at his prayers, to listen to its song ; for he thought he never in all his life heard any thing so heavenly.

"And the little bird, after singing for some time longer in the rose-tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery, and the holy man followed it, to listen to its singing ; for he felt as if he could never be tired of listening to the sweet song that it was singing out of its little throat.

"And the little bird after that went away to another distant tree, and sung there for awhile, and then again to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever farther and farther away from the monastery, and the holy man still following it farther and farther and farther, still listening delighted to its enchanting song.

“ But at last he was obliged to give up, as it was growing late in the day, and he returned to the convent; and as he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west with all the most heavenly colours that were ever seen in all this world, and when he came into the convent, it was night-fall.

“ And he was quite surprised at every thing he saw; for they were all strange faces about him in the monastery, that he had never seen before; and the very place itself, and every thing about it, seemed to be strangely altered; and altogether it seemed entirely different from what it was when he left in the morning; and the garden was not like the garden where he had been kneeling at his devotions when he first heard the singing of the little bird.

“ And while he was wondering at all that he saw, one of the monks of the convent came up to him, and the holy man questioned him—‘ Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning.’

“ And the monk that he spoke to, seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him what he meant by the changes since morning; for sure there was no change; that all was just as before: and then he said, ‘ Brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name? for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before.’

“ So upon this, the holy man told his name, and that he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning, before he had wandered away from the garden, listening to the song

of a little bird, that was singing among the rose-trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers.

“And the Brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him, that ‘there was in the convent a tradition of a Brother of his name, who had left it two hundred years before ; but that what had become of him was never known.

“And while he was speaking, the holy man said, ‘My hour of death is come : blessed be the name of the Lord, for all his mercies to me, through the merits of his only-begotten Son.’

“And he kneeled down that very moment, and said, ‘Brother, take my confession, and give me absolution, for my soul is departing.’

“And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died.

“The little bird, you see, was an angel, one of the cherubim or seraphim ; and that was the way that the Almighty was pleased in his mercy to take to himself the soul of that holy man.”

THE ROSES.

[Imitated from Lorenzo Pignotti.]

BY J. P. COLLIER.

UPON a vase's margin,
There stood a blushing rose,
Pure as a lovely virgin,
Whose beauties just uncloze :
A flower which maidens gather
In summer's sultry weather.

In verdant silken vesture,
With not less blushing face,
As if that rose's sister,
Another had its place
Within the vase—the creature
Of art and not of nature.

So art itself transcended,
The gaudy insects flew,
Both to the rose pretended,
As well as to the true ;
With both would have disported,
But one not long they courted.

Attracted by its brightness,
The butterfly mistook,
And stood but while its lightness
The silken flow'ret shook :
It balanced while it doubted,
And then the false rose flouted.

The bee this rose saluted,
And made a moment's rest ;
But want of odour suited
Not with its busy guest :
Its scorn it could not smother,
And flew upon the other.

A gentle, bashful maiden,
Whose years were in their spring,
Whom love not yet had laden
With cares he's sure to bring,
Saw them the false rose stand on,
Then instantly abandon.

She cried—"Are flowers enchanted,
Or, Mother, tell me why,
To one sweet rose, 'tis granted,
The bee and butterfly
Are drawn?—they love it only,
And leave the other lonely.

"Their beauty, as I view them;
Appears in both the same."
She said—"If well you knew them,
The bee you would not blame.
Draw near the vase of water,
And smell the roses, daughter.

"What odours sweet assemble
Around this dewy rose!
While yet their winglets tremble,
Each cunning insect knows
Here is its true employment,
And here alone enjoyment.

"The other is not fragrant,
Though brightly green and red;
And every airy vagrant,
Though lovely, finds it dead.
Its charms a moment win it;
It finds no soul within it."

Thus may you learn, defective
Though be my humble song :—
Mere beauty, though attractive,
Can never hold us long.
The bee alone reposes
Upon the *fragrant* roses.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY WILLIAM UPTON.

LITTLE cradled babe of love,
Emblem of the spotless dove !
Angel-smiles thy face adorn ;
Beauty's bud without a thorn.

Long may every bliss be thine !
Heavenly sun-beams on thee shine !
And as strength with years increase,
Nought be known but joy and peace.

May a father's fondness see
Every hope fulfilled in thee !
May each love-born virtue rise,
Long to glad a mother's eyes !

Health be thine then, infant dear !
Health, without a sigh or tear :
Hearts parental pray for this,
Sweetened with affection's kiss !

LUOLD.

[From an unfinished Epic.]

BY EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

The Scene is in the Danish camp, on the morning after a defeat. The leaders are holding a consultation.

THERE lay upon the ground a slender youth,
Clad in black mail. His shield sustained his arm ;
His cheek was pillowed on his hand ; death-pale
His face was ; his dark eye upon the earth
Was fixed as in a trance : his hair, jet black,
Flowed in profusion downward to his loins :—
His name was Luold. In fair Italy
His fathers dwelt, an ancient, noble line.
There too he first drew breath, beside the bank
Of some swift river, in a gorgeous vale,
With mountains in the distance, dim and vast :
And he remembered, when the sun sank down,
It seemed to dip in some bright, restless fire :
And he had visions still of deep-blue skies,
And landscapes of ineffable delight,
And woods all perfume :—and he saw bright eyes,
And faces beautiful that smiled on him ;
And heard sweet voices talk in music to him ;
And felt sweet lips impressing kisses on him ;

And thought them lovely dreams—but they were true.
Ere he was yet four summers old, a band
Of northern pirates, favoured by the night,
Came from their ships—his father's castle stormed,
Plundered, and burnt—slew, or made captive, all
Who fled not—and, before the morrow's sun
Looked o'er the eastern mountains, their dark sails
Were specks upon the sea.

On a high cliff

The wretched father stood in agony,
And watched the barks that bore his only child
For ever from him—and kneeled down, and prayed
Kind Heaven to guard him—and rose up and poured
On the fierce ravishers his teeming soul
In bitterest curses—and returned, and saw
Black, smoking walls, that once had been his home!
Then, with a tearless eye, and heart like stone,
Hardened and deadened with its misery,
Laid in the quiet earth his slaughtered wife—
Girded his arms upon him—and went forth
A silent, fierce avenger! Wheresoe'er
The Northman warr'd, there found his vengeance food:
In Gaul, Spain, Italy—in Britain last.
So 'gainst the long-lost son the father fought—
The son against the sire, unknown. At times,
In Luold's mind, remembrance of that night
Came like some horrid dream of infancy—
Dark, indistinct, and terrible! He saw
Blackness, and sudden fire, and monstrous shapes

Like demons—and heard shrieks, and groans, and laughter,
And heavy trappings—and was borne away,
He knew not how, 'mid darkness, and the roar
Of winds and waters.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

[Imitated from the Italian of Gabriele Fiamma, a poet of the
16th century.]

“BEHOLD THE MAN!” Are these the gracious eyes
Whose beams could kindle life among the dead?
Is this the awful and majestic head
Of Him, the Lord Almighty and all-wise?

Are these the hands that stretched abroad the skies,
And earth with verdure, heaven with stars o'erspread?
Are these the feet that on the waves would tread,
And calm their rage when wildest storms arise?

Ah me! how wounded, pale, disfigured now!
Those eyes, the joy of Heaven, eclipsed in night;
Torn, bleeding, cold, those hands, these feet, this brow:
I weep for love, grief, transport, at the sight.
“My Lord! my God!” for me, for me didst Thou,
In shame, reproach, and torment, thus delight?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SAVOYARDS.

“ *Un liard—un seul liard, Madame, pour le pauvre petit d’un autre pays,*” were the words addressed to me by a little Savoyard, who, with his marmotte closely clinging to his shoulder, and his hurdy-gurdy hung round his neck, raised his fine eyes, and looked in my face with that indescribable expression which spoke even more than the forcible appeal he had uttered—“ *Le pauvre petit d’un autre pays!*” There was something so plaintive in his voice, something so pleasing in his countenance, and something so truly eloquent in the simple sentence in which he preferred his petition, that I could not avoid pausing to hear it repeated, and to give the best answer I was able to “the poor little one of a foreign land.”

His words had the talismanic effect of transporting me in an instant to his native mountains of Savoy, where, perhaps, his parents, brothers, sisters, and playmates dwelt in tranquillity; while he, a little houseless wanderer, was desolate among thousands—with no friend but his marmotte.

His story was simple. When he was ten years old, and his brother Pierre twelve, their parents could support

them no longer ; so they gave to the one a marmotte, and to the other a hurdy-gurdy, and sent them to make their fortunes in "the fine countries, over the mountains far away." But his brother Pierre was "*bien malade*," and he had borrowed the hurdy-gurdy hoping that by his music and his marmotte, he might make as much money as when they both laboured together, so that Pierre would not be sorrowful as well as sick. He had travelled through France and Italy, and he could do better now if his music were new ; but his music was old, and people liked monkees better than marmottes ; there was, however, he assured me, no comparison between them—his marmotte was "*si gentille et si sage*," and loved him so much, and knew him in his native land. When he grew rich he was to return home to his parents, and live with them in Savoy : but he got little money now, and feared it would be a long time, as Pierre was "*bien, bien malade*." I asked the little foreigner's address, gave him a present for his sick brother, and left him gaily carolling one of the songs of his native land, as, with lightened step and sparkling eye, he trotted round the square. I caught some of the words of his simple ditty, and knew it to be one of those which the Savoyards teach their children, to prepare their minds for the wandering life to which they are so often destined.

Pour gagner les pays beaux,
Les montagnes je trotte,
Mon pere m' a donner chapeau
Un habit, ma culotte,
Avec ma marmotte.

The next morning I resolved to visit the habitation of the mountain peasants, and accordingly took my way through bye-lanes and alleys, until I found myself in the miserable court in which the little Savoyard had told me he lodged. The houses on one side had been destroyed by fire; and the scorched window-frames, broken glass, and tottering appearance of those on the other, induced me to pause before I entered the open door of his dwelling; I found it was one of those houses which are let in nightly lodgings to such as can afford to pay but a few pence for the third or fourth portion of a wretched bed. In the room which the little mountaineers occupied, there were five or six of those miserably attired couches, and the smoke and dimness of the atmosphere prevented me at first from distinguishing my little friend. He had just given his brother some milk, and turning suddenly round, upset his porringer, and sprang forward with all the energy of his country, exclaiming, "*Ah! c'est Madame!*—It is the lady. *Oh, quelle joie, Pierre! Je suis ravi—c'est la dame qui m'a donné de l'argent.*—Ah! I am so happy." The sick boy raised himself on his pallet, and with feeble voice expressed his gratitude, in good French. Little Jaques took down his jacket from the window where it was pinned, to screen from his brother's eyes even the little light that entered, and when I was seated on a broken box, he rolled more tightly the rags that pillowed Pierre's head, and I discovered the marmotte peeping from under the rug, which formed the only covering for the invalid.

Jaques' face varied with continual expression: when

his eye rested on me, he laughed; when he looked at his brother, he wept; then kissed his marmotte. His mind and body were in perpetual motion. But the deep melancholy so strongly imprinted on Pierre's face, borrowed no light from his brother's smiles. His dark eyes were sunk and dim: his black hair was pushed from his finely formed brow, and the parting of his ashy lips over his white teeth, gave his countenance the appearance of death. His bony fingers appeared almost deprived of the power of motion, and the short breathing and suppressed cough soon made me certain that Pierre would never again see the blue mountains of Savoy—never relate his adventures to his aged parents, or carol gaily the cheerful songs which describe so pathetically the charms of home, and his native wilds. "Can I, in any way alleviate your sufferings, or make you happier than you seem at present?" said I to Pierre. "*Merci, Madame*—I am indeed grateful. *Venez encore*:—I cannot speak just now,—*demain, si vous pouvez venir*."

I promised to see him again on the morrow, and I willingly performed my promise; for I felt a deep anxiety to soften and relieve the sufferings of those almost infant strangers. I found Pierre supported on his wretched couch by the aid of his hurdy-gurdy, the box, and the bundle of rags, and a smile of welcome was on his pallid cheek. "My young friend," said I, "I have provided you a home, and one of comfort. Say, Pierre, can you be happy where I intend to place you, until you are sufficiently recovered to return to your country, or to begin your

travelling again?" Pierre shook his head: but, for a moment, his eyes assumed that brilliancy which I knew was natural to them when he was happy and in health.

In reply to some other questions, which arose, I trust, from a better motive than mere curiosity, he informed me, in French, that his mother was from Berne, in Switzerland; "And here," he continued, drawing a Bible from under his ragged pillow, "is the book she brought from her native canton: it was her last gift to me. If I am able, Madam, I will tell you when she gave it. The evening before I left the little glen where our cottage stood, I was seated on a stone at the side of a stream, that in winter swells into a mountain torrent: it came trickling down the rocks that overshadow our abode, and my tears fell fast into its current, as my eyes fixed on the darkly frowning mountains that would soon separate me from all I loved dear on earth. Jaques had climbed up the rocks after his marmotte, who was lively enough then, for the poor thing had known no trouble; and little Madelon was at the cottage door sewing some cloth to make a case for my hurdy-gurdy. My mother came out, and seated herself on the stone at my side. 'Pierre, dear child, do not weep so,' she said: 'you are going from us to fine countries, where the people are all too good to suffer you to want; and the time will soon pass over, and you will return.' I hid my face in her bosom, and wept aloud. 'Here,' she continued, as she drew forth her *Bible* 'you have read in this book how good it is for children to dwell together in unity. *My* mother gave me this blessed

book, when I quitted my home and followed your father to the bleak mountains of Savoy. I give it you, Pierre, and in doing so, I give you my greatest treasure ! I know it nearly by heart, and can repeat its blessed words to my remaining children.' She folded her arms round us both ; for by this time Jaques had returned from his pursuit, and laid his face in her lap. The tears at last streamed down her cheeks, and she consigned us to the protection of our Almighty Father, charging us to love each other, and to read our Bible night and morning. I have obeyed her will ; and all I now hope is, that my little Jaques'— (here his voice faltered, and his brother clasped his arms around him with all the intensity of agonized feeling)—“ all I wish now is for some friend to protect my dear Jaques ; and,” continued he, “ promise me, Jaques, before this lady, that if ever you get any money, you will return to St. Veaux, and tell my mother that Pierre suffered hunger and thirst, and much trouble, but that he never forgot to read the holy book of God. Give it back to her, Jaques, and tell her I return the sweet blessing she gave me, and that she must not weep, for I am happy.” Little Jaques wept aloud : “ *Pierre ne mourra pas,*,”—and although his marmotte crept closely to him, he heeded it not. “ *Pierre ne mourra pas,*,” he repeated incessantly ; but the fiat had gone forth, and the boy's happy spirit was fluttering in its clay-built tenement, anxious to escape to its God. I promised him that I would protect Jaques. His eyes beamed for a moment, as in the days of healthfulness and peace—“ *Ma mere vous*

bénira," he faintly replied. He then remained still for some time, and at last motioned his brother. Jaques understood him, and, clasping his hand, he sang, or rather chaunted, with broken voice, the following words :

Ecoute moi, je te prie,
Quand je crie,
Eternel ! exauce moi ;
Du bout du monde mon ame,
Te reclame,
Triste et n'esperant qu'en toi !

A sigh escaped the lips of Pierre as he finished the verse, and his spirit passed into that world where "the weary are at rest."

It is now nearly ten years since Pierre died ; and Jaques, for whom a pleasing and lucrative employment was obtained, has been enabled to pay a short visit to his parents among the mountains of his native country, to return her Bible into his mother's hands, and to tell her that she had not "cast her bread upon the waters" in vain. In the church-yard where the remains of the young Savoyard are at rest, a tombstone, containing the following inscription, has been recently placed by the grateful and affectionate Jaques:—

PIERRE DE CASTON,
SI JEUNE
ET SI BON !
PIERRE—TU M'A QUITTE !

A. M. H.

ON A NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

BY THE LATE MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

THESE moments stolen from sleeping hours,
Thou fairest, frailest of all flowers,
To thee I dedicate;
For, ah! before to-morrow's dawn,
Thy present beauty will be gone,
So transient is thy state.

Thoughts, while I gaze, crowd on so fast,
I seize my pen in eager haste,
Lest they should perish too;
Instruction to attentive hearts,
Our God by various means imparts—
Him in this plant I view.

Why so much beauty lavish'd here,
Fragrance, that fills the ambient air,
But gratitude t' excite?
Well pleased, parental goodness gives
To all that on his bounty lives,
The means of pure delight.

Whilst hanging o'er th' exotic bloom,
Approaching fast, I see its doom,

Its life is but a span ;
I gaze, I weep, but not for thee,
Thou dost but show *my* destiny,
And that of mortal man.

In strength, and beauty, man appears
Fitted to stand the shock of years,
We look, and lo, he's gone ;
He sinks untimely to the grave,
Nor friends, nor riches, then can save,
Nor birth, nor high renown.

And is it thus with life I cry,
Thus do my short-lived pleasures die,
And yet to life I cling ?
And dream I still of bliss below,
Where disappointment oft, and woe,
The soul with anguish sting ?

Thus have I seen the faithful friend,
O'er some lov'd object fondly bend,
And watch the slow decay,
Exert in vain the healing art,
Then with a hopeless broken heart,
Resign to death its prey.

Come, ye fair flowers of human race,
Adorned with each external grace,
Come, learn th' unheeded truth;
For you these glories are displayed,
'Tis thus ye blossom, thus ye fade,
E'en in the bud of youth.

Give me those joys that perish not,
Give resignation to my lot—
The gifts of earth enthrall:
Thy gracious presence, Lord, impart,
Speak peace and pardon to my heart,
And let the world take all.

'Tis wisdom's voice—I hear her say,
To young and old, Seek God, this day:
To-morrow is not yours.
The sacred pages all declare,
Redeeming mercy, sought by prayer,
Eternal bliss insures.

But see, these streaks of orient light,
Remind me of departing night,
And coming day foretell.
The faded flower no longer blows,
Its stamens droop, its petals close—
Sweet monitress, farewell.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

BY ROBERT BELL.

THERE'S a spirit in the forest speaking,
From the lovely trees and the fairy flowers—
There's a spirit through the white foam breaking,
Through the babbling brook and the hidden bowers.

It is the spirit of life, pervading
The waters that moan and the leaves that stir :
That spirit shall live in bloom unfading,
And unconscious lips shall breathe balm on her.

List to the tones of the tangled river,
As it falls through the twisted boughs and reeds ;
Oh ! its lulling notes shall last for ever,
Whether it glideth through mountains or meads !

List to the giant tree's incantation,
As it sweeps its majestic voice along—
List to the young flower's lamentation,
In the pining tones of its mournful song.

Heard'st thou the silver echo, at even,
Of the wild harebells, as their silken nets
Caught the last breath that, wafting from heaven,
Came floating to sleep in their minarets ?

Heard'st thou the sigh of the sad, sweet blossom,
That fearfully creeps underneath the bank,
As a lone kiss fell on its white bosom,
And fragrantly into deep slumber sank ?

There's a harmony every where breathing,
The humming of numberless speechless things ;
'Tis the lovely stems their green folds wreathing—
From their delicate tendrils music springs.

Oh ! the Spirit of Nature is sleeping
In these deep dells, and the voices we hear
Are the hum of flowers their vigil keeping,
And the watch-song of caves and fountains near.

Edwarde ffere
Edmond Boner

Ste Winton.

W. Cant.

~~Edw. ffere~~

Guik: London
Go. Tillotson

Thomas Cantuar

T. Cur^{les} ebor

AUTOGRAPHS.

IN presenting to our readers a series of the Autographs of distinguished characters—chiefly of those who promoted the Reformation, or flourished during one of the most remarkable periods of our history—we do not mean to discuss the question which has so often occupied the attention, not only of the speculative and the curious, but of the physiologist and the philosopher. Whether or not we may be justified in forming an opinion of the *character*, from the style of the *hand-writing* of an individual, it is not our object to inquire. But as the autographs of eminent men have always excited a considerable degree of interest, we have no doubt that those we have collected, will prove highly gratifying to many, and satisfactory to all. They have been obtained from the most authentic sources in the kingdom. In general we have briefly noticed the document to which each was attached, and the period at which the signature was written.

EDWARD FFOXE.—Edward Foxe, afterwards Bishop of Hereford; from a paper dated 5th April, 1530. He was one of the principal promoters of the Reformation, and died in 1538.

EDMOND BONER.—Edmond Boner, from a letter, dated 11th April, 1532, afterwards in 1538 nominated to the see of Hereford, but before consecration promoted to London. He was previously Ambassador in Denmark, France, and Germany.

STE: WINTON.—Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; from a paper, dated 1st December, 1541. He obtained admission into the family of Wolsey, and was sent to Rome about the Divorce. Under Mary, he became Lord Chancellor, and Prime Minister, and died in 1555, aged 72.

W: CANT.—William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury; from a letter, dated October 13th, 1635. He was beheaded, 10th January, 1645, on Tower Hill.

GUIL: LONDON.—Bishop Juxon, afterwards Lord High Treasurer, and in the reign of Charles II. Archbishop of Canterbury; from a letter, dated in September, 1634.

JO: TILLOTSON.—Dr. Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; from a letter, dated 30th September, 1689.

THOMAS CANTUAR.—Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; from a paper, dated 12th May, 1534. He was burnt at Oxford, 21st March, 1556.

ROB: USHER.—Dr. Robert Usher, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh; from a letter, dated "Trinity College, 27th July, 1630."

11 Tom W. R. Albemarle
Will. Russell Westmoreland.
Russell Anne Tolson
John Milton

T: CAR^{LIS} EBORUM.—Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal and Archbishop of York; from a letter to Henry VIII. dated 1529. He died 29th November, 1530.

O CROMWELL.—The Protector of England; from a paper, dated 1st December, 1650.

WILL. RUSSELL.—William Lord Russell was engaged in a conspiracy for effecting a Revolution, and beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21, 1683; from a letter, dated in Newgate, July 19.

R. RUSSELL.—Lady Russell distinguished herself much by her affectionate conduct towards her husband at this crisis; from a petition to the King, July, 1683.

W. PENN.—The founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. He was in great favour with James II., and died, much respected, in 1718; from a letter about 1680.

ALBEMARLE.—General Monk, afterwards the Duke of Albemarle, and First Lord of the Treasury; from a document, dated 1st July, 1668.

WENTWORTH.—Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Lord Deputy of Ireland; from a paper, dated 31st May, 1631. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, 12th May, 1641.

ANNE BOLEYN.—The second wife of King Henry VIII. She fell a victim to his jealousy, and was beheaded in the Tower, 19th May, 1536: from a familiar letter, without date, but written about 1529.

JOHN MILTON.—From an affidavit in his hand-writing, dated 25th February, 1650-1.

EVENING LANDSCAPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYRTLE LEAVES."

Goldner Schein
Deckt den Hayn.

THE woodland height,
With magic light
Is decked—and o'er the castle walls
The golden tinge of evening falls.

The silent sea
Flows ripplingly ;
And swan-like gliding to its home,
We see the fisher's light skiff come.

The silver sand
Gleams on the strand ;
Now redder here, now paler there,
The hues of heaven the bright waves bear.

The zephyr bound,
The golden crowned
And rushy-covered foreland height,
Is circled by the sea-bird's flight.

'Midst blushing flowers
And close-'twined bowers,
And fountain's drops with gems that vie,
The hermit's cell salutes the eye.

While on the stream
Day's parting beam
Fast fades, and o'er the ruins grey
Of yon old castle dies away.

The moon so pale
Shines through the vale,
Lighting the warrior's sunken tomb—
Where spirits seem to haunt the gloom.

WRITTEN ON THE
ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTH-NIGHT,

When entering my Thirtieth Year.

BY EUGENIUS ROCHE.

ANOTHER twined!—my wreath of years
Grows full and heavy on my brow ;
My Spring is past, and summer now
In all its blaze of soul appears.
Forsake me not, Almighty Guide!
Amid the tempests of the hour!
Thy mercy bade me gently glide
O'er infancy's and youth's wild tide ;
And now when fiercer dangers lower,
Oh! let me on thy pinion ride
Unharm'd amid the fiery shower!

Thou know'st my infant eye
First oped to Thee !
Thou know'st my infant sigh
First rose to thee !
Thou know'st, in peace or strife,
The day and night of life,
My hope is linked to Thee !

A thousand stars are in the sky,
And not a cloud obscures their light ;
They flash, as rays of bliss on high,
That stray to mortal sight ;
And yet perhaps no human eye
But mine, now wakes to drink the glories of the night !

A thousand gales are on the wing ;
And while in torpor long and deep,
Earth and her millions sleep,
Instinct with life and mystic sound,
Like wandering harps they fling
Wild melodies around.
And yet perhaps no human ear
But mine, now wakes the thrilling notes to hear !

“ And why so wakeful is thine eye,
So vigilant thine ear ?
Art thou a spirit of the sky,
Chained for a moment here,
And struggling for thy liberty ? ”

On such a night my bonds were tied,
And I became a son of earth :
On such a night my thoughts may glide
To Him who gives immortal birth.—
O Father! when my task is o'er,
And earth may check my flight no more,
Let, in bridal garments drest,
My spirit come, a *pardoned* guest !
I do not ask for bliss below,
Nor e'en for short reprieve from woe ;—
I ask for Thee!—the First, the Last,
The God that shall not pass—that hath not passed !

Now, farewell night ! Thy shadows fly,
Mingling with my former years ;
The dawn of other days appears—
The sabbath of my life is nigh !

THE FELON.

BY MRS. GILBERT.

CHILD of dishonour, guilt, and shame,
Lorn outcast from thy kind,
Whose passion's rage no voice could tame,
Whose arm no law could bind,—
That human breast, all fiend within,
And scorched, and blackening still with sin,—

Where art thou? Does some shattered shed
Thy guilty haunt conceal?
There dost thou shake at human tread,
And dread the rattling wheel?
By night, a wanderer pale and drear—
By day, a fearworn tenant here?

Or dost thou, from yon prison's grate,
Send forth the fitful yell?
Condemned a few short hours to wait
Alive in that sad cell,
Then, with convulsive heave, to rend
This mortal curtain, and descend!

Poor child of woe ! there was a day,
 (O would it yet might be,)
When life unstained before thee lay,
 All promise, e'en to thee !
On its fair pages there was not
One line of sin, one error's blot.

A babe ! to some fond mother's side
 With sweet affection prest ;
Thy little crimson lips applied
 For nurture to her breast ;
Thy hands, then innocent as weak,
Spread on her bosom or her cheek.

Yes, and I know that many a day
 She bathed thee with her tears,
Delighted with the fond essay
 To plan thy future years ;
Or bleeding fast at sorrow's vein,
At thought of life's sure coming pain.

Early bereaved, perchance, on thee,
 Sole relic, she relied,
To heal a widowed heart, and be
 Instead of one who died ;
And many a lonely night she spent,
By turns on him and thee intent.

And didst thou, in that opening prime,
Her dream of hope prolong ?
E'en then she saw thy germ of crime,
But would not see *thee* wrong ;
Fearing, she hoped, from day to day,
Till passion wrenched thee from her sway.

Then darkly onward sped the years
That chilled thy heart to stone ;
And now no early friend appears,
To soothe thy mortal groan ;
And she, of all thy friends the chief,
Why comes she not ?—She died of grief !

Mother—if e'er a mother's eye
This tale of truth beguile—
O, turn thy watchful scrutiny,
E'en on thine infant's smile,
And heed the prophecy of ill,
Dark scroll, in childhood's rebel will.

While bright the fateful pages wand
Of life's unwritten book,
Direct to one Almighty hand,
Faith's oft-imploing look ;
And as the fair inscription shines,
O strengthen thou the holy lines.

THE ALBIGENSES.

BY THE REV. W. S. GILLY.

ALBI, an inconsiderable town in Languedoc, has had the honour of giving the name of Albigeois, or Albigenses, to the Protestants of France, who were distinguished in the thirteenth century, by their determined opposition to the usurpations of the Pope; but whose entire history occupies little more than half a century. The term Protestant is here used, in a general sense, to designate those, who, professing the faith which became better known at the Reformation, have at any time refused to acknowledge the supremacy of a universal pontiff. The pretended right of the bishops of Rome, to be lords over God's heritage, and to give spiritual laws to Christendom, has been uniformly resisted by one Christian community or another; and at all periods of history, there have been some few at least enlightened enough, and bold enough, to dispute the authority of any, who should presume to call himself the supreme head, or infallible guide of the church. As St. Paul withstood St. Peter to the face, so have the successors to the alleged primacy of St. Peter, been withstood from age to age by some holy champions of the truth, when

they would have substituted error for truth. It is difficult therefore to prove, that Protestantism had its origin either here or there, or to assign the reputation of being the *founder* of the Protestant churches either to this man or to that.* The light has indeed been preserved in greater purity, and Apostolic Christianity has been defended with greater perseverance in some provinces of Christendom, than in others. For example, the valleys of Piedmont have never wanted defenders of the true faith, and the inhabitants of the South of France have witnessed more terrible scenes of religious bloodshed for the truth's sake, than any elsewhere. But the Waldenses were the depositories, rather than the founders of the doctrine of the Reformed Churches; and the Albigenses were the witnesses and the martyrs, not the first preachers of a Protestant Confession. In fact, there never was wanting, either in the dioceses of the North of Italy, or of the South of France, a succession of devout men, who "offered themselves willingly among the people," and "jeopardied their lives unto the death in the high places of the field," or at the stake, rather than follow the corrupt example, or submit to the tyrannical exactions of

* What our heavenly Master said of the kingdom of God, is strictly true of Protestantism. "It cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo, here! or Lo, there!" Equally applicable to the presumptuous claims of the "Vicar of Christ," is another declaration of our Lord. "Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not. The kingdom of God is within you." In like manner the church of Christ exists wherever "the truth in Christ" is cherished according to the faith and discipline of the apostolic age.

the Church of Rome. But though the true light continued to shine in those regions through the dark ages, yet the distinction of Vaudois, or Waldenses, and Albigois, or Albigenses, as Christian communities protesting against Papal corruptions, is not recognizable in any annals, previously to those of the twelfth century. The former were so called from their impregnable valleys, (*vaux*, French—*valli*, Italian) and the appellation first occurs in a manuscript still extant, of the date 1100, A. D. The latter derived their name, as I began by observing, from a town in Languedoc. Not that the principles of Protestantism were espoused more steadily in Albi, or at an earlier period than in any other part of the South of France; or that men first suffered under the hands of Romanists for their religious faith at Albi; but that here a *celebrated public conference* was held between the opponents and the adherents of the Church of Rome. It was this conference at Albi, in the year 1176, which gave the name of Albigenses to all such as avowed the principles then and there publicly advanced against the superstitions and abuses of the Romanists. The conference at Albi, in 1176, was the prelude to the bloody drama, which commenced at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The Popish bishops, priests, and monks, who took part in that conference, finding that they could not persuade their adversaries to join in communion with themselves, tried to compel them, and began by ascribing false sentiments to the advocates of the cause, against which they could not prevail in fair argument.

They branded them with the name of Arians and Manichees; they preached against them in the cities and villages, and charged them with atrocities of which they never were guilty.

But as the innocent victims of the calumny were not to be silenced by such means as these, and as they still persevered in spreading their doctrines, the arm of power was invited to crush them, and thousands perished in the flames, or in indiscriminate massacre. Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, (and sovereign of the provinces, where the doctrines propounded at Albi, and from thenceforward styled Albigenian, had long taken deep root,) was solemnly invoked by the Pope, to exterminate the heretics by an armed force. But Raymond was too well convinced of the value, which his state derived from the enterprising and industrious spirit of his nonconforming subjects, to comply with this demand. His refusal drew down fresh denunciations from the Pope, and renewed charges of scandalous proceedings against the Protestants. To refute these slanders, the Protestants consented to hold another conference with the Romanists, at Montreal, in the year 1206. The same opinions were freely professed, as before, at Albi; and soon afterwards a general crusade was preached, not only against the impugnors of the Papal authority, but against all who should protect, or refuse to destroy them. Count Raymond himself was involved in the edict of excommunication; and the term Albigenes was indiscriminately applied to all such of the natives of the South of France, as had incurred the

resentment of the Roman pontiff, either by questioning his infallibility, or refusing to persecute those who questioned it.

But before I proceed to relate some of the enormities committed by the Romanists during the crusades against the Albigenses, and to vindicate the sufferers against the aspersions of their enemies, I must recur to the statement with which I set out, and repeat, that the tenets which Protestants then held, and now hold in opposition to the Church of Rome, had been maintained in the South of France from the earliest period of the establishment of the Christian Church in that country, to the epoch of the Albigensian contest.

Allix has distinctly explained this in the ten first chapters of his "Remarks upon the Ecclesiastical History of the Ancient Churches of the Albigenses." I cannot, however, agree with Allix in his opinion, that Papal ascendancy was not felt by the prelates of the Gallic churches before the 12th century. In the tenth century the Popes began to carry their point, and to exercise that undue influence over civil and ecclesiastical authorities, for which they had to thank the weakness of some princes, and the superstitious ignorance of others. At first they interposed only between contending parties when they were appealed to, but by degrees they claimed the right of arbitration, and of enforcing their sentence, whenever sovereigns were at variance with each other, or with the heads of sees. The provincial prelacy and clergy, who had hitherto been independent of a foreign pontiff, found themselves obliged to

go with the stream, and with their independence they lost their self-respect and integrity. Abuses, which at former periods would have been checked in the beginning by a timely application to the metropolitan, or to the provincial or national synod, now became inveterate, owing to the long interval which occurred before the matter could be decided by a hearing at the seat of the Papacy. A distant tribunal, or a court of appeal, remote from the scene of dispute, cannot but be the means of extending mischief: prejudice, favour, corruption, imperfect evidence, delay, and misunderstandings are but few of the impediments in the way of justice and amelioration, when a question of right or wrong has to be determined by a foreign judge. The evil was thoroughly felt at the period to which I have made allusion. The bishops of France, assembled at Rheims in 991, did certainly protest strongly against the encroachments of the Popes, and their pretended primacy; but the principal resistance was thenceforward made by individuals, rather than by assemblies of protesting divines; and it was found to be much easier to brand the opinions of individuals with the name of heresy, than the declarations of synods or councils.

About the year 1010, there appeared symptoms of the Manichean heresy in the South of France. This was a great advantage to the Popish party. All who opposed themselves to the corruptions of Rome, were thenceforth exposed to the charge of Manicheism; and though nothing could be more conflicting than the opinions of the Protestants and of these real heretics, yet the Romanists suc-

ceeded in deluding the unwary, and confounding the preservers of pure Christianity with the propagators of an abominable error. Mezeray, author of the Chronological Abridgment of the History of France, was no friend to the Albigenses; but he candidly admits, that not all whom the church stigmatized as heretics, were Manichees: "There were," said he, "two sorts of heretics; the one ignorant and loose, who were a cast of Manichees; the other more learned, and free from the charge of impurity, who held nearly the same opinions as the modern Calvinists, and were called Henricians, or Waldenses, though the people ignorantly confounded them with the Cathari," &c. &c.

Berengarius, and those who were not ashamed of being called after his name, were the greatest upholders of truth of whom France could boast in the eleventh century, and especially in their able confutation of the doctrine of the Real Presence.

In the twelfth century, before the term Albigenses came into use, first, the appellation of *Petrobusians*, and afterwards that of *Henricians*, was substituted for *Berengarians*, to designate the impugnors of Popery. The former were so called after Peter de Bruis, who was brought to the stake at St. Gilles, in 1126, upon the charge of burning a cross to boil his meat on a Good Friday; and the latter after Henri, a celebrated preacher of Languedoc, who was burnt at Thoulouse, in 1147. It is evident, even upon Popish testimony, that a great proportion of the inhabitants of the Southern provinces had continued to

adhere to the opinions of their ancestors, and to profess those purer forms and principles of Christianity, which Berengarius, Peter de Bruis, and Henri had been instrumental in transmitting to their countrymen. The Council of Tours, held in the year 1163, speaks thus to the fact: "In the country about Thoulouse, there sprung up, long ago, a damnable heresy, which, by little and little, spread like a cancer as far as the neighbouring province of Gascony, and hath already infected many other provinces." The Abbot of Clairvaux, quoted by Hoveden, in his annals of the year 1178, calls it, "A plague that had made great head in that country." The Monk of Vaux Cernay, the historian and eulogist of Simon de Montford, the grand persecutor of the Protestants of Thoulouse, made an acknowledgment to the same effect, namely, that the principles of the Albigenses were of immemorial standing in the provinces of the South of France. "This treacherous city of Thoulouse, from its first foundation," said he, "hath seldom or never been clear of this detestable plague. How difficult it is to pluck up a deep-rooted evil! This poison of heretical depravity and superstitious infidelity has been necessarily diffused here from father to son."

Here, then, we have the very concession required. I have proved elsewhere that the Romanists of the thirteenth century admit the high antiquity, in Piedmont, of the principles avowed by the Waldenses, and now evidence is produced out of their own mouths, that the tenets of the Albigenses were of high antiquity in the South of France, and may be traced up to the primitive churches of Gaul.

I shall proceed to show that the enormities committed during that period of history, when the Albigenses occupied the attention of Europe, were committed *against* them, and not *by* them.

The Popish writers of every age have allowed, that there was a period when the profligacy of the Roman Church, from the Popes down to the lowest clergy, was such as to call forth universal reprobation. At this period, those who rejected or renounced her communion were desirous of exhibiting a striking contrast in morals and conversation, between themselves and the members of that corrupt church, against whose debauchery and superstitions they protested. This, in all probability, led to the adoption of some extravagant, but harmless customs among the opponents of Popery; and the over-acted and literal obedience to scriptural precepts professed by a few of them, was converted into an exaggerated charge against the whole body, when the Roman see succeeded in persuading or compelling the French bishops to surrender their independence, and found itself strong enough to make head against the Reformers. Thus, because some of the Protestants of the South of France put a forced construction upon the command, "Thou shalt not kill," and questioned the right of magistrates to inflict the penalty of death; and because others, wishing to abide by the very letter of Christ's precept, "I say unto you, swear not at all," refused to be sworn before the tribunals of the civil authorities,—it was maliciously urged against all such as were called Albigenses,

that they disowned the jurisdiction of magistrates and princes altogether, and that they propagated "disorganizing tenets," hostile to society.

One false report was as easily spread as another. The Protestants maintained that no persons, whether clergy or laity, ought to be bound by vows of celibacy, and for this they were accused of decrying the virtue of continence, and of preaching and practising all manner of impurity. It was thus that the Romanists blackened the characters of those who were more rational in their forms of worship, and more pure in morals, than themselves; but we do not find any thing specific in their allegations. We have nothing but railing accusations, unsubstantiated by proof. There are no well verified facts adduced in Popish annals, in evidence of the vices which they attribute to the Albigenses. The Albigenses have been branded as sanguinary, ferocious, and cruel miscreants, who delighted in bloodshed. But where have we any examples of their cruelty? If they had been such as to justify the representations of those Popish writers who speak of "the ferocity of their proceedings," and "the enormities to which their principles led," we should possess detailed accounts of the rapine, slaughter, and devastation, which are laid to their charge. We should have the time and the place, where such things were perpetrated, the names and the number of their victims. The Romanists record, as meritorious deeds, instances of carnage and spoliation committed by their own people, and do not disguise that the forces opposed to the Albigenses, massacred the inha-

bitants of whole towns and villages; that they *twice* put "sixty thousand" to the sword; that they burnt "three hundred" in one castle, "and eighty in another."

At the siege of Marmande, Prince Louis induced the inhabitants to deliver up the town, upon his sacred promise that their lives should be spared. But all the men, women, and children, five thousand in number, were massacred, in order that this human holocaust might bring God's blessing upon the arms of the crusaders. The slaughter was in direct opposition to the will of Louis; but the counsel of the Bishop of Saintes prevailed. "My advice," said that prelate, "is, that you immediately kill and burn all these people, as heretics and apostates, and that none of them be left alive." Romish authors record this fact.

The Albigenses are accused of being "equally hostile to church and *state*." Of their hostility to the Church of Rome, there is no question; but where are the proofs of their being obnoxious to the *state*? There is nothing in history which can establish such a charge; on the contrary, it is manifest upon the face of every document that is come down to us, that the Albigenses were virtuous, peaceable, and industrious subjects; that they conciliated the good-will of their sovereign rulers, and feudatory lords, by their fidelity and obedience; and that the counts, viscounts, and barons, to whom they owed service or fealty, lost their lands and territories, because they refused to abandon these faithful vassals to the will of their oppressors.

Almost all that we know of the Albigenses, is collected from their enemies. Monks and churchmen were the historians of the day, and that is the reason why we have so few anecdotes of individual heroism, and are so sparingly supplied with those traits of devoted affection and generosity which are required to throw a charm over the history of communities. Whatever would have raised our admiration is withheld or distorted, and we are left to infer, from the numberless public sacrifices, which this unhappy people made in the cause of civil and religious freedom, that instances of private and domestic worth were as common among them. Raymond the Sixth, and Raymond the Seventh, Counts of Thoulouse, the powerful Counts of Foix and Carcassone, and the Viscount of Beziers, (omitting all mention of inferior lords,) suffered themselves to be deprived of their principalities and territories, for the Albigenses' sake. If the Albigenses had really rendered themselves formidable or suspicious to the existing temporal authorities, by "their tenets on civil power and property," is it likely that these princes and seigneurs, and all the influential classes of society, would have espoused their cause and avowed the same sentiments?

The only enemy that they had, was the Roman Church, and when their legitimate prince, the Count of Thoulouse, after being reproached for indulging pity for the heretics, and saving them from punishment, was solicited by the Popish clergy to carry the sentence of the church into effect against them, he pleaded that "*he could not* and

dare not undertake any thing against them." And why? "Because," said he, "the majority of the lords, and the greatest part of the common people, have drunk the poison of their infidelity." The Count of Thoulouse was writing to the Abbot of Cisteaux, and therefore he spoke in language which that churchman would understand. It was heresy, and not crime—it was an ecclesiastical, and not a moral or political offence, which occasioned the animosity of the church.

William of Puylaurens is one of the chroniclers of the thirteenth century, who relates the history of the extermination of the Albigenses, and Innocent the Third was the Pope who fulminated the bull which armed 500,000 needy adventurers against the rich plains of Languedoc. Now, the chronicler has left upon his pages, that "their outward show of godliness acquired for them the veneration of the people;" and the persecuting pontiff himself recorded, in an epistle which is still extant, that "they were free from many of the vices imputed to them."

In the celebrated conference at Albi, which gave name to the Albigenses, where the leaders of the Protestants were met face to face by their accusers, the burden of the lay, which was echoed and re-echoed in full chorus against them, was "heresy" and "infidelity." No insurrection, no act of iniquity, was so much as mentioned in the impeachment.

The imputation even of Manicheism, and much more that of moral turpitude, disappears at once before the solemn declaration which the Albigenses made of their

religious opinions, as recorded in the annals of Hoveden, and cited by Baronius. "We believe," said they, "that there is one only God in Three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and that the Son of God hath taken our flesh upon him; that he was baptized in Jordan; that he fasted in the wilderness; that he preached our salvation; that he suffered, died, and was buried; that he descended into hell, that he rose again the third day; that he ascended into heaven; that he sent the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost; that he shall come at the day of judgment, to judge both the quick and the dead, and that all shall rise again. We know also, that what we believe with our heart, we ought to confess with our mouth. We believe that he is not saved, who doth not eat the body of Jesus Christ; and that the body of Jesus Christ is not consecrated but in the church, and by the priest, be he good or bad. We believe also, that none can be saved but those that are baptized, and that little children are saved by baptism. We believe also, that man and wife are saved, though they be carnally joined; and that every one must repent with his mouth and his heart; and that if more could be shown us from the Gospels and the Epistles, we will believe and own it." This explicit and Christian confession was not enough to satisfy the Romanists: the Albigenses were condemned as heretics, excommunicated, and anathematized; and all Christian powers, whether civil or ecclesiastical, were exhorted and commanded by the Pope to exterminate a race of people, whose principles, as the bull of extermi-

nation set forth, were subversive of all religion, natural and revealed, and of every moral tie.

But the princes and magistrates, and the temporal authorities of Languedoc, were still unwilling to carry this barbarous edict into execution against peaceable subjects, who had given no offence to them. They remonstrated, they pleaded in favour of the proscribed, and finally refused to be their executioners. The animosity of the Church of Rome now burst forth in all its violence and malignity; and the records of the proceedings against the Albigenses leave not a doubt behind, that it was the quarrel of the church, and not the complaints of the state, which involved them in ruin. It may be seen, that the thunders of the Pope were directed indiscriminately against all who protected, favoured, or held intercourse with them, as rebels of the Roman see; and there was no declaration of war, no suspension of hostilities, no treaty, or violation of treaty—there was not a battle fought, a city taken, a massacre executed, or a confiscation awarded—in short, there was not a stratagem employed, or a force applied, during the whole of those crusades, which ended in the total extirpation of the Albigenses,—but the Pope, his legate, or a Romish prelate or priest, was the moving power. When siege was laid to the capital of Languedoc, in 1217, Cardinal Bertrand, the legate and representative of the Pope, uttered a solemn prediction, by way of encouraging the soldiers of the cross, that the city would fall, and added a vow, that “neither man nor woman, boy nor girl, should remain alive, nor one stone be left

above another." This horrible oath rendered the besieged more desperate, and their defence was successful.

It is natural enough for Papists of the present day to disclaim transactions, which have cast a shade of indelible disgrace upon their church ; but when these events occurred, the Romanists were so far from denying the part they took in the bloodshed and devastation, which reduced the fairest provinces in France to a desert, that they gloried in their shame, and proclaimed aloud their pre-eminence in the transactions of that reign of terror, as if the number of the lives they were enabled to sacrifice, was a proof that Heaven smiled upon their cause. Baronius, among his signs of the true church, has placed the triumph of the Bishop of Rome over the Albigenses, and has stated the slaughter of sixty thousand heretics in a single day, to be a convincing proof that God was with the Papal banners. The affecting circumstance, that Raymond the Sixth, Count of Thoulouse, himself a Romanist, exposed himself to all the penalties and terrors of excommunication, and consented to share the fate of his Protestant subjects, rather than deliver them up to the tender mercies of the Roman Church, is of itself a convincing proof that the Albigenses were guilty of *nonconformity* only, and that they had not trespassed against social or international laws. When this prince was besieged in Thoulouse, by the crusaders, as the soldiers of the church in this horrible war were called, the citizens made so resolute a defence, that the assailants refused to return to the assault, and Simon de Montford would have retired from the place,

but for the following unchristian exhortation of the Pope's legate: "Fear nothing, for in a short time we shall take the city, and put to death and destroy all the inhabitants; and if any of the soldiers of the cross shall die in this expedition, they shall pass to Paradise as martyrs, and of this they may confidently persuade themselves." One of the principal leaders, who heard this impious counsel, could not refrain himself, but made this answer, "My Lord Cardinal, you talk with great assurance; but if this Count believe you, it will be little to his profit: for you, and the other prelates, men of the church, have been the cause of all this evil and ruin, and will be the cause of yet more." This anecdote is taken from the work of Peter, the Monk of Vaux Cernay, entitled, "*Historia Albigensium, et sacri belli in eos suscepti*." Peter, as I mentioned before, was the eulogist of the general of the crusaders, and it is from the relation of this churchman that most of the information is gathered which we possess concerning the war against the Albigenses. The authority of an eye-witness and of an adversary cannot be disputed; and we require nothing more than the pages of the Monk of Vaux Cernay, to establish the innocence of the Albigenses.

When Innocent the Third found that it was not enough to excommunicate Raymond of Thoulouse, and to lay his territories under an interdict, he resorted to a measure which bigotry has ever found to be much more effectual than preaching or persuasion. He determined to hasten the work of conversion by fire and sword. For this

purpose he first instituted the Inquisition, and commissioned the members of that execrable tribunal with full powers, to search out, and to denounce, as infidels deserving of death, all such as should dispute the authority of the Roman see. He then enlisted the very worst passions of men in his service: he promised the pardon of sins, the property of the heretics, and the same privileges which had been granted to those who fought against the Saracens in Palestine, to all who would "take the cross against the Albigenses."

The Pope's bull, according to our Romish historian, ran thus: "In conformity with the canonical sanctions of the holy fathers, we must observe no faith towards those who keep not faith with God, or who are separated from the communion of the faithful; therefore we discharge, by apostolical authority, all those who believe themselves bound towards the Count of Thoulouse, by any oath, either of allegiance or fidelity; and we permit every Catholic, saving the right of his principal lord, to pursue his person, and to occupy and retain his territories, especially for the purpose of exterminating heresy." The same bull invited strangers from all regions to come to the accomplishment of the holy work, and to consider themselves as in the enjoyment of plenary indulgence, and of exemption from the jurisdiction of all earthly tribunals, as long as they should be fighting in the service of the church.

The prospect of absolution, of booty, and of unrestraint, and the barbarous superstition of the times, brought hordes

of relentless savages upon the devoted Albigenses, and Simon de Montford, by general consent, was put at the head of the crusaders. An army so disorderly, so eager to shed blood, so merciless, so irresistible, never took the field. "A fire devoured before them, and behind a flame burned. The land was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness: yea, and nothing escaped them."

Prodigies of valour could avail nothing in the face of an enemy, whose losses in leaders or followers were constantly filled up by new adventurers. Submission was of no use, where men came not to wage a war of honour or chivalry, but of destruction—not to obtain glory, but blood and pillage. It was meritorious to kill and to spare not, and the slaughter of an heretic was considered as a step to Paradise. Chassineuil was one of the first places that fell before the invaders. It capitulated. The garrison was permitted to march out, but the inhabitants were left to the sentence of the *Pope's legate*. He pronounced them to be heretics, and all were committed to the flames. Beziers was attacked next. It relied upon the strength of its walls and the courage of its defenders; but the multitude of its assailants was such, that "it appeared as if the whole world was encamped before it." The city was taken at the first assault, and some of the crusaders, thirsting after heretic blood only, desired the legate to take care and have a distinction made between the faithful and the unbelievers. "Kill all," said the Pope's representative, "the Lord will afterwards select those that

are his." The sentence of death was fulfilled to the very letter, and all were slain. Of men, women, and children, not one was left alive, and the town was reduced to ashes. Contemporary historians differ as to the number that perished at Beziers. Some say, sixty thousand; others, forty thousand. The legate himself, in his letter to Pope Innocent the Third, reported it to be fifteen thousand. Fifteen thousand human beings, then, were massacred at the word of one who called himself the servant of God! The forces of De Montford marched on in triumph to invest Carcassone. Strong intercession was made to the legate in favour of the young Viscount, who was shut up with the citizens of Carcassone; and the terms of mercy offered to him were, that he might quit the city with twelve others, upon condition of surrendering up the rest of the townsmen and soldiers to the pleasure of the besiegers. "Rather than comply with the demand of the legate," replied the heroic youth, "I would give myself to be flayed alive." The people of the city afterwards escaped by a secret passage. The legate took possession of Carcassone "in the name of the church," and in malignant resentment at the thought of so many victims having escaped his fury, burnt or hanged three hundred knights who had previously capitulated, upon the guarantee of his solemn oath that they should not be put to death!

By this time, the dread of the invading army had extended far and wide over the provinces of Provence and Languedoc, and princes and people would have been glad

to accept any honourable conditions ; but none were offered : the crusade was still preached through the whole of France, and every year brought thousands of fanatics to the harvest of slaughter and spoliation. In many cases, torture was added to the infliction of death. A hundred of the inhabitants of Brom had their eyes torn out, and their noses cut off. Intimidated by this example, the people of Minerva would have surrendered upon condition of having their lives spared. De Montford, to whom the application was made, referred them to the legate, " who desired," says the Monk of Vaux Cernay, " that all the enemies of Christ should be put to death, but he could not take upon himself to condemn them, as being a priest and a monk." The churchman contrived to break off the capitulation. The place was taken by assault, and all but three perished by the sword or in the flames.

Lavaur was one of the cities which made the most memorable defence. By their frequent sorties, their perseverance in repairing the breaches, their intrepid exposure of life upon the walls, the Albigenses showed, upon this and all other occasions, a generous courage, which would have secured success to the cause, if the ranks of their enemies had not been filled up by hosts of new levies, as fast as they were thinned by the casualties of the war. In the year 1212, the army of the crusaders was four times renewed ; and so universally was it understood to be the quarrel of the church, that ecclesiastical dignitaries came from all quarters to give a colour to the proceedings. We read of the Provost of the church of Cologne, the Archdeacon

of Paris, the Bishop of Laon, the Bishop of Toul, and the Archbishop of Rouen, who were present upon one occasion to inspire the fury of the invaders. But to return to Lavaur. A practicable breach was soon made in the walls, and the monkish historian was blind and savage enough to relate at full length the part which he himself, and the rest of the Romish priesthood, who followed in the train of Simon's army, took while the massacre was going on. He affirms, that the bishops, the Abbot of Courdieu, who exercised the functions of vice-legat, with all the priests, clothed in their sacred vestments, gave themselves up to thanksgiving when they saw the carnage beginning, and sung the hymn, *Veni Creator*. He explains, too, with all the minute detail of one who exulted in the event, that, when the castle of Amery fell, eighty knights were taken, and condemned to be hanged; but as this process was too slow, an order was given to destroy them en masse; that the order was "received by the pilgrims with avidity, and that they burnt the heretics alive *with great joy*." This expression, "burnt them alive *with great joy*," [in the original, "*cum ingenti gaudio*,"] is of frequent use with the priestly historian, who was literally, with the rest of those engaged in this accursed war, "drunk with the blood of the saints."

It is painful to follow the historians of the day through the scenes of carnage which they describe, and more particularly as we cannot find in their relation, that the Albigenses had offended in any thing, but their refusal to conform to the faith and discipline of Rome.

At length, this horrible war ended as it began, by command of the sovereign pontiff, because all open resistance to his will was put down, and Popish ascendancy was finally established in a quarter, where the right of liberty of conscience had hitherto been claimed from the first introduction of the Gospel. The church had gained her object by the total destruction of all who had dared to oppose her. There remained no Albigenses to slaughter, or at least there were none left in the South of France bold enough to preach their doctrines, or administer their forms of worship. Some of the more fortunate had fled to other countries, where they preserved and kept alive the lamp of truth amidst the surrounding darkness. The extirpation was so complete, that in less than thirty-three years from the beginning of the crusade, the Albigenses were no more ; and when Protestantism reared its head again in Provence and Languedoc, after an interval of three centuries, it was recognized under another name. This is the more extraordinary, and the more clearly indicative of the ruthless edict of extermination which had gone forth, from a comparison between the state of things in Piedmont, and that in the South of France. The Protestants of the former country have never been entirely eradicated, although they have been reduced from two hundred thousand to twenty thousand ; and from century to century a remnant of them have still preserved their inheritance in the valleys of their forefathers, and their distinguished denomination, Vaudois or Waldenses.

But the unhappy Albigenses, from the situation of the

country, were more exposed to that foreign aggression which the Romanists stirred up: and, not possessing the same natural fastnesses and mountain retreats as the Waldenses, were entirely swept off from the face of the earth, and not a vestige of them left. Albigensian principles indeed, never failed, even in Languedoc, the scene of persecution; but the Albigenses, or the communities properly so called and known by this name in the thirteenth century, were utterly destroyed. In the language of the translator of Sismondi's narrative of the crusades against the Albigenses, which has been no small assistance to me in drawing up this article, "Their church was drowned in blood, their race had disappeared: hundreds of their villages had seen all their inhabitants massacred with a blind fury, and without the crusaders giving themselves the trouble to examine whether they contained a single heretic. No calculation can ascertain with any precision, the dissipation of wealth, or the destruction of human life, which were the consequences of the crusade against the Albigenses. Every species of injustice, and persecutions of every kind had been heaped on the heads of the unhappy Languedocians, whom, since the crusade, it had been the custom to comprehend under the general name of Albigenses."

THE SKYLARK.

BY A LADY.

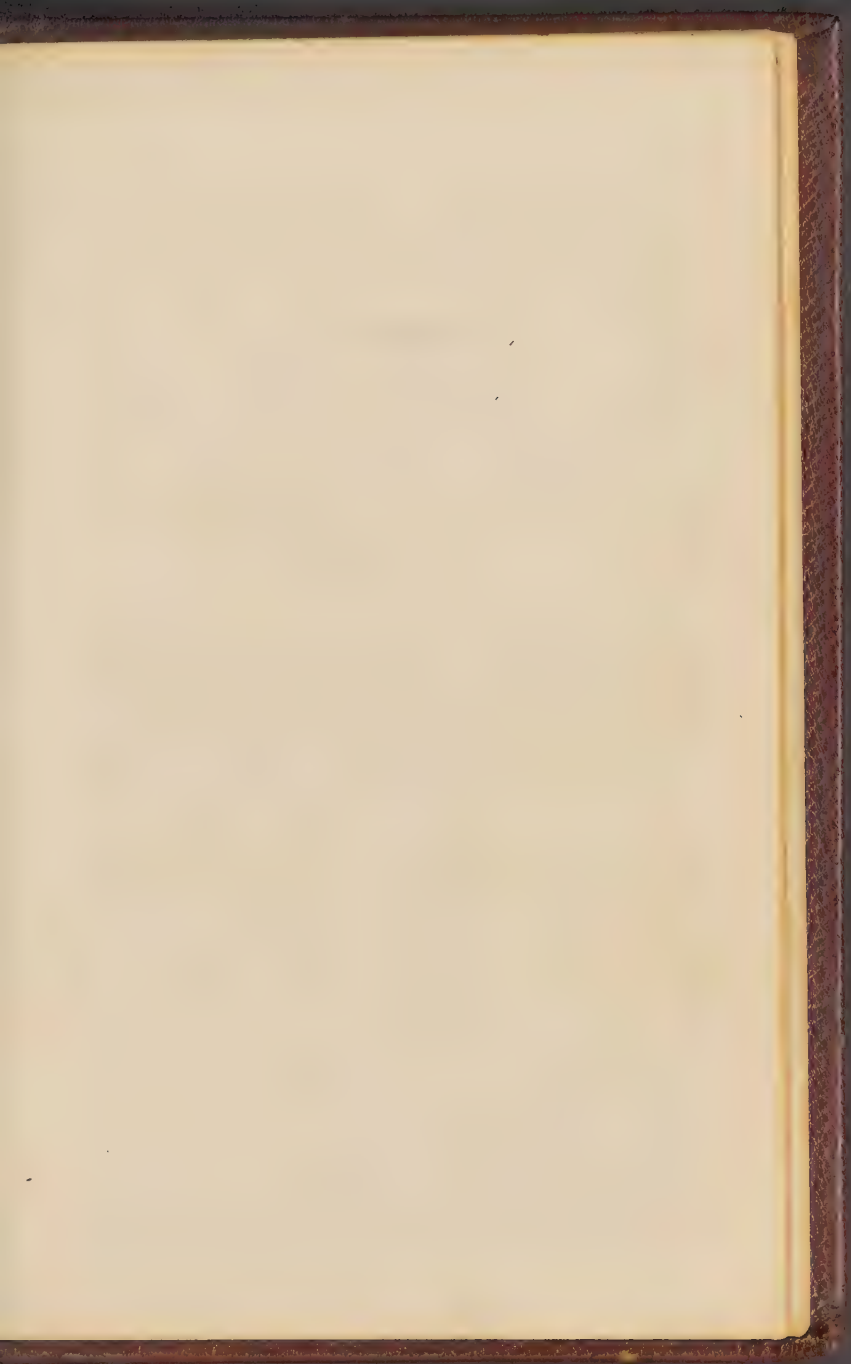
How sweet is the song of the Lark when she springs
To welcome the morning with joy on her wings !
The higher she rises the sweeter she sings,

And she sings when we hear her no more :
When storms and dark clouds veil the sun from our sight,
She has mounted above them, she shines in the light ;
Thus, far from the scenes that disturb and affright,
She loves her gay music to pour.

'Tis thus with the Christian ; his willing soul flies
To welcome the day-spring that streams from the skies ;
He is drawn by its glorious effulgence to rise

To the region from whence it is given :
He sings on his way from this cloud-covered spot ;
The quicker his progress, the sweeter his note ;
When we hear him no longer, the song ceases not—
It blends with the chorus of heaven.

E.





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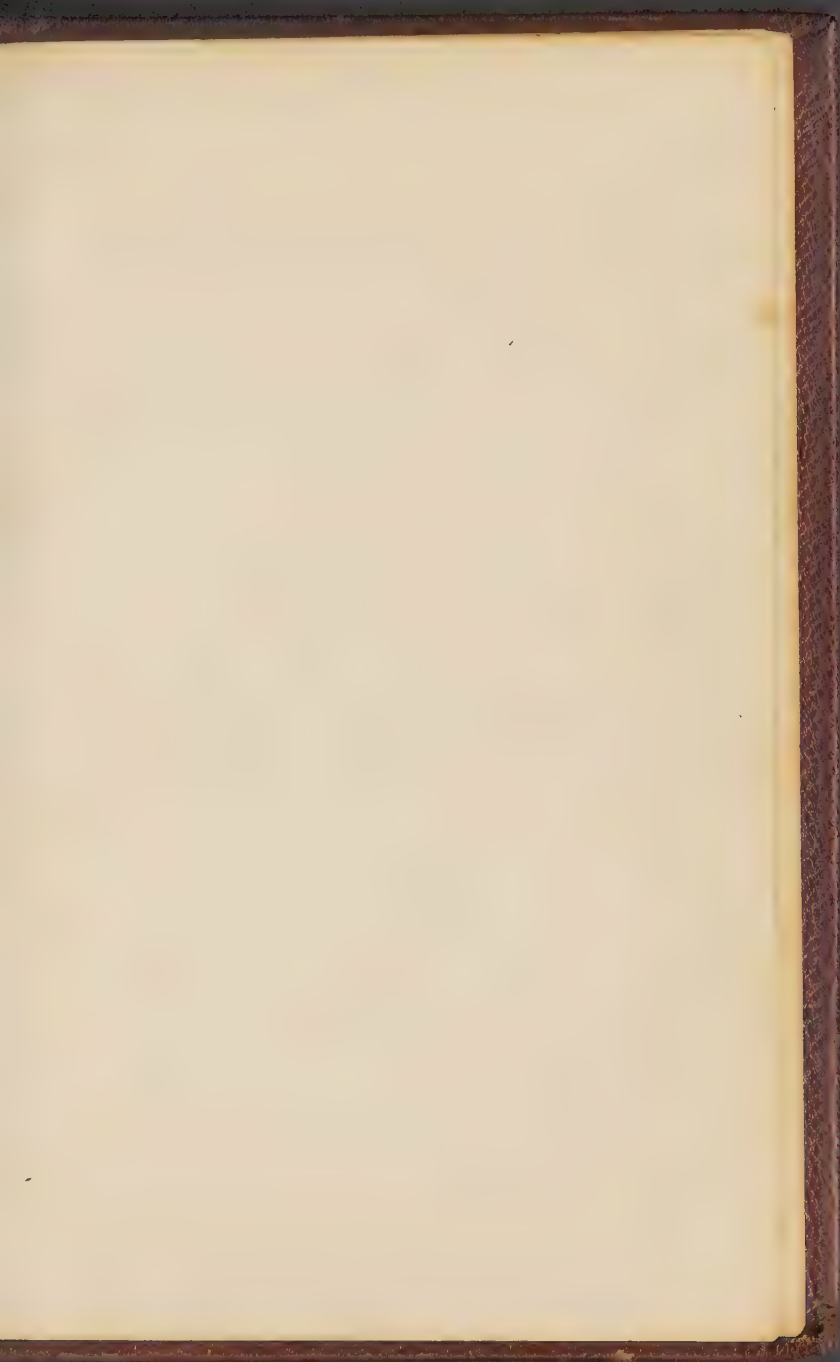
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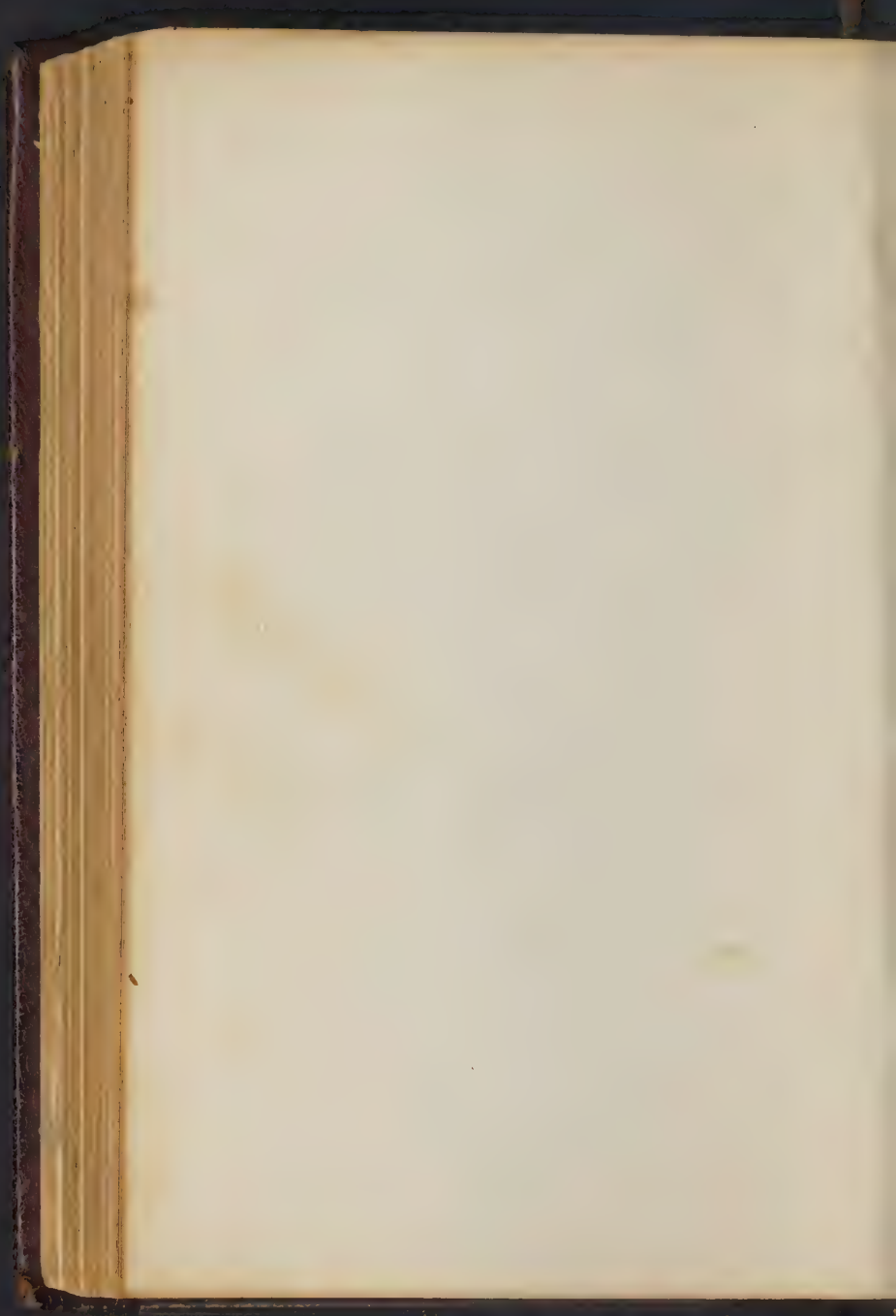
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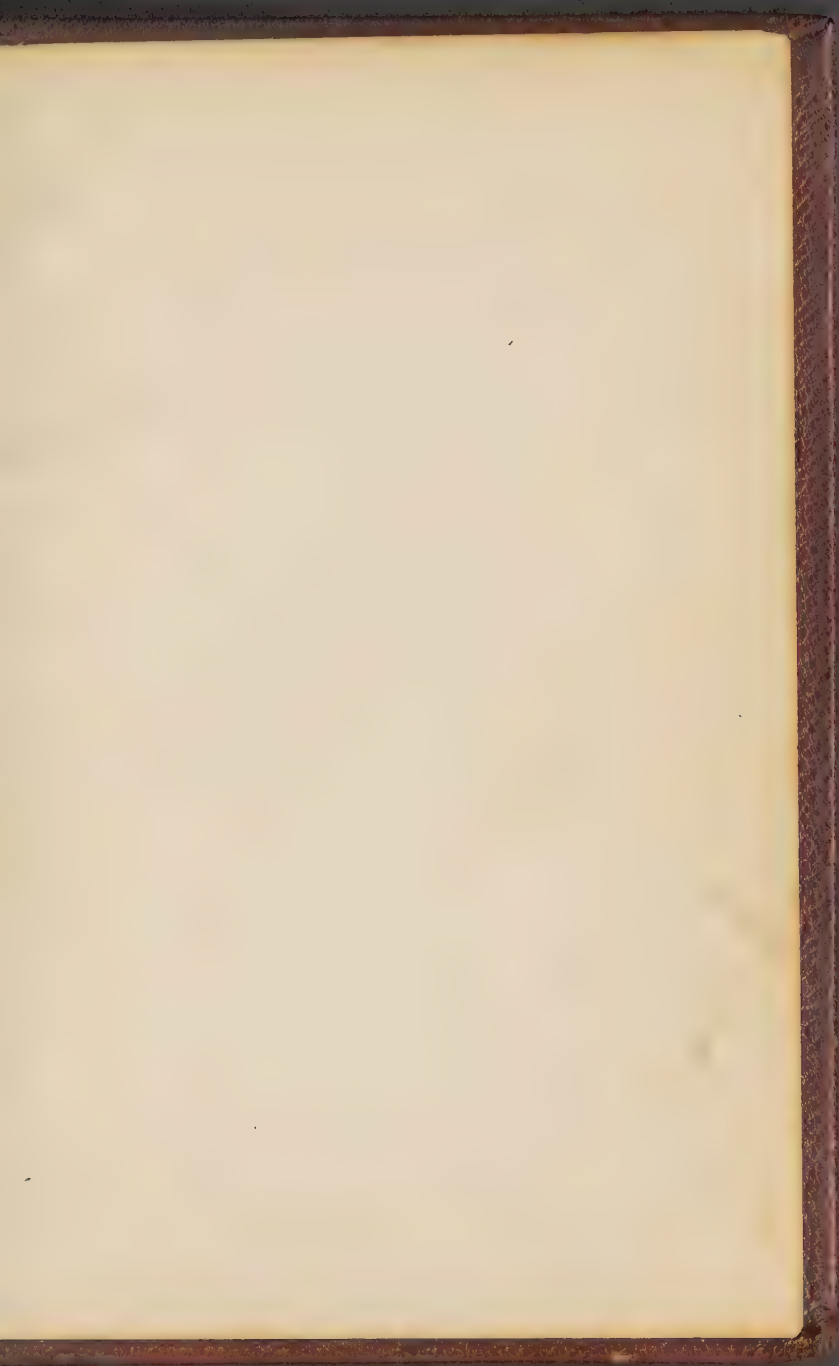
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